

CAPTAIN ALBERT HERVEY,

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## INTRODUCTION.

INDIA! India! India! is now all the vogue. The far East is the general theme of conversation and consideration. That land of the sun, with her swarthy millions, now occupies the attention of our own country, and attracts the eyes of the whole civilized world. Year after year witnesses the sons of Britain land on its burning shores, to join the ranks and follow the banners of her gallant armies, and many a tear of parting sorrow is shed, as some member quits the bosom of his family, the muchloved and cherished home of his childhood, and parts from all that is most dear to him on this earth.

Many and various are the circumstances under which the sons of our best and wealthiest families leave England to enter the Indian Army, and lucky, indeed, is the youth who can now-a-days secure an appointment from the Court of Directors, which obtains for him a commission in so honourable a profession, and a consequent provision for life.

The wretched widow, whose husband, probably, breathed his last on the bloody field of battle, in the performance of his duty, or who was carried off by that dreadful scourge—the cholera,—sends forth her only son to follow the glorious career of his father, and pours forth her parting benediction as he tears himself from her fond embrace. The wealthy citizen, fortunate in the acquaintance of a Director, prepares the Cadet for a military appointment, and embarks him for one of the Presidencies.

The nobleman, also, turns his haughty eye towards the East, and deigns to enlist his youngest into the ranks of an army, which once he had looked upon with disdain, but which he now considers as worthy of receiving a member of his family.

Thus the East has become the stage upon which the children of the most respectable, and the most ancient families of our native land perform a prominent part in the histrionic page of Queen Victoria's reign; and, as it is now a common topic in the ranks of respectable society, all books and periodicals connected with that most interesting

country are eagerly sought for and perused, and everybody is becoming conversant with the affairs of that portion of the world, of the very locality of which he was formerly so ignorant.

The communication by the overland route has opened a highway, by means of which there is a frequency of intercourse between the two countries, enabling the natives of India to visit the land to which they are subject, and giving free scope to that spirit of enterprise so peculiar to the English, to journey eastward in quest of a livelihood, so difficult to be obtained in their own country.

Recent occurrences, partly adding lustre to the arms of our country, and partly deteriorating therefrom, have combined to render our interest in India greater than heretofore. The drawbacks of the latter have been duly discussed, and are well known to the whole world; but, while such are to be deeply lamented, they must be buried in the oblivion of sorrow, leaving the former to shine forth, as they ever will do, in all the blaze and splendour of Britain's proudest achievements.

The Bengal and Bombay Presidencies are those on which the attention of Europe has been fixed, as playing the most distinguished part in the tragical drama which has been lately enacted, whilst the sister Presidency of Madras has apparently sunk into insignificance, and been termed, by the would-be-witty, the benighted Presidency (whether justly so or not, is another thing). But the Madras troops have themselves performed no ignoble part. Witness the China campaign, and their doings in the southern Mahratta country. There they did their duty, as they have ever done, and as they will ever do, whenever their colours are unfurled before the breeze, to the roll of the drum, or the blast of the trumpet, which calls them before their country's enemy.

The Madras Army has been, as it were, resting and looking on at the deeds enacted in the northwest; burning with a desire to join their more fortunate comrades in arms, in the glories of the field, and hoping that they may still be called upon to take their share. They have already conquered, and are ready to conquer again and again.

Give them the opportunity, and they are second to none in the deadly charge, the skirmish, or the escalade; and it is because these brave troops have been left in the back ground, that the other two armies have been brought conspicuously before the world, that the former glorious deeds of the benighted are thrown into the shade, as of secondary consideration, leaving our good folks at home to imagine that we are a mere civil police, kept up more for

the purposes of gathering the revenue, and of holding the peasantry of the country in check, than for actual service.

But no! such is not the case. Military ardour and heroic chivalry are at the present period as bright in the breasts of our noble Sipahees as they were wont to be in the days of Clive and our other heroes. There is no Army in the whole of Europe in which military discipline is better maintained. There are no troops better clad and appointed; there are no soldiers more faithful, more brave, or more strongly attached to their colours and officers, than are those of the Madras Army.

I have the honour to belong to this Army, and I am proud of it! I have served in the ranks of one of its regiments, and have had opportunities of judging and appreciating the characters of the men who compose our soldiery; and I can safely say, that a more manly set of fellows I never could desire to command. The grand secret is, to treat them as men should be treated, and a more tractable race of beings I would never wish to see.

But of this I will make mention hereafter, begging the reader to follow me in my reminiscences of a service with these said Madrassees of upwards of ten years from the date of my first entry to that of my return home on furlough.

But reader, mine has not been a service of hard-fought battles; of lengthened sieges; or of dangers dire by flood and field. Alas, no! The star of my fortune has not shone either in the one or in the other. I have had no such good luck. It has been my misfortune, and not my fault; though the day may come, when we may smell powder in real earnest, hear bullets whizzing about, and very likely have a taste of one of them. All I can say is, that I heartily envy my brethren in arms who have partaken of such pleasures, and hope when my turn comes I shall have enough to make up for lost time.

My object in publishing the present Work is, to be useful to my fellow soldiers—if I can; and more particularly to such of them as may hereafter wend their way to those sunny climes in which their lot may be cast. If what I may have said shall tend in any measure to the benefit of my comrades (who are to be), or to their amusement, I shall consider myself well rewarded for detailing the circumstances that took place during the period of my sojourn in India; of recounting my several adventures, and of setting forth such of them as

may stand for example or advice to my younger readers, those aspirants to military glory who are yet in the embryo of scholastic studies or of Addiscombe tuition.

This book is intended to instruct, advise and amuse; and I trust it may be found useful to young officers of every branch of the service, be they in her Majesty's or in the Honourable Company's army. People go out to Madras, as well as to Calcutta and Bombay; and, although the scenes and occurrences about to be narrated lie in the former, and the humble author of these pages is in every sense of the word a Mull, (that is, a Madrassee,) he sees no reason why he should not attempt to make himself useful to the Qui Hais and Ducks as well as to those of his own immediate Presidency.

With these preliminary remarks, made with a view to introduce the subject of these pages, and with an apology on my part for having so long detained my reader on the threshold of my narrative, I will at once make a commencement, trusting that the intention which inspires my feeble efforts will be appreciated; that my failings will be treated with an indulgent forbearance; and that my errors, whatever they may be, will receive forgiveness, the more particularly so when I here declare that it is

principally from the stores of that strong and faithful ally—my memory—that I am about to supply the substance contained in the following chapters, which I now proceed to place before those who may favour them with a perusal.

THE AUTHOR.



OF

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IN

# INDIA.

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It was early in the year 1833, that, bidding farewell to England, I shook hands with my two brothers,—piped my eye a little, and, with ten shillings in my pocket, embarked at the Tower VOL. I.

Stairs on board a steam-boat going to Gravesend, where lay the ship which was destined to convey

my precious little body to India.

I say "little body," for I was a very little fellow indeed; so little, that I was never expected to be bigger; so little, that people looked on me with wonder and surprise, and some exclaimed, "Is that child going to be an officer?" so little, that my guardians would not trust me with any larger sum of money than the ten shillings alluded to, but gave ten pounds instead to the skipper to take care of for me!

I was indeed little, but who cared? I did not. I must be little, thought I, before I am big, and there was every chance of my growing; so, I snapped my fingers at them all, and thought myself of some consequence, notwithstanding my

smallness.

I joined the ship; her name was the W——H—, 1000 tons burthen, belonging to the East India Company, or rather one of their "chartered vessels," commanded by the gallant Captain T——S—, a good fellow in his way,—most extraordinary in a propensity for anything connected with fox hounds, and a bit of a wag,—fond of jolly companions, though a perfect gentleman nevertheless, and moreover in every way prepared to be kind and friendly to me.

My friends had secured me an excellent cabin

in the poop of the ship, and I had with me, as companion, a young writer fresh from Haileybury, who thought of nothing morning, noon and night, but hunting, riding, shooting and dissipation; and who considered it very manly and very fine to swear and curse, and to go to bed in a state of inebriety.

Such being the individual I had for my "chum," the reader may imagine that I was not particularly comfortable; indeed, it was quite the contrary. I never was so miserable in all my life, and longed for the voyage to terminate (though it had not yet commenced), when I should be rid of my noisy friend, and be once more independent.

And here let me give a little advice in writing, which I have ever given verbatim to many young people whom I have met since my return to Eng-Never take a cabin in partnership with land. another, not even if he be an intimate friend; for there is no knowing the misery and discomfort you entail upon yourself by having such a companion. Supposing the individual selected turns out to be what I found my friend was, you are bound to him for a dreary four months, and obliged to put up with everything that is disagreeable for that period; and, if perchance you remonstrate with him, or take upon yourself to check him, the probabilities are that a quarrel ensues, and you cannot tell how it will end.

There is nothing like independence, even on board ship. If you have a cabin to yourself, you are the master of your own room; nobody can enter therein except by your own invitation. You do as you like; you have your privacy at your own disposal; you can read, write, or sleep; and what is far better, you have no interruption in your devotions, which are of such importance to us in every situation in life, but to which, I fear, very few young men give much time, or thought. Often and often have I been intruded upon when I would have wished to be alone.

I suffered severely from sea sickness, so much so that for the greater part of the voyage, and more particularly in very rough cold weather, I was confined to my cot. During this dreadful sickness, my fellow traveller would enter,—bring company into the cabin,—play at cards and make such a noise, that I was in no very enviable situation. Speaking to them was out of the question. I was only laughed at, and the din and shouting were worse than before.

I look back to those four months on board the W—— H—— with feelings of horror, nor would I undergo a similar ordeal for worlds! I therefore recommend any of my readers, who may be going or sending a son to India, to secure a private cabin to themselves; the advantages and comforts are too numerous for me to detail, and the contrary

are evident from what I have stated in regard to myself.

It may so happen that in sharing a cabin with another, the companion turns out to be an agreeable one; still, notwithstanding his being all that could be desired, there are many objections to be brought against the arrangement; and I would rather pay an extra twenty or thirty pounds, and give my son a cabin to himself, than put him with another, who may turn out a brute, and thereby render the voyage one of misery and discomfort.

I remember one night; there was a jollification in the cuddy; my friend had taken a great quantity of wine, and became very much intoxicated. He came to the cabin, and turned into my bed whilst I was on the poop. He was sick, of course, and made my sleeping things in such a condition, that I was obliged to give them away to the sailors, for I could never use them again myself. I cannot bear to think of the horrors of that night. Young and inexperienced as I was, I could not help feeling disgusted.

We had recruits on board, eighty in number, commanded by a Bengal subaltern, rather an aged one, too,—nothing very particularly bright, and a sorry specimen of one of that Presidency. The other passengers were king's officers (though I ought now to say "queen's" instead of "hing's), all huddled together in the large stern cabin down

below, where they had it all their own way; but as the regions in which they vegetated were too hot for them, and otherwise uncomfortable when the stern ports and dead lights were closed during the rough weather, they used to come up into our cabin, and a precious disturbance they used to make, too!

They were, however, a jolly set of care-for-nothing young fellows, and proved themselves everything that was amusing and agreeable to those who could bear them; but sea sickness, and other evils combined, rendered their society neither desirable nor pleasant to me.

We were detained three weeks at Spithead in consequence of contrary winds. A very large fleet of ships lay there, amongst them line of battles and several of our thundering East Indiamen, which vessels, being manned and armed as menof-war, gave them more that appearance than of ships for carrying tea, cotton and other cargoes. Indeed the French Admiral Villeneuve, then in the Downs with a part of our Channel fleet, sent to inquire whether our Indiamen (some of them painted like seventy-fours) were more of the British navy.

Many of my older readers will, I doubt not, remember those noble vessels, and their gallant deeds during the last war, when attacked by the famous French frigates which scoured the Indian seas,—how our fleet of Indiamen beat off the

French squadron,—how the old Warren Hastings encountered the dreaded Piedmontaise, and other similar occurrences well known in naval history.

When at length we did get away, we had a narrow escape of running foul of the Thames, a 1400 ton ship, caused by the obstinate stupidity of the pilot; and, had it not been for the timely interference of the captain, who immediately took command, we should most certainly have bumped against her, and the damage would have been considerable.

It came on to blow when passing the Needles; there was a seventy-four, the old S—, going out with us, and "reef topsails" was the order. Through some clumsiness or oversight the gallant S—s' lowered their topsails without letting go the top-gallant sheets; the consequence was that they all snapped like whipcord, and the sails fluttered in the breeze, making a noise like thunder. This accident delayed her, whilst the Indiamen reefed, hoisted, and sheeted home; and one of them, the Herefordshire, bending beautifully to the squall, sailed round the seventy-four, then at a stand-still from being hampered by the occurrence I have just described.

I remember well this vessel (the Indiaman, I mean) shipping her crew. Her captain (Sh—, I think was his name) heard of the arrival and paying off of a frigate (the Br——n) at Spithead,

so would not take in any men; while the other India ships were doing so. He hired some fellows to work the vessel down the river round to Portsmouth, and wrote to secure as many of the Br—n's as were willing to sail with him. This succeeded; he manned her beautifully, and the consequences were that his crew were as handy as possible, while the other vessels, which had shipped at the Docks and elsewhere, had on board a parcel of fellows to whom it was necessary to teach everything connected with their duty.

A boat full of the Br——n's came alongside of us, wishing to be taken, but the captain told them with reluctance that he was full, while some of those already on board, putting their heads out of the ports between deck, abused them like pick-pockets, and told them to go somewhere,—to what place I will not mention. Thus the Herefordshire, being so well manned, beat us all on the occasion I have just stated; and, as they sailed close by us we could hear the gallant fellows "splice the main brace," their skipper having given them a treat for their smartness in beating a seventy-four in reefing top-sails.

But I will not trouble the reader with a lengthened account of a voyage to India. We had dreadful weather in the Bay of Biscay, and I was as sick as possible, could not eat, drink, or even get out of my bed, notwithstanding that I made several ineffectual attempts to do so; the captain was very kind to me, tried various methods to cure me, but all was to no purpose. I really thought I should have died.

In this state I continued until we nearly reached the Line, where the weather was fine, and I contrived to crawl upon deck, but so emaciated and reduced that my fellow passengers scarcely knew me. In crossing the Line, the usual ceremonies of shaving and ducking were gone through. I was exempted from the dirty ordeal, in consequence of having crossed before on my way to England as a child; though I paid Neptune five shillings by way of a fee.

The rest of the passengers enjoyed the fun, and none more so than my noisy companion, who entered into the thing with boyish delight. The recruits were all drawn up on the poop, to be kept out of the way, in order to avoid any disturbance between them and the crew.

We had our pirate also, for there was a queer-looking vessel hovering about us for several days: she ranged close up to us one evening, and the captain told her that if she did not sheer off he would run her down, which could very easily have been done: this threat had the desired effect, and by the next morning she was nowhere to be seen.

Our voyage was a dull, uninteresting one. There were courts martial innumerable amongst the re-

cruits, several floggings, and one death. Off the Cape we had very severe weather. I shall never forget one night; I happened to be on the poop, sitting against one of the hen-coops, muffled up in my cloak. The ship was on her course, and the wind blowing very smartly, while the sea was running mast-head high. Suddenly we heard a crash, and a report above head, and found that one of our sails had given way.

The night was dark, and the ship pitched and rolled tremendously. Hands were sent aloft to secure the sail and stow it on the top; during this operation one of the topmen, a fine lad, unfortunately fell overboard. I saw the poor fellow fall into the water, and as I was seated on the tafferel I could observe him swimming nobly through the waves; he called out most lustily to "lower away the boat." I was on the point of cutting the lashings of the life buoy, when the captain, who had that moment come on deck, touched me on the shoulder and told me to stand fast.

In the mean time the quarter boat's crew were piped aft, the ship's sails thrown aback, and every thing cleared away for lowering the starboard cutter, when the coxswain of her came up to the captain, touched his hat, and said:—

"We are ready to go, sir; everything is prepared to lower away; but do you think the boat will live in such a sea as this now running?"

I remember the captain's answer as he gave it.

"You are right, my lad,—right;—pipe belay there! and secure the boats again. Square away the yards, and lay the ship on her course. It is impossible to save him; and the coxswain says right about the boat, she would be swamped to a certainty, and it is better to lose one man than a whole boat's crew."

The other officers agreed with the captain in what he said, and the decision he had come to: the boats were secured, and the ship put on her course. Oh, what a moment was that! We could hear the agonized shriek of the drowning man as he cried to us—

"Lower away the boat!——lower—away!" the voice getting less audible in the distance: I ran up the mizzen rigging, and could see the poor man swimming beautifully, sometimes on the crest of a mountain wave, sometimes in a valley below; the phosphoric light showing whereabouts he was. I almost fainted as I came on the deck; the thoughts of a human being perishing within sight of apparent rescue were indeed terrible.

It so happened that the coxswain who had spoken to the captain was the brother of the unfortunate lad, and when he heard who it was that had been lost the effect upon the poor man was indescribable.

This untoward accident threw a gloom over the

whole ship; and as for myself the look of despair I fancied I saw on the face of the wretched mariner, as he passed astern, haunted my recollection for a long time.

This was not the only man who fell overboard; there was another, but we succeeded in saving him. The day on which he contrived to tumble into the sea, happened to be his birthday: his messmates had given the fellow their grog, and, when he went aloft in the evening to rig in the larboard fore-top-mast-sternsail-boom, he was so totty, that, overbalancing himself on the footrope, he turned a summerset on the yard, and fell into the water.

Fortunately we were going slowly at the time. The punt astern was lowered, and he was saved. The first words he uttered when he touched his hat on coming on deck were a dreadful oath, and an expression of satisfaction on being once more in the old tub of a ship!

Our passengers used to amuse themselves in various ways;—they were however generally very idle. Cards, and consequently gambling, were the favourite occupations, and at the end of the voyage some of them found themselves wofully out of pocket. I passed my time in studying the Hindustanee grammar, which I found, when I began with a Moonshee, of the greatest service to me. The very circumstance of reading served to beguile my time.

Of course I was considered a great "spoon" for my pains, but that did not hurt me much; and I strongly advise my young friends to adopt a similar mode of employment: it is of great assistance hereafter, and I think "board-a-ship" just the place for such sort of amusement. Let me ask, is it not much better than playing at cards, and losing one's money? I have known many a young man lay a foundation for the lamentable propensity to gambling merely by playing during the voyage; and I could name several now no more, who, from beginning with small stakes, have gone on and got themselves dreadfully involved.

Some, to drown care, have taken to the bottle, and others have been dismissed the service; whilst others, again, have been carried off by the consequences of debauchery, brought on by playing, late hours, and drink. Alas! alas! young men little know the misery they entail upon themselves, and the disgrace they bring upon those near and dear to them, by such mal-practices.

Shun those amusements, therefore, while on board. You have many other ways of killing time: read, write, draw, keep a journal, work the ship's course, take the latitude and longitude, the lunars, keep the time of the ship's chronometers,—and, above all,—a word in your ear, my young friend—remember what you have been taught by your "mothers" in regard to your duty to God,—spend

a portion of your day in thinking of, and praying to Him,—and forget not what our blessed Lord's behest was, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation!"

All this, and more, I used to do; and, believe me, I derived much greater pleasure and satisfaction than if I had fretted myself by card playing, and losing my money: not that I had much to lose, but still what little I had would be useful to me on landing, as I found afterwards.

My journal I sent home, and it was a source of amusement to my friends in England; working the ship's course, &c. &c. gave me an insight into navigation; taking the latitude, longitude, and working the lunars, kept my mathematics in practice;—so, whilst my companions were gambling, smoking, drinking, I was usefully employed;—certainly not usefully to them, for, as I before said, they looked upon me as a "sawney,"—but most decidedly so to myself, as I found in after-life.

When off the Cape we were visited by the birds peculiar to that part of the world; and, as usual, the guns of the passengers were at play upon the poor creatures all day. I was foolish enough to unpack my guns, and fired away a great quantity of powder and shot in killing and maining them.

Our cabin was turned into a kind of shamble or slaughter-house, where these things were brought; the stench was horrible! There were albatrosses, Cape pigeons, and other birds, placed in every corner of the room; the spolia opima of my chum, who must needs have them skinned and stuffed,—the pepper, powder, and other preparations used for curing the skins, nearly stifled me; indeed I could not bear to enter my cabin; and, had it not been for the kindness of one or two of the officers of the ship, I do not know how I should have got on, for I used to take refuge in one of their apartments for the greater part of the day, preferring that to the abominable stench of my own, to say nothing of the noise and hubbub;—such firing of guns, such shouting, such swearing!

It is a very foolish thing to unpack your guns, rifles, or pistols at sea. When once subjected to the sea air, the rust accumulates in a wonderful manner, and all the subsequent care bestowed on them will not keep them clean. Both my guns were much injured by the exposure, and I regretted afterwards ever having opened them; for, after all, I scarcely fired out of them myself, being, as I before observed, much afflicted by sea-sickness, and consequently scarcely able to do any thing. I lent them instead to one of the young men, like a

greenhorn that I was.

Never lend a gun to any body, if you can help it, particularly to any one on board ship; no man will take such care of it as yourself,—and to open it during a voyage is indeed the act of a first rate griffin! Our lads used to amuse themselves in unsoldering their uniform cases and swords to show them off. I had no uniforms, but my sword was unpacked one fine day while I was asleep in the doctor's cabin, and the consequence was, that it got rusted and spoilt. The poor griffins, while on board, think it a very fine thing to show each other their kits. They therefore open their boxes, put on their uniforms, and run about the ship, to the great amusement of the officers and crew, and the detriment of their wardrobe.

I remember hearing of one young cavalry officer, just let loose from his dear mamma's apron strings, who, before he had been a month away, unpacked his cases, put on his full dress uniform, helmet, sabre-tache and all, not omitting his spurs, and went aloft! The sailors, determined to enjoy the fun, ran up after him, and catching him in the topmast rigging, made a beautiful "spread-eagle" of the trooper, to the great amusement of the spectators, to his great annoyance, and to the irreparable ruin of his beautiful new coat, (which had cost his poor mother many a pound, and which she probably could ill afford to pay,) it having become covered with pitch, tar, and other marine abominations. Poor boy! This was a regular griffin's trick.

Then it is a very common practice for passengers to count over their other articles of outfit, to see that all is correct, as if any body could have stolen them. In the course of the investigation, should any of their owners be hard up for money, (which is often the case,) several of the things are sold to the ship's steward, who is ready to pounce upon them, making great bargains for little or nothing. Take my advice, young griffin, whoever you are: unpack nothing, - do not open your boxes unless there is absolute necessity for your doing so,-take out what you require for immediate use, and lock up the rest; and, above all, keep the keys of your trunks in your own pocket. My companions wanted me to open my boxes, but I would not gratify them to please the best of them. They lost a great many of their things, I did not lose a rag! My guns and sword got rusty, certainly; that has taught me a lesson which I shall not forget in a hurry.

Mentioning shooting just now, puts me in mind of an occurrence which frightened us all at the time, and which might have been attended with serious results. While off the Line we had calms for several days, and the captain used to have the boats lowered to practise the men with their oars. One day after dinner we asked, and obtained permission from him, to have the punt to take a row in, and to shoot at some birds, a number of them being seen at a short distance from the vessel.

We put our guns and ammunition in, and started, some of us pulling, and the rest getting the guns loaded, to have a little sport! My friend was in

high feather, and stood in a fierce, destructive attitude, in the bows of the boat. I was pulling the stroke-oar, and happening to look down, saw there was a greater quantity of water in the bottom than appeared to me correct; and, moreover, heard a gurgling sound, as if more was coming in! I stooped, and to my horror observed that the plug was out, and that the water was rushing fast in through the aperture.

I mentioned the circumstance to my comrades; my chum dropped his gun, and looked aghast, and the rest asked, in almost the same breath, "What shall we do?" I immediately laid in my oar, and kneeling down, stuffed my thumb into the plughole, and thus stopped the water; searching under the gratings in the stern-sheets, I found the plug, which was fortunate.

Indeed, had I not heard the noise made by the bubbling in of the water, it is more than probable that we should have gone down, and been converted into food for the sharks, two of them being close to us all the time; and, when we got on board, a hook was baited and lowered into the water, and the larger, a huge monster, was taken, which would have proved an unpleasant customer had he seized any of us between his horrible jaws. We had a narrow escape. So much for quitting the ship,—a dangerous thing to do at all times, and more so in a boat without a plug in its bottom.

We touched nowhere on our voyage, and only fell in with one homeward-bound ship, by which we sent letters making mention of our welfare;—very agreeable intelligence doubtless to those who are interested in the parties from whom such letters come; but considered generally "a bore" by the good folks at home, who, in some cases, look upon those they are sending out to India as a good riddance of bad rubbish, and the less they hear from them the better. There are however exceptions.

## CHAPTER II.

Coast of Madras—Crowd of Native Boats—Danger of the tempting Fruit offered for Sale—Natives attack the Griffins—Recommendation of their own Services—Dishonesty of Native Servants—Zeal and Fraud—Sergeant Escort—Passage over Madras Surf—Imposition of Boatmen—Catamaran Junk—Fate of the Old Soldier—Mode of Landing—Crowd of Competitors dispersed by Means of a Cane—Author reports himself—Arrival at Cadet's Quarters—Meeting with Addiscombe Friends—Extortionate and ill-conducted Mess—Changing Money—New Residence—Facetious Letter of Introduction—Value of Letters of Introduction to the "Big Wigs"—Purchase of Camp Requisites—Of Pony and Riding Gear—Advice to Griffins respecting similar Bargains.

In due course of time we made the Madras coast, but considerably to the northward. The captain, never having been there before, mistook the Pulicat flagstaff for the one at Fort St. George; the consequence was, we had to beat down, and did not come to an anchor till late in the afternoon. We found that several of the Indiamen which had sailed at the same time and after us, had already arrived in the roads; this was owing to their superior qualities, the W—— H—— being after all



nothing better than a huge tub, in every sense of the word.

We were instantly surrounded, of course, from stem to stern by Massulah boats and catamarans, laden with fruit and rascals; the latter crowding the ship, and the former the stomachs of all the raw inexperienced hands in her. I abstained from the fruit, not only from knowing the danger of indulging in it, but from the bad quality brought for sale; and I would advise all new comers to follow my example, for a free partaking of these temptations in the outset, is not only injurious, but very dangerous.

Young people think they can play as many tricks with themselves in a tropical climate as they were wont to do in England; but it is a mistaken notion, and the sooner they divest themselves of such ideas the better. I recollect several of our lads were laid up with severe attacks of dysentery from eating the fruit on first arrival, and they were a long time getting over their complaints. Some of my readers may laugh at this, but I assure them seriously that I am not wrong in what I say, and I appeal to the faculty if I am not correct.

The number of natives who came on board caused a great confusion. Several of them addressed me, but, as I had been in India before, and knew their characters, I gave them the cold shoulder, made use of such few sentences in Hindus-

tanee as I could call to my recollection, and I was not pestered by them. These poor fellows came on board to seek for employment, and if they are fortunate enough to secure some *dreadful* griffin, they stick to him like a leech, and demean themselves in such a plausible manner, that their employers are duped into the belief that they have obtained a really honest servant.

One of these candidates for service generally begins as follows. I beg the reader will pronounce the words as nearly as possible as they are spelt.

"How you do, Sar? Hope Sar, master is vell. My name, Sar, Ramaswamy. I dubashee! I glad see master. Master look ver vell—hansom, rose cheek got—good calor—good yealth—nice country Yenglan. I glad do master sarvice. I very hanest man, Sar. Plenty cractur got—spose master's hanors plase I show em. Master istranger gentlemans, come to Madras—know nothing—I know yebry thing. Spose, Sar, you yemplay the me, I be very good servant for master! I die for master! Spose master want shoes, I make em from my roan ishkeen! And master want to drink, I give my roan blood! I foor man, Sar, but I hanest man too, Sar," &c. and so forth, and would go on without ceasing, if not stopped.

Well, after such an idiomatic speech, the cunning would-be-employé makes a series of obeisances and salaams, fumbles in his pocket for characters (all borrowed for the occasion at perhaps one rupee each from the many servants at Madras), and at the same time talking most vehemently, and with such apparent candour and innocence, making the green-horn believe every word he says. He alludes to his letters of introduction—his friends and connexions; asks his name, and then says:—

"Shall Ramaswamy look after master's buggage? How many trunk master got? I take plenty care, master neber pear. I very hanest man, Sar! Master nothing to do—I got boat for master all ready—my roan boat—nothing to pay for landing, I take master free to the shore."

And if it should so happen, that Mr. Ramas-wamy finds out that the griffin has a father, or any relation in the service, he very knowingly intimates a knowledge of the individual by saying, "I know master father very well—he gone up the country naw; he very good gentleman—very kine to poor black mans; and young master must be kine, too; black mans very foor feeful."

These sort of speeches very often terminate in the person so making them being engaged, and then commences a train of cheatery and rascality too long for me to enter into. Woe betide the purse of the green-horn, or his nice kit of clothes! The simple spoken honest dubashee takes care of the former, and keeps the keys of the trunks containing the latter! For every sovereign that he changes a deduction is made by him of perhaps two rupees, a payment of four shillings in the pound! And out of every dozen articles of clothing, probably a fourth is appropriated by this trustworthy menial, and make their way into the "thriving bazaar," where all stolen articles are vended, and find numerous purchasers.

If it is requisite to buy any thing, the ever ready and watchful dubash volunteers to go and procure it for his master, "very much too cheaper" (as the rascal says), and comes home bringing the articles required, with a long bill, the total showing how much the things have come to, and exhibiting a surplus against the unfortunate employer, usually entered as follows, "Master due for me" so much.

Ramaswamy does every thing for his master; he tries all in his power to please him; as a matter of course is always at hand; stays outside the door of his room; sleeps there, and will not allow a soul to come near or have anything to do with him; and, should it so happen that a discovery is made by the servant that any one is trying to cheat master, he becomes so infuriated with the unfortunate individual detected, that he strikes, kicks, buffets without mercy, and adds thereto such a volley of abusive language, that the hearer is perfectly astonished, and gives the zealous du-

bash the credit of being, at all events, an honest man, and one faithfully attached to his master!

Thus far so good—all is as it should be—the servant is all attention, devotion, fidelity, and honesty; while the master is all trust and confidence; everything goes smoothly on. The young griffin ventures to boast to his companions, and even writes home to his friends in his first letter, that he has been so fortunate as to pick up such an honest, faithful servant! He considers himself very lucky. The man is so very useful and so attentive,—quite a paragon of excellence, in fact, he could not do without him; and, moreover, he has promised to increase his wages if he continues faithful, and, to crown all, he has actually made Ramaswamy a present of a new coat and turban!

This continues for some time, and may perhaps last, according to circumstances. If Ramaswamy sees he benefits aught by staying in his master's service, the knavery will be carried on for some months, and even years; but if Ramaswamy sees that his master is a little more keen and alive to his interests than the generality of griffins; why the farce is concluded by the faithful, honest dubash making himself scarce with a good supply of master's things, including gold or silver watch, spoons, and forks, in fact, everything that is valuable, and most easily converted into money. Ramaswamy is off! and nobody knows where he is

gone to! As for poor griffin, he is minus this,

that, and everything else!

I have known many a poor lad thus deceived; and I pray my young readers to beware how they make similar commencements in their Indian life. Beware of these silvery-tongued, smoothfaced dubashes; they are the veriest rogues in Madras; they will cheat you with the greatest coolness possible, and think no more of telling a downright lie, than if they were going to a meal! In nine cases out of ten, servants taken on board ship are invariably thieves. Have nothing to say to them if you value your kit, or your purse.

Whosoever employs these men will find out what they are to their cost sooner or later. They cannot help stealing, it is meat and drink to them, and it is by stealing they gain their livelihood. will be necessary to have servants, but there is plenty of time for that,-wait patiently until you meet a friend, who can put you in the way of procuring such as will be useful to you, and who are known to the parties recommending them, and then you are comparatively safe; employ a dubash, and you are robbed to a certainty.

Amongst those who boarded our ship on coming to an anchor, was an European sergeant in full dress, who brought a despatch to the captain. This was to hand over to the sergeant such cadets as were passengers in his ship. I being the only individual bearing that exalted rank, the sergeant (a thundering grenadier), turned to look at me; but he had to look down a good way before he saw me,—for I scarcely came up to his hips! The sergeant touched his cap (at which I was very much pleased), and told me that he had brought a boat for me to go on shore in, and hoped I would

show him my luggage.

After dressing, I quitted the ship, glad indeed to leave her and my dearly beloved compagnon de voyage, and to be once more on terra firma; after all the disagreeables of sea sickness, a miserable life, and a four months' confinement to a cabin smelling of rotten bird skins and other offensive things. I felt quite delighted when the boat pushed off from the sides of the huge Indiaman, vowing I would never again share a cabin with another man, and hoping that I might never again put foot on board of a vessel in which I had spent so many unhappy days.

Everybody has heard or read of the famous Madras surf, — that tremendous barrier which guards the shores of the coast, so replete with danger to the uninitiated; and those dreadful sharks which swarm outside ready to pounce upon any unfortunate victim who may fall into the water. Everybody knows this surf now-a-days; I will not therefore attempt its description, nor will I trouble the reader with aught about the Massulah boats or

catamarans. Both are also too well known to require comment, or remark; suffice it to say that the latter are just as well adapted to the purposes of crossing the surf, as the surf is just the kind of hot water for such strangely-constructed boats to float upon.

To new comers, however, the whole is worthy of remark, and no doubt matter of surprise. frequently happens that griffins in landing are liable to be imposed upon by the men who pull them on shore. In crossing the surf some degree of skill is necessary to strand the boats in safety, and the boatmen usually demand a present for a job, for which they are already well paid, and which they have no right whatsoever to ask or expect; but griffins are so kind and so liberal, and these boatmen are such acute judges of physiognomy, that they can tell at a glance, whether there is a probability of success or not. If refused, they sometimes bring their boats broadside on to the surf; the consequence is a good ducking, if not an upset altogether into the briny element; -this is by way of revenge. But such rascality is now-adays seldom practised. The person who most deserves a present, if any, is the poor man, "catamaran jack," who follows each boat in his frail bark, ready to pick up any body in case of an upset; and I have invariably given these poor fellows half a rupee (one shilling), as a present, merely for being ready, in case of necessity.

I remember an instance of a boat crossing the surf without the attendance of one of these men. The surf was very high,—the boat was upset; the crew all escaped by swimming, but one poor old soldier, going as a passenger to one of the ships, not being able to swim, was seen to sink, and rose no more: he must either have been drowned or carried of by a ground shark. Accidents seldom or ever occur now-a-days. The boatmen are paid by government, and held in proper check, by the master attendant of the port, who keeps a strict watch over them, punishing instances of neglect or misconduct most severely.

But to proceed. We crossed the dreaded surf and landed in safety. Passengers are either carried out of the way of the water in a chair or on the backs of the boatmen. Upon gaining a footing, I was instantly surrounded by a multitude of naked looking savages, all jabbering away broken English and Malabar, asking me to take a palankeen, and some actually seized hold of me, and were about to lift me into one; however, I asked the sergeant, who was with me, for his cane, which being obtained, I laid about me right and left, and soon cleared myself of the crowd.

The sergeant took charge of my traps and we walked on to the fort, which, by the way, was

a very foolish trick on my part, for, though the day was fair, and a cool breeze blowing, I found the sun much warmer than I had ever felt it in Old England. I recommend my friends to be more careful than I was;—it is a dangerous thing to do, and one which may affect the health for years after in India. I consider walking in the sun ten times worse than eating fruit, particularly without a covering to the head. I have known a young man struck down by a coup de soleil on first landing, merely from walking as I did; it is indeed a most foolish trick. A ride in a palankeen is much more comme-il-faut, - much more respectable, and much more comfortable, and the charge to the fort from the landing-place not more than a rupee, if so much.

Passing through the north gate into the fort, the sergeant took me direct to the adjutant-general's and town-major's offices, where I reported myself in due form; all the people at both places staring at me, and wondering doubtless that one so little should be an officer! I was then conducted to the cadets' quarters, where I was told I should have to reside until further orders.

Behold me now, gentle reader, safely arrived at Madras, the scene of my future career. Verily was I like a young bear, with all my troubles before me; I was, however, as happy as possible. I had brought out a letter or two to some of the

residents, and I was determined to deliver them as soon as I could conveniently do so. My heavy baggage was cleared the Custom House and brought to me in the course of the next day. I engaged no servants; there were plenty attached to the establishment, so I made them attend on me. I kept my own keys, my own money, and never left my room without locking the door and taking the key in my pocket.

I found several old Addiscombe friends already arrived at the cadets' quarters, all griffs, as young and inexperienced as your humble servant. There was a mess kept for us, three meals a day, for which we had to pay most dreadfully; every thing to be had was bad, and knavery and cheating in most glaring colours reigned supreme in this asylum; a place kept on purpose by government, to give the poor inexperienced cadet a home on first arrival, superintended by an officer who was of no use whatsoever, and frequented by the greatest thieves and vagabonds in Madras, from the villain butler to the sweeper!

The cadets' quarters were intended by those who had established them to afford the friendless and ignorant young officers a home, and to prevent the possibility of their being imposed upon. The superintending officer's duty was to see that the rules of the establishment were strictly acted up to, and that the lads frequenting it had every thing that

was required in consistency with the objects of its institution—economy and respectability. The feeding was execrable, the drink worse, the charges were enormous, and accommodation any thing but comfortable; the beds were swarming with vermin, the heat insufferable, and, from its situation, the building any thing but healthy.

I never once saw the officer; the butler was paramount in authority, and I could compare him to nothing but the bull in the crockery shop; for he had it all his own way, and a more consequential, over-fed Pariah rascal I never saw. I forget his name now; but the fellow, I recollect, had the insolence to show me his portrait, (such at it was,) as much as to say, "If I were not an honest man, do you think I would have had my likeness taken?" I greatly exasperated the old thief by telling him that I thought the picture more like a baboon than a human being, and certainly very much resembling his butlership.

I never in all my life felt so uncomfortable as I did in these cadets' quarters; glad was I when I quitted them for ever. The day after my arrival at Madras I asked the way to the pay-office, and went there to change some money, not liking to trust any of the servants of the quarters. I was received most kindly by our well known obliging official in that department, who informed me, very politely, that he did not exchange money, but dis-

bursed it; however, he ordered a man to go with me to a place, the locality of which I cannot for the life of me recall at this present moment to my recollection, and where I got eleven rupees for my sovereigns; and, as I was ever on the qui vive against robbery or imposition, I determined on never changing more than one at a time; besides, I had only six pounds in my pocket altogether, not very much to begin with, the reader will allow.

I then jumped into a palankeen, and, armed with my letters, went in quest of those for whom they were intended. One of the gentlemen was kind enough to invite me to put up at his house, which invitation I gladly accepted, as I was already disgusted with my quarters and longed to be away from them.

The reception I met with from my friend was hospitable, and the next day found me settled in his house, where I was kindly treated, and lived upon the clover of a staff appointment. My other letters I did not deliver, as they were addressed to persons up country; they were sent instead by post. One of them, given by the captain of the ship, was a droll production; he read it to me on board, it was as follows:—

"My dear —, If you should ever fall in with a dirty little wretch named —, feed him well for the sake of — your affectionate brother."

&c. &c. &c., so and so.

A very affectionate epistle; and calculated, no doubt, to give the individual written to a tolerably good notion of my cleanliness, to say nothing of my eating propensities, as if a griffin could think of nothing but eating and drinking. This production was forwarded, but whether it reached its destination or not I cannot tell. I never met the person, and he never had an opportunity of judging whether I was really "a dirty little wretch," or whether I required feeding, a jot more than the rest of youths at my age.

Permit me now to say a few words regarding letters of introduction. Our dear friends in Old England think, that the more they can procure for their relatives going out the better. I allow that some are of use, particularly if they have no friends or relations already in India. But I do not at all approve of young men burthening themselves with letters to the governor or commander-in-chief, or to any of the high authorities. They are of no use beyond an invitation to dinner, and that is looked upon as a ceremony more to be avoided than courted.

The regulations of the service prevent any further notice being taken in the way of appointments, or any other exercise of influence or patronage. No man, however great his interest, were he to take letters even from the queen, can get a staff situation before he has done two years actual regi-

mental duty; and even then, he must have passed an examination in one of the languages, to be qualified for such.

And, again, there may be no situation vacant; but, be that as it may, not all the interest in the world can set aside these regulations; the letters consequently are of no use. If they are procurable, wait until the examination is past, and the two years' duty gone through, and then write home to your anxious parents, and they will send them; perhaps enclosing at the same time a cheque for fifty pounds for being a good boy in having mastered the language so soon!

I remember a young man arriving at Madras armed with strong letters of recommendation to the commander-in-chief, who it appeared was acquainted with his parents, as well as several members of his family. He made sure of a room at the chief's, and was certain of being appointed at least an aide-de-camp. Poor boy! he was much surprised when he was told to go and learn his duty with a corps several hundred miles up country.

Letters to great folks at the outset do more harm than good in my opinion. A young man should be away from the Presidency as fast as he possibly can, get over his drill, learn his duty as an officer and a soldier, become acquainted with the language, and then think of preferment; but, before these objects are attained, letters of introduction had better be left alone. Such as will procure you the valuable assistance of friendly advice, or a comfortable reception on first landing, are desirable, and ought to be taken; for what on earth can be more wretched and miserable than an unfortunate cadet on first landing, without a kind friend to receive him, or a home to go to? Parents do right in getting letters of the description I mean; but those for the "big wigs" are utterly unavailable, and, up to the two years and the examination, quite useless.

I landed in India on the 7th June, 1833. About a week after we saw our names in orders, as being admitted on the establishment, promoted to the enviable rank of ensigns, leaving the dates of our commissions to be settled hereafter. In the same Gazette I saw myself with others posted to do duty until further orders with the —— Regiment of Native Infantry, stationed at Palaveram, a military cantonment about thirteen miles from Madras. We were directed to join and report ourselves to the officer commanding that corps forthwith, giving us time, however, to prepare our uniforms and other things.

My friend with whom I resided, procured for me the requisites for a sub; to wit, a camp cot with mattrass and pillows, mosquito curtains, and water holders for the legs of the bedstead,—the former to guard against those nightly abominations so well known in all tropical climates; and the latter, against the visits of the little red ant, which, without those articles, will swarm a poor man's bed, get into his hair, and bite like so many little fiends! I do not know which is the worst, the sting of a mosquito, or the bite of an ant; both are bad enough, and to avoid which, all new comers particularly should be prepared with those appendages, without which they must never expect a night's rest.

Besides the above, I had a folding camp-table, and a large chair, a queer looking article, still strong and serviceable. I also purchased a brass basin on a tripod stand, very useful in marching, and a well-known accompaniment to every officer's kit.

As a bit of horseflesh is indispensable to a sub's "turn-out," my friend bought me a stout Pegu pony, with a saddle and bridle. I knew nothing about riding, and as to a knowledge of the qualifications of a horse I was as ignorant as a babe. I must here mention that my friends in England had sent me out a letter of credit for fifty pounds, with fifty more in case I should require it. The supply was more than sufficient.

I gave two hundred and fifty rupees for my pony, saddle and bridle, and thought myself fortunate in getting the animal and his trappings so cheap. The remainder of my kit came to about a hundred rupees more, so that I had a good sum of money over in case of accidents. In addition, I received my pay, which, for doing nothing, I considered very handsome on the part of government; however, I was entitled to it, so I said nothing more on the subject, but pocketed the money.

Before joining the regiment, I beg the griffin's attention to a few words regarding the outlay of his money in the purchase of a horse. As I said before, a horse is indispensable. The heat of the climate prevents a person from walking; and as riding is generally the only exercise that can be taken, a horse must not only be a serviceable one, but strong and healthy. When I say it must be serviceable, I mean it must be a beast able to do the work which a griffin is likely to require, and it must also be one that he is able to ride, not a showy, fiery, man-eating, run-away brute, but steady and quiet, and not likely to break his master's neck a week after he has purchased it.

Now, griffins probably know as much about horses as they know about cows; they are consequently not able to discriminate between good and bad, and therefore more likely to be imposed upon by the dealers at the stables. Young men think that the larger the sum of money they give, the better the animal. True is it in many cases; still, it is more than probable that an ignorant pur-

chaser may give a similar sum for a beast not worth one-third the amount.

I would therefore advise, that you be not in too great a hurry to buy a horse, and what is more by no means to make the purchase without consulting a friend or a veterinary surgeon. Those horse-dealers are the greatest cheats possible, and will take in a poor fellow as soon as look at him.

An ensign has no business to give more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty rupees for a horse, and that sum, in my opinion, is just one hundred and fifty or two hundred rupees too much. There are many good, strong, useful hacks to be had from one hundred to two hundred rupees, which will answer the purpose admirably well.

The best way is to wait for a general sale by auction, and then you will have an opportunity of picking and choosing. I have seen horses sold at these sales for two rupees—four shillings! The reader may be surprised at this; but I beg to assure him that what I say is nothing but the truth. It is not only very foolish in young men giving a large sum and purchasing a really valuable horse, but it is running a great risk having such a one in his stables; because, ignorance of the treatment of a horse will make them liable to all sorts of mishaps, thereby endangering their lives, and the hard work, which a sub's nag is subject to, will

very soon knock up one of that description; it not unfrequently happens also, that the inability to ride, or an inexperienced hand on a horse's mouth, will throw him down, break his knees, and ruin him for ever, without reckoning the chance of the rider hurting himself into the bargain.

Now, if the griffin have a horse of a small value, and should anything happen to him in any way; should he be carried off by the gripes, or have "a stroke of the land-wind;" or should he fall down a hundred times, there is not much lost, and the money that is saved by buying such an animal, will enable him to procure another in case of any accident such as I have above mentioned. A cheap horse, therefore, for a griffin is the best in my humble opinion. None of your fine animals will ever do.

This remark, however, is only applicable to infantry officers. Those of the artillery and cavalry must have first-rate horses, to be efficient in the performance of their duty,—and though the former have no allowances made by government, excepting in the horse artillery, still officers have to be mounted, and such being the case, it is as well to appear respectable and be fit for any work, by having a good charger, the keep of which will be just the same as that of the veriest "screw" that was ever fed upon grain. Infantry officers are not

obliged to be mounted on any occasion; it does not therefore matter what kind of brutes they have as long as they are up to their work.

A word or two more, and I have done with this subject. Young men generally take out a nice supply of saddlery with them from England: they have nothing then to trouble themselves about, except taking care of these invaluable articles. But it as often happens that such things do not form a portion of the outfit. In that case, the best way to supply yourself with saddlery, is to attend the auctions I have alluded to, where you can pick up capital second-hand things for little, or nothing. I bought once an almost new London made saddle and bridle complete for the sum of twenty-one rupees (about two pounds); whereas, had I gone to one of the shops, I should have had to pay about five times that sum and upwards.

In making any purchases at first, it is better to consult some experienced hand, and the new comers will always find many ready and willing to put them in the way of obtaining the articles they want in a more economical manner, than they themselves could possibly manage. Some young fellows, with a good supply of cash, start in first-rate style, by keeping two horses, a buggy, and other extravagances, but these only last as long as the coin does, and that is not long; for money in

the hands of a griffin, is generally like two ships in a storm, they very soon part company,—and the end of it is that the reckless individuals only get laughed at.

## CHAPTER III.

Author's Regiment—Introductions and Friendly Receptions—
Invitation to Bungalow—Donning Uniform—First Parade
and Drill—Duty and Advantage of complying with Military
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I JOINED the —— Regiment N. I. about the latter end of June, being taken to Palaveram in my friend's carriage. He was kind enough to accompany me thither, and we went to the house of an acquaintance of his, one of the officers, the quartermaster of the regiment, who received me most warmly, and introduced me to several of his brother officers assembled to meet us at dinner. I was asked to reside with him as a temporary arrangement, until I could get myself a bungalow in the Cantonment; an invitation I gladly accepted.

There was another officer residing in the same house, both good fellows and fine soldiers, as I afterwards found out. They gave me a hearty welcome. I had a room to myself, and was as comfortable as I could wish to be. My friend L—y quitted me in the evening, returning to Madras, thus leaving me to myself among strangers, who, however, were all gentlemen, and apparently disposed to treat me with kindness and respect. They had all been in the same situation as myself, though, perhaps, none of them had begun life so young and so inexperienced.

The next morning I was roused out my bed very early indeed, and had to put on my uniform for the first time: my new friend T-n telling me I must accompany him to the parade ground to meet the commanding officer, and to be introduced to the adjutant, who was ready to make a soldier I buckled on my sword, (an immense long one, too, it was; I had selected the largest in the outfitter's shop, as I said I should be big enough in time for it.) and sallied forth to the barracks and parade, where I saw a most dignified looking personage, with a very healthy looking countenance, sitting on horseback, and another officer, also mounted, conversing with him. They were looking at a body of soldiers in white coats drilling. We went up to these officers and touched our caps, and I was introduced to them as Ensign —,

recently posted to do duty, and come to report myself as joined.

"Well, Mr. —," says the dignified looking personage, whose name I must here mention, was Major W——t; "I am glad to see you; welcome to the ——th. You were at Addiscombe, I presume, for you look as if you had been drilled;—Eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied I; "I was at that institution, and there learned the preliminary part of my duty. I am ready to finish my military education under your command, and proud of the honour of commencing my career in so distinguished a regiment!"

"Well said, young man, well said," exclaimed the Major. "You'll do very well, I have no doubt, under my adjutant there. Mack——, allow me to introduce a young aspirant to military fame. Take him in hand, and teach him his duty!"

The adjutant came up, shook hands with me, and said,

"I am happy to see you with us; we will teach you the proper business, though, I suppose, you are quite an adept at balance step, without gaining ground, &c. &c.; and I dare say you know how to show the advantage of shifting the leg, eh? You know that business well, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said I, "I have good cause not to

forget all I learned at Addiscombe. We had plenty of drill there, though, in my humble opinion, not half enough."

"Well, then, suppose we try now," said the adjutant. "We shall soon see what you are made of."

Then calling the drill havildar (Anglicè, sergeant), he said something to him in Hindustanee, and the man touched his cap to me, and smiled a most military smile.

A squad of recruits was brought up, and I was ordered to fall in. We went through all the facings and marchings. The major and adjutant both expressed themselves much pleased with my display, and the former asked me,

" Are all the others coming to do duty with us from Addiscombe?"

I told him they were, and that we had been all well drilled. That I myself had been a corporal there, and knew some of the duties of office. This was my first debût as a soldier; and, after further conversation, the major permitted us to retire.

My good friend T——n asked the two to come and take a cup of coffee, which they did; and I was happy to find that my new brother officers were all on excellent terms with each other; that the rigidity of the commanding officer was put on one side in the private gentleman; and that all

whom I saw were disposed most kindly towards me. How fortunate did I consider myself at being at once so comfortable and happy, and amongst such a quiet set of officers! There is nothing like

a good beginning.

The other ensigns joined by degrees; some so late that they were found fault with. The delay, however, was excusable, for, poor lads, one or two did not even know that they were to come at all: while others had been residing some days at Palaveram, not knowing the etiquette of reporting themselves. I did not go in quest of quarters for myself at all, as T-n very good naturedly asked me to live with him; offered me his services, and told me that it would be better for me to reside where I was, as I should then have the benefit of his advice and experience. He had me posted to his own company, and I became completely under his authority, a fortunate thing for me, as I learned my duty the quicker, for he was one of the smartest officers in the regiment, and well capable of making me one also, had I the ability and will to become so.

I must here mention that the regiment to which I had become thus attached, had but recently returned to Madras, from three or four years "foreign service," in the Straits of Malacca, where it had been actively employed against some insurgent Malays in the interior. I cannot enter into a detail of the

harassing warfare in which this, as well as several other corps, had been engaged. They had suffered severely from the effects of climate; had lost many men; and had returned in a very reduced state, both as regarded officers as well as privates. Several had been killed and wounded; amongst the latter were T—n and his chum W—t.

When I joined them, the corps was completely broken up, all the men were away on leave to their native towns and villages; a few only were left to carry on the duties, furnishing guards, and in assisting to drill the recruits, of whom there were a large number. The greater part of the officers were likewise away, either on leave or staff-duty; the mess was shut up; those who remained behind at head-quarters took their meals in their own bungalows; and the old —— was anything but what it would have been in a collected state.

This regiment was considered one of the best in the service—was thought much of at Army Head-Quarters, and the very one best calculated to have young officers attached to, for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of their profession. I must say that stricter attention could not have been paid to the instruction and discipline of any young lads, than was shown to us while we were doing duty with the gallant ——th.

Palaveram is well known. It is a hot station, evincing but scanty proof of the skill in selecting

ground, on the part of him who constituted it a military cantonment. Situated at the foot of a range of hills, it is as grilling as it well could be; the said hills completely shutting out the delicious sea-breeze so much prized by Indians.

Palaveram has barracks for four regiments. The officers' houses are neat and comfortable, and laid out in regular streets; those nearest the hills being appropriated to the field officers and captains, as being the hottest, I suppose, and they being better able to bear the heat than the younger subalterns, whose quarters were furthest from the hills, and consequently the coolest. There are one or two bungalows situated outside the cantonment, and it was in one of these that my friend, his chum, and I resided during our stay at Palaveram. Two other regiments were also stationed in brigade with us, as well as detachments of corps on foreign service.

We had hard work of it at the drill, morning and evening, though it did not last long. We were dismissed in about three weeks as fit for duty, and then only had we time to look about us a little.

My friend S——n regularly took me in hand, and made me keep the books and accounts of his company. This I at first objected to, but he showed me a paragraph in the "Standing Orders" which induced me to obey him; and I found it to

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be of the greatest benefit to me afterwards; as it not only gave me an insight into regimental matters, but brought me into contact with the men, by which means I became acquainted with their names, and their characters, as well as the peculiarities of their castes, religions and manners.

Let me urge on all young officers the necessity, the great necessity, of attending to this duty; not that I claim any merit for myself, as it is all due to my worthy friend, and I owe much to him for insisting on my compliance. I repeat that the necessity is great, and the advantages are many; and really, looking at the subject in a serious light, it is but justice to all parties that an officer should become acquainted with a duty, to be able to perform that duty with credit to himself and satisfaction to those under him.

How many disasters and misunderstandings occur from the mere circumstance of officers being placed in responsible situations, without their being in any way grounded in the everyday routine of duty! And how easily are such to be avoided by a little attention and application in the outset? Far be it from me to set myself before my readers in the light of a braggadocio, nor do I wish to do so in the slightest degree, but I mention this merely as an example to urge others to submit to do that which may eventually prove greatly to their own advantage.

In addition to writing the books and keeping the accounts, I used to pay the men, visit their barracks and huts in the lines, as well as the sick in hospital; hear their complaints, and investigate their quarrels and disagreements, &c.; all this I did, not for my own pleasure, but because I was obliged by the desire of my company's superior. I had therefore no alternative but to obey. I had also to make my reports to him.

At the same time, and in order that I might understand what was said, I fagged hard with the Moonshee, who used to come to me every day for four hours. I thus attained a slight knowledge of the language, and the way I went to work was as follows: I held conversations with my teacher in English; every sentence uttered was put down on paper in Hindustanee, and the next day what I had written down in Hindustanee, was brought to me fresh written by the Moonshee, and these sentences I re-translated into English, so that I not only gained a knowledge of words, but was able to read the common writing, which was of the greatest assistance.

I fagged thus hard for three months, working away without relaxation, except for meals and a siesta in the heat of the day (a very bad habit by the way, and one which ought never to be indulged in); and occasionally receiving a visit from some of my neighbours.

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At the end of the three months, I passed a regimental examination in Hindustanee, and the major (who was always kind to me) placed me in the entire command of the company to which I was attached, removing S——n to another.

This gave me an immediate increase to my pay, and placed me in an independent situation, which the other cadets, some of them my seniors, did not enjoy. The circumstance set them on the qui vive, and they also worked away, but I had the start of them all, though I ought not to boast of it, for it was all my friend S——n's doing.

I was also the first to mount main guard. This I did as a supernumerary to learn my duty. I remember that day well. My superior was an officer of another corps, and he very kindly (rather unkindly, for so it was), allowed me in the night to take off my clothes and go to bed. At about twelve o'clock, the field officer visited the guard, and upon its turning out, inquired where the supernumerary subaltern was?

The answer was, "In bed. I told him, sir, he had no occasion to get up."

An orderly came up into the room and gave me a poke on the ribs, and told me that the "field officer sahib" wanted me. Bah! What a fright I was in! The perspiration poured from me:—visions of courts-martial and all kinds of punishments flitted before me. I was so confused that I

did not know what to do, or which way to turn. However, I at length presented myself, apologizing for keeping him waiting in the damp cold night. Poor Captain M——to gave me a good wigging, telling me that I was very wrong.

"Let this be a lesson to you, sir, never to take off your things while on guard. Always be ready to turn out at a moment's warning. An officer on duty should ever be on the alert. He and his sword should never part company. I hope, sir,

this will never occur again."

I felt myself quite ashamed to be thus reprimanded, and was annoyed with the man for speaking to me as he did, for after all it was not my fault. He should have taken the senior subaltern to task, as it was by his permission that I had not turned out with the guard. I had innocence on my side, so made up my mind to think no more on the subject, resolving at the same time, that if I mounted guard a thousand times a month, my uniform, sword and sash, should never be separated from my body. It is the worst thing an officer can do, and sets a bad example to the men, who are ever ready to follow such whenever they have an opportunity. "The officers do it," say they, "and why should we not?" Picture to yourself your position before an enemy; the officer without his clothes on; the post attacked, and no

one ready! But I shall have occasion to touch on this subject again.

What with regimental duty, studying with the Moonshee, and other indoor occupations, I had not much time to devote to out of door amusements. The less a young beginner exposes himself to the sun the better, though all the preaching in the world is of no avail; go out he must and will, and nothing but a sharp attack of fever, or a stroke of the sun, will keep him at home.

I contrived to have a good gallop morning and evening, after drill, every day, and that was excellent exercise. My pony turned out to be a brute. He was as stubborn as a jackass, had a mouth like iron, and shied most dreadfully; I falling off on one side, while he would jerk away to the other. I am only surprised that I had not my neck broken, for I had many a severe fall, one of which hurt me so much, that I was laid up for some time on the sick list, with leeches, &c.

The pony and I could not get on at all together. I therefore resolved on parting with him, which I did shortly after to a native, who gave me my money for him. Besides riding out, I used to go into the brushwood and jungle in the neighbourhood of Palaveram, popping away at all descriptions of the feathered tribe, now and then getting a shot at a stray partridge or hare. I was as-

tonished with my success as a sportsman, and was old enough at last to venture upon snipe, getting better and better the more I practised.

I will allow that I often took a "pot shot" at an unfortunate paddy bird standing on one leg, or at a Brahming kite, seated shrieking on a Palmira tree; but that was not very often. However, pigeons, and occasionally ducks and hens, used to feel the effects of my fire.

I one day let fly into a flock of geese, killing one and wounding another. They turned out to be the poor brigadier's! I was obliged to give the affrighted keeper a couple of rupees to silence him. The killed and wounded were taken home, and furnished two capital dishes for our next day's tiffen.

Griffins are odd creatures,—they do such odd things, poor fellows. But my shooting the geese was nothing to be compared to the truly griffinish trick of which I was one day guilty, in going out snipe shooting, with a pair of silk stockings on my feet. But let not the oldsters laugh too much; they must remember that they were griffs also once upon a time; and may I be permitted to ask, do they (the griffins) not compose the *flower* of the army? Most certainly they do.

A few months after joining the —th, our gallant major gave a pic-nic party, on the strength of his promotion; and as I was residing with the quarter-

master, and he formed one of the party, I was also honoured with an invitation, which I gladly accepted. Tents were sent out, also large supplies of beer and soda-water, (principal ingredients, without which nothing can be done), to say nothing of other drinkables as well as eatables.

I took both my guns,—indeed I had three,—and an enormous quantity of powder and shot. To have seen my ammunition, one would have thought that I was going to attack a fort; and I was nicely laughed at; however, I very generously reasoned with myself, that it might happen some one else might require a supply, so that I took all I had. I did not fire more than a dozen shots or so, and when I came home all my ammunition had gone! Of course no one knew how, but blackey is very fond of shooting, and they invariably use "master's fowder, shot," when they indulge in their propensity.

We formed a merry party. I think there were some twelve of us, and the place of rendezvous (well known to all Madrassees) Vendalore, or Smith's Choultry, capital ground for snipe and other small game. I rode out on the Pegu, affording my companions much amusement, for he shied at every stone or leaf on the road, keeping me in constant dread of an upset. There was a great deal of damage done, hundreds of snipe slaughtered, to which I added my quota of two brace and half;

one paddy bird, one kite, and a guana! We had snipe at table in every shape; snipe-à-la-mode, snipe curry, snipe pie, snipe stew, and snipe devils. There was plenty of beer drank, and some of the party were very merry, as is generally the case on these occasions.

This was the first thing of the sort I had witnessed; I had therefore a good opportunity to watch and see how matters were conducted. I observed that those who had done least in the way of sport, eat and drank most, and were more intoxicated than those who had borne the heat of the day. There was not, however, any disturbance, excepting plenty of singing, roaring, and laughing. This was a nice school for a young boy to be in. It did me a vast deal of good. I gained a capital insight into Indian life, and I hoped to profit by the lesson.

Those who did not go shooting remained in the camp, attended to the cooking, &c., played at cards, and baited jackalls; the latter a cruel amusement I thought, though I could not but help admiring the hardy courage of those poor animals as they stood at bay against five or six English bull-terriers; it was a piteous sight, and I was sorry to see English gentlemen indulging in such sport.

The third day that I was out, I had a very narrow escape. The sportsmen had all separated in different directions, and I was walking over a

swamp by myself, when suddenly a shot was fired in front of me, and I was peppered most beautifully. The shot stung me on the face, but they did not hurt; had I been nearer it might have been a serious business. The gallant major was the man who had fired; a regular instance of aiming at the pigeon and killing the crow.

The consequence of this exposure to the hot sun for three successive days might have been injurious, and I was very foolish for having gone out at all; however, excepting a regular peeling of the skin off my face, I escaped unhurt. Snipe-shooting is dangerous sport at all times, but to none more so than to a new comer. I have known several either carried off or crippled for life with rheumatism for indulging in it too soon. How I escaped I know not; the more I went out the more fascinated I became with it. I have often been day after day, up to my knees in mud, with a hot burning sun over head, fagging about for five or six hours without ceasing, and returning with only one bird, or perhaps none at all!

Some of our doing duty lads were inclined to be wild (I should like to know how many there are who are otherwise?), and used to play their griffinish tricks in abundance; not that I was never guilty of the same—but several accidents occurred, and some of them got into severe scrapes.

Generally speaking, however, we contrived to

be a steady set. In course of time, all were successively brought on the regimental roster, and mounted main guard. The older officers were all glad of that, as before our joining, the duty was very severe. I must here mention a circumstance, as a warning to others, to point out the danger and impropriety of carrying jokes too far. Young griffins are apt to credit all that is said to them in fun. It is a common thing among the oldsters to tell them a variety of nonsensical stories, with a view to amusing themselves at the expense of the new comers when they first join.

Amongst the many other fictions the griffin is informed that he must have his teeth filed by the store sergeant, to prevent his eating too much, which will materially interfere with his getting on in his drill. Another is told that he will have to learn to beat the drum, and is invested with a drummer's jacket, and put through the ordeal of an interview with the drum major. Another is sent to the subadar major, for the purpose of having his sword sharpened. Another is fined half-adozen of champaigne for drawing his sword in the mess-room. If the curry at dinner is pronounced to be hot, the griffin is told that the cause is to be attributed to the dish having been cooked by country wood! and such like ridiculous joking.

But what I more particularly allude to is this: A young fellow is often laughed out of the good

intention of studying the language, by being told that it is all stuff and nonsense; there is no necessity for it; nobody thinks of such a thing until after having been five or six years in the service; that a man can get on well enough without putting himself to such trouble and expense; that all he has to do is, to say "Achha" (Anglicè, "very good"), to every thing that may be told or reported to him—"Achha" was the word which would carry him through every difficulty—"Achha" was the talismanic dissyllable which was to do all his duty, and transact every business with the native soldiery; nothing else was required!

Now, just to prove the impropriety of this advice, I will relate an anecdote of a little circumstance which occurred to one of our doing duty ensigns at Palaveram. It so happened that he was orderly officer of the day on the occasion of the regimental lines being on fire; it was his particular duty to be present on the spot, and to assist in putting the fire out. The bugles sounded "the alarm,"—the drums beat "the long roll," guards and pickets turned out, and the men flocked to the place. The officers were also present doing all they could to extinguish the flames.

Every body was on the spot, excepting the one of all others who should have been there, viz. the officer of the day, who was nowhere to be found; not at his post, at all events. He was seated in

his bungalow, in dishabille, smoking a cigar, taking it coolly, as people say. He had heard the bugles, but he did not know one "call" from another; and as for the drums, he imagined them to be some one practising! Presently in rushed a havildar (sergeant) breathless with running, "Sahib! sahib, line ho ringār lüggyā!" (Sir! sir, the lines are on fire! The young officer responded to the intelligence by saying, "Achha!" The havildar retired.

Shortly after in came a naigur (corporal), repeating the same fact. "Achha" was the answer he got, and he retreated also. I happened to gallop through the man's compound, on my way to the lines, and called out to him, but he heeded me not.

"Where is the officer of the day?" inquired the major; "Send and call him! send an orderly immediately!"

An orderly came and found my gentleman seated as before!

"Major sahib bolātā hai—sahib!" exclaimed the orderly ("The major calls you, sir"), and quitted the bungalow; but "Achha" was the answer he received; another orderly came, and received the same reply. At last in galloped the adjutant.

"Hallo! Is Mr. — at home?"

Up jumped the unfortunate griffin, puffing his cigar, with a glass of brandy pawney in his hand, and went out.

"Do you want me? What is the matter?"

"Cool fellow!" thought he of the brazen spurs.

"Matter, sir?" asked the adjutant, "Don't you know that the lines are on fire, and that you should be there? The major has sent twice for you, and you are not moving! You have got yourself into a precious scrape! Make haste and put on your things, and hurry down to the barracks!"

Poor lad! He made as much haste as he could, and presented himself long after the fire had been put out. He got a terrible rap over his knuckles for his "Achha," and never committed himself in a similar manner again. This shows the necessity of really knowing something of the language, the danger of being too credulous, and the impropriety of young officers not being able to judge for themselves how to act;—the very running in of the different messengers should have been enough; but no—there he sat, smoking and drinking, and saying "Achha" to every one, like a regular green-horn.

The ——th had a capital mess, which was reopened upon our joining. S——n was the secretary, and being a first-rate bon-vivant, as his size indicated, all that was to be had in the shape of eating and drinking was of the very best. There was a beautiful billiard table, which was a source of amusement to us after our dinner. We were voted in as honorary members,—this entitled us to call for whatever we wanted, though not

allowed a voice in the affairs or management of the mess. Living with the secretary, I had an opportunity of observing how the thing worked; so that I knew well that the expenses of a young man messing depended entirely upon himself.

I will now say a few words on the advantages to be derived from the establishment of a mess, and then the disadvantages thereof; hoping all I may say will carry with it the forcible and effective colouring of truth, which will show to the reader the plain and matter of fact state of things as they are really known to be.

The existence of a mess in a regiment, be it in garrison or in the field, enables the officers to meet as gentlemen should do; thereby giving each other an opportunity of becoming acquainted, as well as of encouraging that sociability and friendship which should invariably be a ruling trait amongst soldiers. A mess well regulated serves to keep up the respectability of the body of officers; they assemble at a certain hour of the day in a quiet manner, and partake of a meal; when the strictness and rigidity of military discipline is in a measure put off, and all set down as private individuals of one family. Gentlemanly feelings and habits are thus engendered and kept up; agreeable conversation on the general topics of the day are discussed, and a degree of friendly familiarity prevails,

which renders the meeting pleasant to all parties, and more especially to the younger officers.

The having to go to mess keeps them from acquiring habits of staying at home, generally speaking in a state of indolence, when they get into all sorts of bad practices, drinking, smoking, gambling, and so forth, which, in the other case, are avoided. An officer carries with him an air of gentility, (if I may say so,) and, by associating with his comrades, obtains a degree of polish, so ornamental in the circles of society, and so creditable to the rank he holds.

Young men are, some of them, very fond of staying in their bungalows, and of giving tiffen parties, grog parties, and other parties, thereby incurring all sorts of unnecessary expenses, keeping up an establishment they can ill afford, and living far beyond their means, no one being able to curb the one, or point out the limits of the other. By going to the mess he can manage as economically as he wishes, or the contrary. He has no occasion to launch out into extravagances, because those who can afford it do so.

A man can live much better at a mess than he can at home. At the one he eats well-cooked wholesome food; at the other, he is at the mercy of his servant, who procures for him all the dirtiest trash that can be picked up in the bazaar, which he cooks for his master in the filthiest manner possi-

ble. At a mess, an officer sits down to his dinner properly dressed, and takes his meal with his comrades, so that it is at all events a clean as well as a social one. At home, he is generally by himself, and there he eats in his shirt-sleeves, and long drawers, slip-shod, and otherwise uncomfortable.

The drinking at mess depends entirely on the members of it, and those who compose the party at table. There is generally some sort of wine placed upon the table, called "public wine." Those who partake of it pay their shares, and those who do not have nothing to pay at all. Other wines are to be had if called for, but they cannot be had without being paid for also. If a man takes his bottle of beer and this share of wine, (the public wine I mean,) it is sufficient in all conscience. But I do not think that an ensign has any business to take both, though probably he cannot well help doing so: if he, however, takes beer, he should abstain from the wine if possible, for a bottle of beer and a share of wine every day, come to a great deal in the end; and an ensign's pay is only 181 rupees 5 annas a month, out of which he has to pay his house rent, messing, servants, and household expenses; so that, if he indulges in beer and wine both, he will find very little, if any, left to answer the other demands on his purse.

I knew several young men who went to mess every day and took their wine or beer, lived quietly, and were able to put by some twenty or thirty rupees out of their pay every month. There was one in particular, who had a mother at home to support, and he used to send 50 rupees per mensem to his agent, which came to 60l. a year. A mess is an excellent thing, for the reasons I have above set forth, as well as for many others. I highly approve of all officers belonging to it, and supporting it in every way. But, as I before observed, there are disadvantages in a mess, which I cannot help here remarking upon.

Before, however, proceeding further, I must crave the kind reader's indulgence not to impute my observations to self-opiniated notions on these subjects. My conclusions are drawn from experience and observation, and I beg leave to give my opinion with all due deference to that of others, not only with a view to pointing out that which is commendable in any established custom or institution, but that which is objectionable in them also. Let not the reader then look upon me in the light of a croaker, or doubt the exactness of my statements. Many will be against me, still I hope that I shall have as many on my side, who will agree with me in the justness of my remarks.

A mess in a regiment has its disadvantages more from the fact of its being *mismanaged*, than any thing else. The way in which it is kept up, as regards supplies, is very liable to cause extravagance, thereby giving an opening to young men to partake of such things as are inconsistent with their means. The very circumstance of their indulging in expensive articles, wines, &c., renders it very probable that they run themselves into debt; and in most messes a sufficient check is not placed on the young men by the seniors, to regulate their bills in conformity to the totals of their monthly salary; and it too frequently is the case that the commanding officer of a regiment does not interfere with his authority, in stopping those under him in these extravagant habits.

In addition to the "public wines," others are placed upon the table, and the heedless partake of the latter in addition to their shares of the former. This is well and good for those who can afford it, but not so for those who cannot, and yet no one checks the practice; this I consider mismanagement. Corps are often in the habit of giving parties, some of which are looked upon as indispensable. A frequency of them places those of the junior grades in difficulties.

Then there are the public, or guest days, once a week; a large party assembles on such occasions, and the expenditure of wines and other high priced articles, is enormous. Every thing is public, and each has to pay so many shares, according to the number of guests he invites, whether the things charged are partaken of or not. These are dis-

advantages, which tend much towards involving the younger officers of the regiment in all sorts of troubles, from which they are unable to extricate themselves.

A mess also gives an opening to dissipation. A set of young fellows assemble together; they call for this and that, never thinking of the expense. "O! hang the expense!" And it also sometimes happens that one or two or three go home reeling. Is it or is it not the case? I do not say that this is a matter of every day occurrence. No; but it does happen; though, if a salutary check were enforced upon the appetites of the young men, and a good example set by the seniors present, I think that such would not take place at all.

People say, "Let them enjoy themselves, poor lads; it does not occur every day!" but is not the very occurrence an impropriety, and as such a disadvantage? What do the sentries in the mess guard room, and the orderlies and servants, think of us, when they see us getting drunk, fighting and squabbling amongst ourselves? What an opinion do they form of us, and what an example it is to them of sobriety, temperance, friendly feeling, and gentlemanly conduct?

Take, for example, a public party from its commencement to its ending. The mere eating and drinking portion of it is all very well; that is nothing with reference to what follows; there are exceptions I will allow. After the dinner is over, the greater part of the guests indulge in the pleasures of the "hookha," or cheroot; tables are placed either in the open air or in the verandah; bottles of brandy and gin, tumblers and water, and bundles of cheroots, &c., are ranged up and down, and then the business of the evening commences.

Some of the party take a ride, by way of a little fresh air, after the eating and drinking, but return to the scene of dissipation, and all meet again. Smoking, drinking, and singing, are kept up till a very late hour, when the whole adjourn to a hot supper, composed of devilled bones, mulligatawny, and hot stews, beer and other drinks being matters of course. They eat and they drink, and adjourn a second time to the grog table, where the same thing is carried on, till the lateness of the night warns the more sober to retreat, while those, who are in the other state, are either carried home by their servants, or remain there until broad day-light; in fact, to quote the old song, "till daylight does appear." This is generally the way in which these public parties terminate, and I do not think I have overdrawn the picture.

Billiards and quoits are sources of amusement at the mess house, but they are objectionable, more particularly the former. The billiard-table is a favourite lounge for the idle, and gives an excellent opportunity, to those that way inclined, for gambling. Young men resort to the table immediately after breakfast, and there they stay for the greater portion of the day, (neglecting their indoor duties and employments,) playing, smoking, and drinking. Then they must have something to eat, they cannot do without that. Cold meat, beefsteaks, or mutton chops, are ordered; and, as a matter of course, they must have some drink as well, to wash the eatables down. Wine or beer is called for, after which they play again.

The mere playing is excusable, but it is the other accompaniments that are objectionable. The smoking and drinking are injurious to the health, and the eating must be paid for. This forms an important item in the mess bill, and tends much towards increasing the sum total: thus the tiffen and the dinner, both in one day, cause a decided incentive to dissipation, for few can stand it, following as the two meals do, with their respective accompaniments of grog and cigars, upon each other's heels. I have known men go home, rather the worse for drink, from the tiffen table, take a nap, and then throw some "chatties" (earthen pots) of cold water over themselves, dress, and come to mess again to dinner! Eating is out of the question, but drink, drink, drink, is the thing, until they go home again half-seas over; thus becoming in that truly disgraceful state twice in one day!

Such things do occur very often indeed, and

continue, alas! unrestrained and unheeded by the superiors of the regiment. Strict discipline and good advice, with proper example, would check all these irregularities; and the affairs and rules of the mess properly regulated and acted up to, would do away with them all, leaving only those comforts and benefits which are to be derived from the existence of such an establishment; those comforts and benefits which tend so much towards the welfare and happiness of the officers of a regiment, and which contribute so much towards our respectability and importance as Christians, in the eyes of those natives, with whom we are the more immediately connected.

We were kept strictly enough in the —th. The commanding officer of it exercised a very proper influence over us, and invariably checked any symptoms of extravagance on the part of the young officers; very correctly, too, for had he not done so, how should we have managed? The billiard-table was at our disposal entirely for an hour before, and an hour after dinner; this enabled us to play sufficiently to amuse, and did not give us an opportunity of gambling. The only thing we ever did in that way was to play for bottles of beer or shares of wine, and, as we were all beginners, we did not venture beyond that. The older officers would sometimes play with us, and I was always very fortunate in catching hold of the good old major,

from whom I invariably won either a share of wine, or a bottle of beer.

This may be considered a species of gambling, and so it was, but it did not last very long, and the spirit in which it was carried on was more of innocent amusement than any thing else,-I do not therefore think much harm was done,—though it might have laid the foundation to a propensity to gambling, which is often the case. Take my humble advice, young readers, and do not give yourself a chance of becoming fond of play. A game at billiards or cards may be indulged in with as much pleasure without the stakes as with them: in fact, with greater pleasure I think. Betting in a small way leads you on almost imperceptibly to something high, and that which you at first looked upon as an amusement, generally terminates in a serious matter, till at length you become a confirmed gambler, and the end of the practice is fearful!

The same with smoking and drinking. A cigar and a glass of grog are both agreeable companions to those who like them, and oftentimes they serve to beguile an hour or two of a dull evening in the jungles, on a line of march or during the monsoon rains. But young men generally cannot discriminate between moderation and excess. They are not content with one cigar and one glass of grog of an evening, but they must needs have more of

each, beginning immediately after breakfast, and continuing until late at night, with but short intervals of respite from their labours of self-destruction. What then was commenced as quiet sober indulgence, for pastime, for sociable amusement, for good fellowship, assumes a different aspect; instead of one cigar so smoked, ten, twenty, and even thirty are expended, and in lieu of one glass of brandy or gin and water, a whole bottle is drunk, and a man thus becomes an habitual drunkard, to the detriment of his health, the disgrace of himself and family, and the ruin of his character as an officer and a gentleman. The habit of drunkenness creeps upon the "toper" in a most wonderful manner. At first, the glass of "brandy pawney" (brandy and water) is weak; -by degrees, the mixture assumes a darker and darker hue, until at length, it is almost raw brandy, or raw gin !-- rank poison, which very soon carries off the unfortunate victim by "delirium tremens," or, what is worse, the dreadful and unmanly act of suicide. I could bring forward several instances—but I will content myself with one.

Poor S—— was a very excellent fellow, much liked by all who knew him. He was a very quiet, steady, young man, zealous in the performance of his duty, always at his books, and studying hard, evidently with a view to getting something for himself hereafter. We all, however, have our fail-

ings, and poor S—— had his, which was a violent nervous temper in argument, that would affect him so much as to render him agitated to a painful degree, making him shake sometimes like an aspen leaf. Added to this, he was very fond of his cigar; smoking from the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night; but he never drank any thing, and he would say that, as long as he did the one without the other, there could be no harm.

His smoking so much rendered his nervousness worse, and it is a well known fact that smoking generally produces an excessive flow of saliva, and a consequent constant expectoration, which as a matter of course is very likely to produce a dryness, and that must be moistened by some sort of liquid or another. The surgeon of the regiment, an excellent worthy man, used to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of his smoking so much, for which of course he got laughed at. The doctor told him, as a warning voice, that this habit would very soon force him into another—that of drinking. S—— snapped his fingers at the doctor, and went on as usual.

In due course of time, S— used to take a pint of porter with his cigar, with gin and water in the evening. The little harmless pint became a quart, from which it went on to two or three quarts a day, the evening potations increasing in propor-

tion. In addition to the cigar, he would smoke a hookha (the contents of his chillamchee, or pipe-bowl, being some horrid trash bearing the undeserved designation of godawh, made by his rascally servant), the gin or brandy still increasing in strength, with little or no water in the potation.

From a fine, healthy, good-looking young man, he became fat and bloated. His nervousness was fearful. His whole body broke out in blains and He shunned the society of his brother blotches. officers, and became dreadfully in debt, so much so that his mess supplies were stopped; but, to indulge his cravings for drink, he would actually get arrack from the bazaar in addition to his porter, brandy and gin, which he would procure from Madras. Poor fellow! It was a dreadful sight. The change was truly awful, and really when we called to mind what he had been and what he was. it was quite distressing to see him. He became confined to his house with disease, and a very short time terminated his existence by an attack of delirium tremens in the General Hospital. end of poor S- was indeed a dreadful one; in a common hospital, without a friend, or relation, to smooth his pillow, or to soothe his dying moments; no religious consolation to his departing soul. Alas! alas! how truly heart-rending. Who can tell how secretly and insidiously that mischievous couple, that sapper smoke and that miner drink,

work hand in hand? They approach most stealthily, and before you are aware of it you are in their power. Shun the cigar as you would a serpent, and the bottle as you would poison. Depend on what I say that, by indulging in the one or the other, you take so many days off the number allotted you by a merciful and gracious Providence, and by shunning them you add not only to your health and happiness, but to your respectability in the circles of society, and to your well-being in the sight of God and man.

## CHAPTER IV.

Brigadier's Surveillance—Reprisal—Wine and its Consequences
—First and last Excess—A painful Lesson—Noble Character of Native Troops—English Officer saved by the Gallantry of Native Sepoy—Rewarded with Gold Medal and Promotion—Gratitude of rescued Officer—Jealousy and Party-Spirit—Injudicious Treatment of Native Troops—Severity ill-judged—Warning Anecdotes—Christmas Waits—Gratuitous Insults from English Officers to the Sepoys—Native Commissioned Officers.

The brigadier commanding the station lived on the top of one of the hills, where he had a delightful house, (one of his own building, I believe,) large and commodious. He was an old soldier, and a rigid disciplinarian; had seen plenty of service, and was looked upon as a smart officer. He was very particular in all duty-matters, and in none more so than those connected with the main guard, upon which he always kept a sharp look out by means of a spy-glass, which was ever bearing upon that post.

We "doing-duty-ensigns" were very much the objects of the brigadier's attention and solicitude.

He looked out after us as a cat would after a mouse, and kept us ever on the alert against any mistakes on duty matters. Yet, with all his strictness, he was very hospitable and kind. Many are the pleasant days which I have spent up the hill, and many the happy hours I have passed with him in his studio. He kept open house; there was always somebody residing with him, and his feeding was considered by those competent to give an opinion, to be excellent.

I remember a trick I played the old gentleman one day that I was on guard. As I before observed, he invariably kept an eye upon that post, with his long glass. In order to observe a kind of counter reconnaissance upon his lofty perch, I always took my spy-glass to guard with me. On the occasion I allude to, I happened to be taking a peep up the hill, and saw the brigadier on the point of doing the same at me.

I instantly shut the window of the guard-room, and, taking a sheet of foolscap, daubed the following words in large letters, with a paint brush in ink:—" Pray what are you looking at!" This I thrust out of the venetians of the window, looking through my glass to see the effect it had upon the brigadier. He looked long through his glass, evidently trying to decipher the writing on the paper, in which he at last succeeded, for he left the stand suddenly with a smile on his face,

and with a shake of his fist at me, entered the house.

About five minutes after, I saw an orderly coming down the hill, with a note in his hand, which in course of time reached me. It was to my address, and contained, to my astonishment, the following words, as nearly as I can recollect them. I had expected something far more serious, for I acknowledge it was an impudent thing to do.

"How dare you, you young whelp of an ensign, to stick up such an impertinent question on paper? But I'll pay you off; come up and dine to-morrow. You know the hour. Yours, in great wrath, &c. &c. &c. Dated the Rock." He called his habitation "the Rock."

The day following found me up at the brigadier's, when I received a thundering wigging in a very jocose manner. I told him I thought it might have been worse, but I hoped it would be a lesson to him for the future, to place more confidence in the officers under his command while on duty. It was better that he should do so than watching them through a spy glass, and that it was by using similar means I had found him out, trying to catch me napping. The old brigadier received this rebuff very good humouredly, but he never again took sly peeps at me on main guard—at least, I never saw him.

Whilst at Palaveram, the —th gave some

very elegant entertainments, to all of which we were invited. I mention this because it reminds me of something which I think I cannot do better than record in this place. There was a grand dinner at the mess on one occasion, when many guests, as well as the brigadier, were present. I had been out all day in the sun, shooting snipe, and returned home just in time to dress for dinner.

The exposure to the sun and fatigue of walking many miles up to my knees in mud, made me very thirsty, and when I sat down at table I began drinking a quantity of claret, which had been beautifully cooled for the feast. I think I must have taken nearly a bottle without eating anything. Indeed, I felt no inclination to eat. There was also champagne on the table exquisitely cooled, and of this I took two or three glasses in addition.

By this time I became very loquacious and talked loudly, much more so than was my custom. I recollect well addressing a gentleman who was seated opposite to me; I told him that I had always taken him for a military character, and as such had admired him, but that now I found I was mistaken, he was no more than a civilian, and I did not care a pin for him; or some speech of that import. This observation of mine attracted the attention of the major, who looked volumes at the adjutant. They exchanged signs, and a little after the latter

came behind my chair and expressed a wish to speak to me.

I beg leave to observe, that though talkative, I was not so overcome but that I was perfectly in my senses. I accompanied the adjutant into the back verandah, and he then very kindly told me that I had better go home, that the excitement and the heat of the room might affect me more, and that it would be better for me to walk it off. I took the hint, said that I was obliged to him, put on my cap and quitted the place; I pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket, and, giving one end of it to my servant, desired him to lead the way, as the night was dark, and he had brought no lantern. I had about a couple of miles to walk before I reached home.

The cool air, instead of doing me good, acted in a contrary way, for when I gained my bed-room I felt as sick as possible. When in bed, the room and every thing in it seemed to turn round and round, and the sensation I experienced at that time was dreadful. It makes me sick to think of it! Though not regularly intoxicated, I was sufficiently so to prove that I was not sober: the whole affair was anything but agreeable, and I felt as I had never felt before. In a short time, I fell into a feverish restless sleep, and dreamt a variety of horrid dreams.

Next morning, as usual, I got up for parade. The whole regiment was to be out. Oh, how ill I was!

My head ached enough to split, my mouth was parched, and my face burned as if I had a fever. I mounted my pony and rode to the barracks, where I saw the adjutant, who remarked upon my looks. I told him that I was very unwell, thanking him at the same time for his kindness on the preceding night. He was a good fellow was poor Mack —— (alas, now no more!), and he commiserated me on my miserable plight.

"Poor boy!" said he, "you do look ill; you had better go back home and get into bed again; take some hot water, and rid your stomach of its contents. It was that claret you drank last night. We shall come and see you by and bye. I will report your indisposition to the major, and tell him that I have given you permission to be absent from parade."

"Thank you," said I. "I really never felt so ill in all my life before; catch me drinking claret in such quantities again! and that horrible champagne, too! Bah! I am so sick!"

I rode home, and imbibed a good dose of hot water. This had the desired effect, and I went to bed much relieved. During my slumbers, the whole posse of officers came to see—"the boy——" (as they called me), and had a good laugh at me. I shall never forget the sensation I felt. The very thought of it, at this distant period, makes me shudder! It taught me a lesson for the future. It

was the first time I had ever exceeded, and I do not think that any body in this world can say that I have ever been guilty of such a thing a second. I have joined in many merry-makings, have been present at many parties, where drinking has been carried on to great excess, but I am happy in being able to declare, that I have invariably left the table perfectly sober.

What a consolation has it been to me to be able to look quietly at all that was going on, without losing possession of my senses, as many others did! That night at Palaveram was enough. I can scarcely bear the smell of wine, such a thing seldom crosses my lips from the end of one month to another; and as for that sour trash, claret, I really do not think I have drunk a whole bottle altogether since that occasion, now upwards of twelve years ago.

What I had seen of the sepoys I liked very much, and I have since learned to like them more. They are fine fellows are our native soldiers. Our gallant sepahees! they are men, notwithstanding their colour, with brave and generous hearts, faithfully attached to their government, and incapable of being induced, by any underhand tampering, to swerve from their allegiance. People talk of the fidelity of our own countrymen!—I hold that they are not a whit more trustworthy than our native troops.

The British soldier is a paragon of excellence as a soldier; he is a very type of an Englishman in his military spirit; he is as brave as a lion before the enemy, and has a heart, with energy as indomitable as the country from whence he sprang.

But the sepoy is a brave man, too; he has been proved so, not only in former days, but in all the recent harassing campaigns in which our sepoy regiments have been employed, from the early period of our sway in the East to the present glorious and memorable victories over the several enemies against whom they have been engaged; and I think I am not far wrong in saying, that he is in point of moral courage second to none in the world.

Behold the sepoy in the field, on the line of march, in the siege, on board a ship!—in any position, he is still the soldier. How patient under privations! How enduring of fatigue! How meek and submissive under control, or correction! How fiery in action! How bold in enterprise! How zealous in the performance of his duty! How faithful of his trust! How devotedly attached to his officers and colours!

Have I said too much? No; not half enough in favour of our gallant troops! Others have given them the meed of praise so justly deserved; others who have had far better opportunities of knowing them than I have, and are consequently better calculated to do them justice. The more I saw of the

sepoys the more I liked them: those of the ——th particularly; they were a fine body of men and seemed to be very fond of their officers. There is a rifle company attached to this regiment. Such smart fellows, so well dressed and set up, and so handy with their weapons!

This company was then commanded by an officer of another regiment, though my friend W-t properly belonged to them; he had not, however, done any duty of late, owing to his severe wound, from the effects of which he had not recovered. One ball had broken his leg and another penetrated his shoulder; and, when before the enemy, he narrowly escaped being taken by them. Had it not been for the daring bravery of one of his men, he would most certainly have been cut to pieces, situated as he was, lying on the ground in his helpless state, without any assistance, and our troops retreating. It could not have been otherwise, except for the gallant conduct of this single sepoy, who defended him. The sepoy was a very young man, but recently enlisted, a Moslem of good family, and I believe a favourite among the officers who had known him from his childhood. name was Meer Emaum Ally.

I have a reason for making mention of this individual, as I shall have to write more of him hereafter. His daring conduct saved his officer's life, for he stood over his body, and kept the enemy at bay with his rifle, killing or disabling a man at each shot. His unerring aim, his manly bearing, and handsome lion-like form, as he stood with his breast to the assailants, checked their advance; and the ringing of his solitary rifle through the jungles told those in camp that assistance was required;—the retreating party was reinforced, and the enemy driven back. I do not exactly know the minutiæ of the case. I think, however, I am not far wrong in the outline of that day's transactions.

W—t was saved, and the noble Meer Emaum Ally promoted to the rank of havildar. The officers of the regiment, ever ready to reward deeds of heroism, presented him with a beautiful gold medal, on one side of which was inscribed in English, and on the other in Hindustanee, the cause of its having been conferred upon him. Of this, as a matter of course, the young havildar was not a little proud; and the reader may imagine that poor W—t was not a little grateful to the humble individual who had saved him from the hands of the enemy. He showed his gratitude in many acts of kindness to himself and family, acts of kindness which are, in my opinion, never thrown away upon the natives of India.

The havildar was made much of by everybody, by the brigadier up the hill particularly, who would have him to his house whenever he had a party, in order that his guests might see and converse with so gallant a soldier. The brigadier went so far as to have the man's portrait taken, and recommended that he should be promoted to the rank of jemadar (native lieutenant), though the recommendation was not attended to. Little did the poor brigadier think of what awaited him at the time he was making so much of this man!

The very circumstance of one so young being so caressed created a degree of jealousy on the part of several individuals in the Rifle Company, which ill became brother soldiers, or countrymen. That such was the case, none will or can deny, even at this period of time; and its existence tended much to the disquietude of mind of the individual against whom such jealousy was raised. Party-spirit prevailed to a great extent, and that, amongst soldiers at all times so reprehensible, served to keep up the flame, and work up the feelings of the unfortunate victim to such a pitch of excitement, as to exhibit probabilities of fearful results.

The sequel will prove the truth of what I say, and I beg the reader's indulgence and attention in the perusal of the tragical narrative which I shall hereafter relate, as a glaring proof of the baneful effects of party-spirit in a military point of view, a feeling as dangerous to those concerned as it is in every other way objectionable, and which ought invariably to be put down with a high hand wherever it is known to exist, or to have the semblance of a chance of existence. Such proceedings in a

regiment are very easily detected if the officers do their duty properly, and are well supported by those under them.

The native soldiers of our armies are much attached to their service, and have proved themselves worthy of the regard and esteem of their European officers. But I regret much to say, and I think many will agree with me in the remark I am about to hazard, that it is too often the case that our European officers, and more particularly those in the junior ranks of the army, do not treat them as they should be treated. People come out to India with but very indifferent ideas regarding the natives. They think that because a man is black he is to be despised. And thus we find young officers, on first commencing their military career, talk about "those horrible black nigger sepoys," or some such expressions. They look down upon them as brute beasts; they make use of opprobrious language towards them; and lower themselves so far even as to curse and swear at them!

This, however, is not the case with youngsters only; I have known old officers, who ought to have set a better example, make use of most harsh and violent terms towards these poor unoffending creatures. And this is the reason why we hear of officers falling out with their men, and of all the unfortunate misunderstandings, the mutinies, the courts-martial, &c., which take place from time to

time in the native army; and all because the officers do not treat the soldiery with that consideration which is ever due between men, however dark their skin, or humble the individual.

The grand mistake on the part of our officers is their ignorance of, and their indifference to, the feelings of their men. As long as they look upon them with prejudiced eyes, that want of regard will continue to exist, and the poor soldier will be maltreated until his meek and humble spirit becomes roused, his pride hurt, and the consequences are attended with fearful results. Treat the sepoys well; attend to their wants and complaints; be patient and, at the same time, determined with them; never lose sight of your rank as an officer, and consequently a superior; never give an opening for them to animadvert on your private character; be the same with them in every situation; show that you have confidence in them; lead them well, and prove to them that you look upon them as brave men and faithful soldiers,—and they will die for you.

But adopt a different line of conduct,—abuse them; ill-treat them; neglect them; place no confidence in them; show an indifference to their wants, or comforts,—and they are very devils! The young officer has a difficult task to perform in the outset of his career; but, by attention to his duty, it becomes comparatively easy; and what a

pleasing thing it is to see a young man taken up with those under his command, many of them, perhaps, soldiers who had known him as an infant in arms, or had entered the service long before his own parents were born! I say, what a pleasing thing it is to see a young officer give his whole heart and soul in this way to his men!

The sepoys are as acute as possible; they can see at a glance whom they have to deal with, and no one on earth can or will appreciate better the kind endeavours of those above them in their behalf; or, on the contrary, none are more sensible of neglect or ill treatment, or more ready to resent such treatment. What advantages does one line of conduct hold out! How pleasing the routine of duty to both parties; and how diametrically opposite is the contrary!

Let me entreat my younger readers to mark well what I say. You will never get on well with your men unless you divest yourself of all nonsensical, boyish and would-be-fine ideas regarding these "black fellows." The blood which flows in their veins is as good as ours. They are our fellow-creatures, men as well as ourselves; and as such should be treated accordingly. If you cannot do this, you had much better leave the service; for rely on it, as things are carried on so strictly now-a-days, that any instance of harsh treatment towards the natives of the country, be they soldiers or sailors,

tinkers or tailors, will drive you out of it before you are aware of what is about to happen. A court-martial will be the end, and the result the certain loss of your commission. Avoid, therefore, maltreating the native soldiers; it is unmanly, ungentlemanly, and unofficerlike, to say the least of it!

I have frequently seen young men get themselves into very disagreeable scrapes, and narrowly escape the consequences. Really, it is a shame that such doings should exist, and yet that they do exist there is no doubt. I remember several instances which I could enumerate, and I will just mention one or two by way of example and warning. There was a young spark amongst the batch of cadets doing duty with the -th, who was very fond of using abusive language towards the men on parade; for instance, when dressing his company he would come out with such expressions as the following, interlarded with many oaths: - "Dress up, you black brute" - "Do you hear me, you nigger?"-" Dress up, sir, and -," finishing with epithets that must not pollute our page. This was not a matter to be passed over unobserved, so the young man received a reprimand, with a threat that a repetition would be attended with severe measures. Men are not made to have their eyes condemned in that manner, nor are they to be called "brutes" with impunity;

such things will not do; they are bad, and carry with them something so very low and vulgar, that one sickens to think of them, far more to hear them,

The same language was again used by this individual, and he was as near losing his commission as possible.

I will mention one more case of harsh treatment which occurred about the same time. The band. drums and fifes of the regiment, composed of natives with but few exceptions, make a practice of visiting the officers' houses as "waits" during Christmas, for the purpose of wishing "the officers' honours a merry Christmas and long life, &c. &c." On these occasions, it is generally customary to present the poor fellows with either money or a bottle or two of spirits, a kind of taxation which has been made on the generosity of the officers every year from time immemorial, but which is not at all conducive to sobriety, the whole posse of the recipients with their comrades and friends getting as drunk as possible, and causing much disturbance in the lines and barracks,-however, that is nothing to the purpose at present.

There happened to be three or four griffs residing in our bungalow, all nice gentlemanly fellows and agreeable companions. The band struck up in their compound to the tune of the "British Grenadiers," which being finished, they marched

into the hall of the mansion, headed by the bandserjeant, drum and fife major; here, seated in oriental dishabille, they saw our heroes drinking coffee and smoking cigars! This was early in the morning. The usual salutation over, the spokesman said that they had come to pay the gentleman's honours all the compliments of the season, and hoped that the officers would give them something to drink their honours' healths with.

All this was very civil and orderly surely, yet still the poor men were all black, and the prejudice against that colour got the better of the party. One youngster told them to go to the d——I and wish his Satanic majesty a merry Christmas; the rest set up a loud laugh, and one of them threw a cup of coffee into the band-serjeant's face. Of course after this the men retreated, a complaint was made to the adjutant of the indignity offered; it finally came before the commanding officer, who took the matter up seriously; and, had it not been that the offender was young in the service, there would have been a pretty business of it, ending perhaps in some severe punishment by sentence of a court-martial.

I liked the native officers very much. These men attain the commissioned ranks after a long and arduous service, rising from private soldiers up to jemadars and subadars without reference to caste, though they are divided as much as possible

between the Hindoos and Moslems, so as to admit of a fair proportion of each. The subadar of the company I had charge of was a superannuated old man, and held the exalted rank of "subadar major." Each regiment has one of that rank, being generally selected from the senior of that grade. This officer and I got on very well. I saw much of him, and he gave me every assistance in carrying on the duty.

The subadars and jemadars are very useful to their European officers, but they require looking after as well as the rest of them. When I say that, I mean it behoves the officer to keep a strict eye upon them; as, however respectable and well behaved, still I do not think they are to be trusted entirely without wholesome restraint. They are very apt to introduce many objectionable methods in their conduct towards the men, which require checking. They are likely also to exercise too much influence over those under them, to the detriment of the service and the ruin of military discipline.

The company officer should ever be on the alert against allowing any undue exercise of authority on the part of these individuals; for however commendable zealous endeavours and attention to duty may be, still things are apt to be stretched too far to the dissatisfaction of the lower grades, and the consequent bickerings and squabbles which too frequently happen amongst them, when once permitted,

there is no ending; so that the best way is for the officer to command the company himself altogether, or not command it at all. I have, however, seen much mischief ensue by the native officers being allowed too much their own way. I could mention many instances but doing so will be unnecessary, the more particularly as the truth of what I say is founded on well-known facts, and, I am sure, my more experienced military readers will allow such to be the case.

We led a very happy life at Palaveram; there was plenty to do, and much amusement. The officers and the griffins pulled well together, and we liked the corps very much indeed. I think it was in December, 1833, that preparations were made for a visit from the general commanding the division. We therefore had drills morning and evening, with ball-practice, sword-exercise and marching parades without cessation. The major commanding seemed determined to have every thing in proper order, so all hands were hard at work. The whole of December, and the early part of January, 1834, passed in this manner, the routine of duty varying but little from every-day repetition; but what occurred had, I think, be better reserved for another Chapter. I therefore beg the reader will pause while I tax my recollection so as to produce sufficient substance, when I hope we shall be able to proceed with something which may prove both interesting and instructive.

## CHAPTER V.

Christmas Morning—Shooting Excursions—Catching Thieves—Remarks on Religious Duties generally in the Army—Articles of War—Scandals to Christian Professions—Bad Character of Native Converts—Influence of Example—The General commanding the Division—His Eccentricities—His Horses—Anecdote—Rival Hobbies—Jockeyism—Balked of a Horse.

I REMEMBER it was on the morning of Christmas-Day in the year 1833, I rose early, took my gun, and, mounting my pony, sallied forth, as was frequently my custom, to have a ramble amongst the jungle and brushwood in the neighbourhood, in hopes of picking up something for my breakfast. At times, I was lucky in bagging a hare, or brace of partridge; at others, I would come home with some wood-pigeon; sometimes, I would pounce upon a few teal on a tank, and at others, I would catch a shot at some stray snipe; my success, therefore, was varied but altogether indifferent; not very encouraging, at least not sufficiently so to induce many men to turn out on a "no parade" morning, when a quiet sleep in bed is generally preferable from the circumstance of such indulgence not

coming very often in the month. But early rising is an excellent thing in India, and I could never be in bed after the morning gun was fired. Indeed, I was generally up and on the move long before.

However, I was out of bed and dressed before daylight on the morning I am more particularly alluding to, and wended my way towards a part of the country which I had never before visited in my rambles. I had proceeded about a couple of miles from the cantonment when I found myself in a "tope" (or grove) of palmira trees, surrounded by paddy-fields, the road passing through the middle of them. It was still dark,—objects were but barely visible; I had with me my servant carrying my gun; and my horse-keeper (or groom), who always follows his master when riding.

When in the very centre as it were of this tope, I thought I saw some men at a short distance before me; it was merely a fancy at first, but on approaching I found I was not mistaken. They had evidently not seen me, and who and what they were I could not tell. However, I observed they carried something on their heads, and I also saw that they suddenly separated, and were running along the banks of the paddy-fields.

From this, I immediately conjectured that they must be thieves, or something like them. I therefore gave chase; there were six or seven of them, perfectly naked. I dashed into the middle of one

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of these watery fields, and then sprang off the pony's back, for the brute shied, and I came plump into the mud and water. However, jumping up, I was instantly after these fellows as hard as I could run; three of them threw down their bundles, and hid themselves in the long grass. These I secured by pointing my gun (unloaded) at them, but the others continued their retreat along the road, though we finally succeeded in capturing two more of the rascals—the others got away in the dark.

Here was a pretty business! A doing-duty ensign goes out shooting on a Christmas morning, and captures thieves, though how I could prove them such I knew not. If they were not doing wrong, why did they run away? So I forthwith opened their bundles, fancying all sorts of things, and found that each contained-salt! I made my servant ask the cause of their running away, and what they were doing with the salt, and where they had got it from. They told him that they had smuggled the salt from Covelong (a place down the coast), and were taking it to sell at Madras; that seeing me and taking me for a civilian (!), they imagined that I had come out on purpose to catch them,-they had therefore become alarmed, and tried to escape.

I thought that I should be doing wrong in allowing them to go, so resolved upon returning to cantonment; but, before doing that, and lest my worthy

salt-stealers should attempt to escape (our force being somewhat small), I took the rope (which my horse-keeper always carried to hold the horse with), and, tying them one in front of the other in a kind of chain, I made them march before me, and thus took them to the Cutwaul's Choultry (or civil police station), where I handed them over, glad to get rid of them,—for, truth to say, I was beginning to fear that I had done something wrong in taking them at all.

I came home in a sad plight, covered with mud, and told my chum all that I had done. He frightened me not a little by saying that I had placed myself in an awkward position, adding that I had committed regular highway robbery in stopping people and taking prisoners on the king's high road—that he should not be at all surprised indeed if I were transported, &c. &c.,—this too of a Christmas morning!

"What shall I do?" thought I. "I will write to the brigadier, and get him to compromise the affair."

I went to bed soon after, and fell fast asleep, dreaming all sorts of things. However, I heard nothing more about it until I went to mess, when the major commended me for taking up the thieves, and said that I had acted perfectly correctly.

"All right!" said I; " well out of that scrape; catch me stopping salt-thieves again in a hurry!"

And thus ended my adventure, such as it was, on a Christmas morning, not a very proper way of spending that or any other holy day, but I never gave the impropriety a thought,—a proof that I did not pay much attention to religious duties.

And now let me say a few words on this all important subject, -a subject, alas! but little thought of; one which should be ever uppermost in all our actions, - one which concerns our everlasting souls, and an eternity either of bliss, or of misery! How often did I go to church while I was at Palaveram? How often did I kneel in humble prayer to my God? Indeed, how often did I even think of Him from whom all blessings flow? Did I ever read my Bible-that sacred volume which should have been a lantern to my path? Did I ever look into a religious book? Did I ever converse with any body on religion? Did I ever seek the society of those who were in any way seriously inclined? Did I walk in the fear of the Lord all the day long? No! is the answer to all these questions.

I am ashamed to acknowledge my neglect of those things which I ought to have done; but I do acknowledge it that I may hold myself out to my readers as one instance out of thousands who lead the same life, as a warning to others not to follow in my footsteps. It ill becomes one so incompetent as I am to treat on this serious matter, but I must make a few remarks, which I humbly trust may

prove beneficial to such as have not God in all their thoughts.

There is a church about three miles from Palaveram, at St. Thomas's Mount, the principal artillery station. Nothing prevented my going to it, and yet I never went. I could mount my horse and ride double the distance, and walk twice as far in quest of a solitary snipe; or, I could urge my beast at his utmost speed for the sake of a gallop, and yet I could not take the trouble to ride three miles to go to church on a Sunday. Our excuse was, "Oh, the sun is so hot at eleven o'clock it would be dangerous to ride all that way and back;" and yet I could ride and walk in the sun for hours and hours together, shooting, without finding any inconvenience!

There was nothing whatsoever to hinder my attending divine service. If I could not go in the morning, there was the afternoon, or evening service. I might have gone then in the cool, when the sun was down; but no! Church, and everything connected with it, never entered my thoughts. I set my duty to God on one side as matter of no importance.

As for reading the Bible on a Sunday, that was quite out of the question. And to talk on religious subjects was perfectly ridiculous. Thus, my dear friends, was my duty to God set at nought by me; thus was I neglectful of all that concerned the sal-

vation of my soul; thus did I follow the ways of unrighteousness, instead of the paths of peace! And why? Because that proneness to sin so inherent in our nature from our mother's womb; that indifference to our duty towards the great Author of our existence; that forgetfulness of the blessings which we enjoy from the only pure source from whence such can possibly emanate; that self-security and self-pride in our own powers and abilities; all these and much more were barriers which my frailty could not, and my sinfulness did not, permit me to attempt to overcome.

I can offer no excuse, for there was none. The fault and the neglect were mine, and the punishment will be mine. All I can say is, that inexperienced as I was, I became easily led away by the force of example daily set before me by those with whom I was associated. I really do not think that more than two or three of the whole number of officers in the regiment ever went to church. Our Sundays were spent in a very different manner to what they ought to have been.

There were no "new lights" (as they are called) in the —th, excepting one of the captains, by the way, and he was considered by the rest as a madman. We know of a certain little book which is to be found in the library of every military man—that book is entitled *The Articles of War*. The first article in that little book directs,—"All officers,

non-commissioned officers and soldiers, not having just impediment, that is, being sick or on duty, &c. shall diligently frequent divine worship; such as wilfully absent themselves, or, being present, behave indecently or irreverently, shall, if a commissioned officer, be brought before a court-martial, &c."

This proves clearly that officers are compelled by martial law (leaving God's holy law out of the question) to attend divine service, a breach of the said law rendering them liable to punishment by sentence of a court-martial; and yet is this article of war attended to? No! Officers are brought forward and severely punished for far more trivial offences, even with the loss of their commissions; but no notice is taken of a breach of one of the most important which a man can commit. And if brought forward (which is never the case, at least I have never heard of one single instance), would he get anything but a reprimand?

I have known old as well as young go on from week to week, month to month, and year to year, without even entering the house of prayer! Treating the place of worship with disdain and contumely! Looking at the whole as a farce! Abusing the ministers of the Gospel up hill and down dale! Making a practice of laughing at every thing connected with religion! Quoting passages from Scripture in a taunting and irreverent manner! Blaspheming, swearing and cursing! Taking God's

Holy name in vain! Making mention of our Blessed Saviour in terms of ridicule!

And yet no notice is taken of such proceedings. Alas no! But any other impropriety of conduct, or dereliction of duty is considered a heinous crime, and made subject of severe censure or punishment! And we call ourselves Christians! Professing indeed to be such, but proving to those with whom we are connected (heathens and idolaters) that our professions are merely those of the shadow and not of the substance of Christianity, the mere semblance of a religion which with us is considered evidently of such little importance, and holding forth to them but little encouragement, or example, to turn them from the worship of graven images to that of the only true God.

I have often heard the natives make remarks in regard to our religion, "You call yourselves Christians," they say, "you profess temperance, soberness, and chastity, you preach against idolatry; do you show by your lives that you act up to these professions? Where is your temperance? You are always drinking! Where is your soberness? You are always getting drunk! Where is your chastity? Who do you worship? Not God surely! Do you practise charity? No! For you are always quarrelling amongst yourselves, finding fault with and scandalizing your neighbours! Your belly is your God; vanity and self indulgence are your worship; and your religion is nothing! We

would rather be as we are than change to a religion, the professors of which give us such poor specimens of their sincerity!"

Such and similar opinions have I frequently heard from respectable native individuals. And this is the general opinion of the Indian community, and this is the reason why our missionaries find it so difficult to make converts to the true faith. The roaring lion has such able coadjutors in his children, that he sets at nought all the endeavours of those servants of God. The natives have such little encouragement to become converts, that all the labours of the Gospel are of no avail.

If it should so happen that any natives are converted, they are so to answer their own purposes, and become worse than they were before. Can there be a greater set of rascals, drunkards, thieves and reprobates than the generality of native Christians? And they profess to be Christians, too! They are looked upon by their fellow countrymen as the most degraded of all castes. The worst characters in our regiments are Christians! And it is no uncommon thing to have some such remark as the following made, "He is a great blackguard, he is a parriah Christian!" A servant presents himself for employment, and is asked what caste he is? The reply is "I master's caste, I Christian, sar." He is not taken, because all Christians, with but few exceptions, are looked upon as great vagabonds.

But, to proceed with my subject; young men think so lightly on every matter connected with religious and moral principles that, unless guided by the example of others, they seldom or ever attend or give even a thought to either. The force of example serves so much to sway them one way or the other in the course which they should follow, that it is of the utmost importance to their future well-being that they should select those persons for their associates who would guide them aright, and point out to them the propriety of avoiding such habits and practices as may deteriorate from their respectability in the circles of society, or lower them in the eyes of people with whom they may, in their respective callings, become concerned.

The youthful have very little inclination, or relish, for anything bearing a serious tendency, or in any way not connected with the affairs of this life; and, wherever an evil influence may happen to obtain a footing, they are sure to be led away by such, leaving all their good qualities (and each may have some) to be dealt with according to the whims and mode of living of their companions.

Set a young man a bad example, and the devil is sure to whisper into his ears the necessity of his following it; and many there be who enter that wide and inviting gateway so temptingly thrown open for their reception. But, when a set of youths well educated and brought up (which all certainly are more or less who enter the Indian armies nowa-days) are thrown into the society of steady-going, well-principled, serious people, it is astonishing how much the former are influenced by the conduct of the latter. I do not say all, but the generality of of them, with indeed very few exceptions.

The general commanding the division in which we were quartered resided at a place called Guindy, a short distance from St. Thomas's Mount on the Madras side, and close to the Race Course. He was a very old officer, and had been in India without once returning to England for upwards of fifty years—a long period certainly. But the general was an eccentric old man, devotedly attached to the pleasures of the turf, which was his hobby, and which was the cause of his never having been able to return to his native land, in consequence of the enormous expenses of his stud, and his losses in racing.

He was an Irishman, but I believe brought up entirely in Scotland, if we may judge from his accent, which was peculiarly broad and Scottish. His whole thoughts were concentrated on two things, viz. horse-racing and jockeyism. His house had a considerable piece of ground attached to it, the whole extent of which was taken up in stables and sheds, where he kept his horses. He had them in all directions, in the open air, under trees; in fact, it was a difficult matter to approach his mansion

on account of the number that blocked up the way.

I should say, upon a rough calculation, he must have had upwards of one hundred and fifty of these animals in his possession; and the number of men required to look after them, together with the necessary expenses of feeding, shoeing, &c. &c., must have cost the old man the greater portion of his monthly salary. Indeed, this was the only way in which he spent his money.

He prided himself much upon his stud, which he considered first-rate; though, if the truth were known, he had not ten really good animals out of the whole lot. He seldom or ever won a race. I believe he was once guilty of such a thing, and even then it was lost to him on purpose, by way of encouragement. He paid away his money with the greatest good-nature, hoping for better luck next time.

I remember an amusing anecdote about the old general and his horses, which I will relate here. He gave a dinner one day—I think it was on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary. There was a large party, and the general was facetious and merry as usual. It so happened that a band of musicians, in the service of a general officer residing at Madras (kept up at his own expense), passed by Guindy House at the time, and information was brought that the men had halted outside, and were

refreshing themselves under a tree. Upon hearing this, the old general exclaimed in his usual broad accent.

"Ca them all in,—ca them all in, and d'ye gir them something to eat and to whet their whastles with, and then they shall cam in here, and play me a tune;—we shall see what they are made of."

In course of time, the band came into the verandah adjoining the dining-room, where the company were assembled; and the leader, touching his hat, asked to know what his honour would wish to have played?

"D'ye ken 'Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled'—mon?" inquired the general—"Can ye play that?"

"No, sir,"—said the man—"I am sorry to say we have not the music for it here."

"Aweel, then, my fine fellows! can ye play me 'Auld lang Syne'—sure and ye must ken that?"

"Nor that, sir, we know no Scotch tunes, sir, without the music."

"Then mon"—said the disappointed general, "play us 'There's nae Luch about the House,'—let's have that, will ye?"

"I am sorry we can't play that either, sir"—said he.

"What can ye play then?" inquired the general, beginning evidently to lose his patience. "Can ye give us—'God save the King?'

"Yes, sir !-we can play that;" said the leader.

"Let's have that by all means, ye can play something I see."

They struck up the National Anthem, but with such a jargon of sounds, in such bad time, and with such a want of every thing that is calculated to render music pleasing, that the general jumped up from his chair, exclaiming loudly, "Halt!—halt! mon. For heaven's sake, stop that infernal noise, or ye'll drive me mad! Turn 'em all out of the house! Turn them out! I'll have nae mair o' them! That 'll do! Here!—butler, loun, give them some beer, and let 'em gang their ways, I hae had enough o' their music! Did ye ever hear the like o' that?"

The band beat a retreat, and, as they left the verandah, the general called out to the leader;—
"Here, my mon! Here's a glass of real Scotch whiskey, put that down y'er thrapple;—and mind ye give my compliments to y'er maister, and tell him, that I have heard his band, but that I wad rather hae a my horses than such a set o' tinkers. D'ye hear me? Now gang awa home as fast as possible."

The general was very glad that he had heard this band, and chuckled with delight, saying,

"Gie me my horses! The diel fly awa wi the band. There's naething like my horse-flesh after a'!"

The performance of the band that day was a subject of merriment with him for the remainder of his life; for, whenever music was even mentioned, he would invariably relate the above occurrence, laughing heartily at the idea that anybody should be at the expense of keeping up an establishment of that description, and quite forgetting that he had his hobby as well as his neighbours.

He was very fond of getting hold of young officers of light weight, and making them ride, or look at his stud, and if any of them knew anything about racing, he would be friends with them immediately. Many a young man has been brought on by the general just because he would take a fancy to him on account of his knowledge in the mysteries of jockeyism.

He would sometimes allow his young friends to take (or rather, purchase) horses out of his stables; and, I believe, he was always very liberal in his dealings, although he would occasionally allow his Scottish feelings to get the better of his generosity, and drive hard bargains with his purchasers. I remember meeting him at the race-stand one morning; I had gone there to see the horses training. He asked me if I could ride?

"For," said he, "ye seem capital jockey weight."
"I am but an indifferent hand on horseback," replied I, "and have only ridden one race, which I lost by being thrown against a tree."

"Ah! did ye, indeed! Then ye cannot stick to the saddle—ye require practice, I suppose.

"Yes, sir," said I, "I require plenty of that before I can presume to claim the qualifications of a real jockey."

"But I dare say ye'll do vera weel, in time.

-Have ye yet got a horse?"

"No, sir-I have not."-I replied-" nothing but an old Pegue pony,-which throws me off every time I mount him. He shies so dreadfully, -that riding him is neither safe nor agreeable."

"Get rid o' him, my boy,-for he'll brake your neck one of o' these days !- Get rid o' the brute, -and I'll suit ye wi one out of my ain stables.-

Where d'ye live?"

"I am doing duty with the —th at Palaveram."

" Aweel then, come down here to-morrow morning, and take some 'mullaka' (i. e. mulligatawny, -the general always called that dish as I have spelt it) wi me, and a dish o' tea, and then I'll be wi ve to the stables, where we can pick ye out a fine little nag, which will answer yer purpose much better than that shying beast o' yours."

"I will do so with great pleasure, general," said I-" and I feel much obliged for your kindness."

And we parted.—I must here mention that some of my friends up country and the brigadier at Palaveram had written to the general about me, and I therefore considered it very good-natured of him to show his kindness and attention in so unexpected and unusual a manner. "However," thought I, "never refuse a good offer;— I'll have the horse; a present of that description we do not always have a chance of obtaining.—What a lucky fellow I am!" The next day, I went down to Guindy, had my dish of tea and the "mullaka," which I swallowed in a hurry, thinking all the while of greys, bays, chestnuts, whites, blacks, duns, and pie-balds.

"I shall take an iron-gray," thought I, "that's

a nice colour."

We went to the stables, and saw all the horses.

"What colour wad ye like mon?" inquired the general.

"Oh! I should prefer an iron-gray, if you

please," said I.

"Weel then, just look at this fine little animal

here, he'll suit you exactly. D'ye like him."

"Yes, sir; very much indeed," replied I. "I am extremely obliged to you, general, for your kindness; really you are too good!"

I was rejoiced at the prospect of having a nice horse. He was a beautiful creature, certainly; and

I longed to call him mine own.

"Ye say ye wad like that nag?" asked the general.

"Yes, general," answered I. "He will just suit me. He appears quiet and well bred. What do you think; will he do for me?"

"Ay, ye may say that, my lad. Well-bred, indeed! I bred him myself, mon, and he is as quiet as a lamb."

"Well then, general, I feel most grateful to you for your kindness; though I am afraid I shall be robbing you of a valuable animal."

"Not at all, not at all, my boy; don't mention a word about that. Ye will not rob me in any way. The horse cost me upwards of eight hundred rupees, and he is worth that now; but I'll make him a present to ye, an ye promise to take care o' him, and learn weel how to ride him."

"Thank you, general," I replied; "I shall try all I can to make myself deserving of your goodness,—such unheard of kindness!"

"Aweel then, boy, dinna say anything mair on the subject. When ye get home, ye can send me down an order on your agents for three hundred and fifty rupees, and I'll send ye the horse at once."

How I started! Here was a pretty business.

"Then," thought I, "he does not intend, after all, to make me a downright present of the horse! What a mistake I have made! Three hundred and fifty rupees! I have them not! What shall I do? And yet what a lovely creature, for so small

a sum, too! I am regularly disappointed; the man means it certainly, and no mistake. Well, I must get out of this scrape as best I can; so I'll return home and speak to T—n at once about the matter."

So the grey was sent back into his stable, and I wished the general a good morning. I gallopped home as fast as the old Pegue would go, and laid my case before my friends, who had a good laugh at me for being such a griffin as to suppose that any one would make me a present of a valuable horse!

"I'll get you the three hundred and fifty rupees sharp, if you like," said T—n, "and you shall have the horse; 'tis a pity you should lose such a nice bargain; though I am not much inclined to believe what you have told me, for the old general is not in the habit of selling his horseflesh cheap!"

"The effects of being a light weight," added I, "the old gentleman has taken a fancy to me, you see. But, upon second thoughts, I had rather go without the horse altogether; he is a valuable animal, and much too good for such a greenhorn as I am; he will be running away with me one of these days, and very probably break my neck. I wish, therefore, you could get me out of this scrape. I have not the money, and do not intend borrowing it for such a purchase."

This he promised to do, and I never heard anything more of the iron-grey. In fact, as I was afterwards informed, the general had forgotten all about the business when T——n spoke to him on my account. It was just as well then that I had not borrowed the three hundred and fifty rupees.

## CHAPTER VI.

Annual Inspection — Brigade at Target Practice—Tragical Occurrence on the Field—Death of Brigadier—Frenzy of the Havildar—Fatal Influence of Opium—Deportment of the Murderer — Affecting Interview — Court Martial — Sentence announced to the Condemned—Interview with his aged Father—Care of last Toilette—Demeanour—Execution—Concluding Remarks.

About the first week in January of the following year, the general came up to inspect the ——th regiment. He saw us in "heavy marching order." The first morning, and while passing down the ranks of the company I commanded, he stopped very abruptly and looked hard at me, as if he were going to speak.

"Oh!" thought I. "Here's the iron-grey business, I suppose; what shall I do or say?"

But no, such was not the case; he turned round to the brigadier and observed—

"What an excellent jockey that lad wad make! can he ride at all?"

"But indifferently," replied the brigadier. "He is more of an infantry than a cavalry man."

"Then he will never win a race, or be a jockey, if he thinks of cavalry, or infantry," said the general.

"I am too young in the service," said I, "to think of anything else; besides, I have as much idea of riding as of walking on my head."

"Ay, but my lad, ye are a nice weight, and would make a capital jockey. I recommend ye to try."

"Thank you, general," replied I; "we must wait till after the rains, and then I may take your advice; at present, I have something else to think of."

And the general passed on. The inspection for that morning over; he gave orders for the whole brigade to be out that evening at the practice ground to fire before him; each man to be furnished with six rounds of ball ammunition. I beg to observe, that I mention these particulars, as they are the forerunners of an event which occurred on that evening, and which created a great sensation throughout the whole of the Presidency. I must request the kind reader's patience in the perusal of this painful narrative; and I hope that any errors in point of detail which I may commit will be overlooked, since I am trusting entirely to memory. I shall never forget all that took place on that evening and subsequently. The whole transaction made a deep impression upon my mind, and taught me a lesson which will, I trust, serve me as a guide in my future career.

The brigade consisted that day of two complete regiments, and a detachment of two companies of native infantry. We were drawn up in line, our corps being on the right. The Rifles, under Lieutenant K——, were on the extreme left of our line. The firing commenced, and was carried on as is usual on such occasions, rather slowly, in order to show the mode, the range, and the average of fire.

By the time the fourth round was nearly fired out, the evening began to grow dark, and the general gave the order to fire off the two remaining rounds, one by subdivisions and the last by companies,—from right to left of battalions. The darkness and the distance caused this firing to be irregular, and the brigadier gallopped up and down apparently much annoyed, desiring the officers to keep the men steady, and to aim better.

In the mean time, there was something wrong amongst the Rifles on the left. Their firing was anything but satisfactory, and K—— found fault with the young Havildar, Meer Emaum Ally (already mentioned), who was particularly unsteady and careless on that occasion, so different to his general behaviour. He was such a capital shot, that he was ever trying his best, and generally managed to beat every one; but, some how or other,

he fired very indifferently on this evening; and when K— observed it to him, he gave that officer an insolent reply. His demeanour was mutinous, and K—— reported him to the major as he rode up to that flank of the line. The major directed the man to be brought to him the next day at orderly-hour.

The firing over, the brigade was broken into "columns of sections," it being so late that the brigadier did not direct the usual precautionary measures being taken, of discharging the loaded musketspreviously to returning home. He either thought it too late to do so, or he forgot it altogether. It was now quite dark; and, as we moved on, the progress of the brigade over broken ground was slow and irregular. The general drove away in his carriage, and the brigadier directed officers to mount and the column to march at ease. He was himself on horseback, standing at an angle of the road, where the troops wheeled on towards the cantonments, the pivot of each section, as it came up, resting at the point where he stood.

As we passed him, T—n asked the brigadier if he would come to mess and take a glass of cold claret, which would do him good after all his exertions and the heat of the day. He excused himself, saying, "I have already dined, thank you, before coming down the hill, so should not be able to stand another dinner." The brigadier was not

at all in a good humour that evening, and was finding fault with every one.

As I was riding by at the head of my company, he called out to me in a very angry tone of voice to change flank, as officers mounted had no business on the pivots.\* He was wrong there. However, it was no business of mine to argue the point with him at that moment; I was therefore just going over to the other side, when suddenly a shot was fired. I thought it was accidental, but upon looking round saw the brigadier staggering and falling off his horse. He had been struck by the ball. Then there were a scuffle and confusion, men vociferating and officers giving words of command.

The Light and Rifle Companies were immediately in rear of me; the captain of the former gave the word halt, and faced his men about. Then there were a noise amongst the Rifles, and several persons shouted out "Hold him fast!"—"Take his sword from him!"—"Secure the villain!"—and so forth. I saw the adjutant rush up to where the brigadier had fallen, and raise him up in his arms.

The whole brigade was presently halted, and there was no knowing what was to be done; some

\* Mounted supernumerary officers of companies ride on the reverse flanks of sections in column of route. Officers commanding companies ride on the pivot flanks, superintending the whole four sections.

calling out to move on, and others to stand fast. I followed the example of the Light Company, and faced about also.

I shortly after heard some one mention the Havildar Meer Emaum Ally. I went up to where the confusion was, and to my great horror beheld the said havildar seized hold of and pinioned by some riflemen, and marched off by a section of the Light Company under its captain towards the mainguard.

Presently the major rode up, and I asked him what it was all about? He told me that the havildar had shot the brigadier. He struggled violently upon being seized, and tried hard to get out his sword; fortunately, however, one of the men had had the foresight to draw it out of its scabbard the instant he was seized. When he found that his sword had been taken from him, he gave himself up without further resistance, but continued abusing and spitting at the men around him, as also at the Light Company captain, calling him all the names under the sun in the Hindustanee language.

The poor brigadier was in the mean time carried to his bungalow, at the foot of the hill, in his palanquin, which was there ready, waiting to take him home. Upon being informed who it was that had shot him, he exclaimed, "Good God! what harm have I ever done him that he should murder me?"

The medical men examined his wound. The ball had struck the bottom button of his coat, entered the stomach, and had gone out at his spine, making a frightful hole on each side. The wound was of course mortal; he survived in great agony for about five minutes, and then expired. Thus was a smart officer removed from the army by the hands of an assassin, who had experienced so much kindness from the very individual whose life he had so unjustly taken.

In the mean time, the murderer was conveyed to the main guard and there put in irons, with strict orders to the officer in command relative to his safe keeping. When arrived in the cell, he behaved in the most frantic manner possible, throwing himself on the ground, gnashing his teeth, and beating his head against the wall. He worked himself up to such a fearful state of frenzy, that any interference was considered dangerous, as he was a very powerful man. The doors of the cell were therefore closed upon him, and he was left alone.

The cause of this dreadful crime was not immediately known. Truth to say, the unfortunate man was at the time, and for the whole of that day, in a state of excitement from the effects of opium, to which (like most Moslems) he was much addicted, and having been amongst the Malays, who indulge in smoking that drug to a great extent, he had acquired the same habit.

I remember having seen him at a wedding in the Lines the night before he perpetrated the foul deed, when he appeared to me to be much excited, with that peculiar look which men have when under the influence of opium; his eyes shining brightly, and his whole demeanour so different from what it generally appeared.

I made the remark to a native officer sitting next to me. He replied that Meer Emaum always appeared so on such occasions, but that he was not addicted to opium-eating nor smoking. This of course I was at liberty to credit or not, as I pleased, but was convinced in my own mind that all was not right; the sequel proved that I was correct, and thus this man must have been quite intoxicated during the whole of the day following, which added to the exposure to the sun, the firing, and above all the reprimand he had received from a strange officer (which K--- was), must have worked him up to the point of madness, and I verily believe that at the moment he discharged the fatal shot he could not possibly have been aware of what he was doing, or whom he was firing at. He might have shot me, for I was close to the brigadier when he received his death-wound, and that he did not intend to shoot the brigadier is a well known fact, inasmuch as when informed the day following of what he had done he appeared overwhelmed, and exclaimed, "What? Have I

really taken the life of one of my best and warmest friends? Alas! I am indeed unfortunate! However," added he, brightening up, "when I meet him in Paradise, I shall throw myself at his feet and implore his pardon, and I am certain he will readily forgive me."

He intended his shot for another, and that was his commanding officer, the major; but, not meeting him, he fired at the brigadier. The major therefore had a narrow escape. He happened to be riding at the head of the column. The prisoner declared that he had made up his mind to shoot him from the moment that he had ordered him to be brought to his quarters at orderly hour the next morning.

The day after the poor brigadier's remains were conveyed to Madras and buried with military honours, every body attending, out of respect not only to his rank, but for his many good and amiable qualities. I happened to be on main-guard that day, and was frequently in the presence of the unfortunate criminal, visiting him every time his food was brought to him.

One of the orders was, that the person bringing the food should be made to mix it all up, and take a portion of it himself to prevent the possibility of the prisoner being poisoned. The clothes had to be examined, also the pawn leaves, &c.

We were obliged to adopt this precautionary

measure, as it was supposed that, being of a good family, some of his relations would make an attempt to rob justice of its victim, by poison, or offering an inducement to commit suicide, to prevent the disgrace of a public execution; the officers on guard therefore had to be ever on the alert. I used to inspect even the sentries over him to detect the slightest possibility of any underhand work. On one occasion, I entered into conversation with the prisoner, in order to investigate the cause of his crime.

"Now tell me, Emaum Ally," said I; "you know me well. Why did you shoot the poor brigadier? He was always your friend,—was he not so?"

"He always was, sir," replied the man. "I never intended to shoot him; I mistook him for some one else,—you know who I mean."

"But," said I, "do you not think it was a cowardly act to do at all times?"

"Yes, sir," answered he, "it might be considered so; but it was written in the book of my fate to shoot somebody that night, and I might have drawn my rifle at that doing-duty officer who reprimanded and reported me, but, not seeing my man, I fired at the first person I could get hold of, and he happened to be the brigadier. Who can controvert the decrees of fate?"

"But as you say you were fated that night to

shoot somebody, why did you not fire at me, for I was close to the brigadier when you shot him? Should not feelings of gratitude for his many kindnesses to you have prevented your putting your finger to the trigger?"

"You ask truly, sir,—that should have prevented my taking his life; but as I said before, it was my fate; and, as to shooting you, sir, that would never have done. Shoot a poor doing-duty ensign? Oh,

no!"

"Well, Emaum, I am obliged to you for your consideration," replied I smiling; "but tell me truly what prompted you to commit such an unmanly act as to murder a fellow-creature,—your best friend, and, above all, your superior officer?"

"I was mad, sir! I knew not what I was doing. Do you think that I could have been in my senses when I committed such a crime? And then making matters worse by trying to draw my sword, and spitting at and abusing the Light Company captain. I am quite ashamed of myself!"

"But tell me again; you say that you were fated to shoot some one—who did you intend to shoot?"

"That, sir, is a long story," replied the prisoner, "and requires explanation; but I think you had better not know anything about the matter."

Here the conversation terminated. I did not think it right to question him any further, so dropped the subject, and quitted the cell.

Late that evening, an officer came up to the guardhouse, and wished to see me. He was the one whose life the prisoner had saved, as I have already mentioned. He asked me to allow him to see the prisoner. I told him I was sorry I could not do so without the sanction of the cantonment adjutant, as I had strict orders to that effect. quitted the guard, and shortly after returned with a written order to allow him to visit the cell.

The meeting between these two was most affecting. I shall never forget it. But I must mention that I was the first to convey the dreadful intelligence to W-t of the atrocious deed. He was in the mess-room, waiting for the rest of the officers to sit down to dinner. Little thinking of the consequences, I ran up to him open-mouthed, and told him what had taken place.

He would not believe me! He was thunderstruck. The effect the intelligence had upon him was terrible. He turned pale-staggered-and sank into a chair. Poor W—t! It was a blow he little expected to receive. Feelings of regard for and gratitude towards him who had saved his life prompted him to discredit the news; but, when others entered and corroborated the fact, he was quite overcome.

The scene in the cell was indeed a most melancholy one. There stood the maimed officer in front of the quondam hero of Naning, now a manacled

prisoner; formerly the bold soldier of the bloody field, now the wretched criminal of a foul and atrocious murder! He who had stood the brunt of the battle, and had perilled his life in the defence of that of his officer, but had since stained his honour and name with the blood of an innocent man, was now crouching on the ground before the very individual whose life he had preserved, not daring even, through excessive shame and a sense of degradation, to lift his eyes towards him.

Behold the officer—what were his feelings? He thought of the wretched individual before him. What is he now to what he once was? He had known him as a child,—had had him in his service, -had made a man of him,-had made a soldier of him! He had been with him in the garrison, -in the field, -on the march, -in the battle; they had fought side by side, and the soldier had stood by him when he lay wounded on the ground, and when all else had deserted him. He had defended him against a host of the enemy coming to mutilate his already mangled body,—he had exposed his own life to save his officer, and he had saved him. had watched by his bedside, had tended him, had dressed his wounds, had proved himself to be not only a brave soldier, but a faithful friend. And now? The officer saw before him Meer Emaum Ally-not the hero of former days, but a vile murderer of yesterday! Alas, what a change! What

a fall from the pinnacle of heroic fame to the abyss of degraded infamy!

The poor prisoner on seeing W——t threw himself upon the floor of the cell, took hold of his feet and kissed them, crying like a child, and addressing him in the most heart-rending terms. Even the stern and rugged sipahees on sentry were affected to tears; as, for myself, I sobbed aloud. I never in all my life witnessed such a scene.

There was a silence of some moments; at last, W—t broke it.

"What is this," said he, "that you have done? Tell me what has caused you to disgrace yourself by so foul an act?"

"Alas, sir," replied the wretched man, "it was my fate! I can give you no other cause. You know everything as well as I do, and you know moreover that I am not capable of a cowardly act. I was like a madman! The deed I have committed is a proof that I did a madman's act. I did not wish to shoot the brigadier. I might have shot that young officer there (pointing to me), for he was close by at the time. You know I could have had no intention of taking the life of one who was my friend. What excuse can I make? The deed is done, and cannot be undone. I am prepared to stand the consequences, and you shall see when the day comes that I am not afraid of death; and I hope, sir, you know me too well not to be confident,

although I have been guilty of a deed unworthy of a man, that I can at all events die like a man!

At this moment, his eye caught sight of his gold

medal lying near him among other things.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "look at that bright ornament, once the badge of my honour! Now!—It shall not be disgraced by having me for its owner! Let it perish with mine honour! That is gone,—and this shall go with it!"

So saying, and before he could be prevented, he snatched it up and broke it into pieces as if it were made of wood. W—t, seeing that the man was becoming excited, and that he could evidently glean nothing satisfactory from him, quitted the cell, previously to which the prisoner once more threw himself at his feet, and begged he would pardon him the crime he had committed.

"If I have your forgiveness," exclaimed he, "I am content; pardon me, sir, and I shall die satisfied."

W—t left the cell unable to speak a word, and telling the prisoner to compose himself to sleep. I locked the door and went up stairs. That night the unhappy officer slept in the guard-room, it being too late for him to return home.

In the course of the trial, two of the witnesses stated, that owing to the darkness and the suddenness of the act, they could not anticipate the prisoner's intention, but that immediately the rifle went off, they both rushed out and secured him by pinioning his arms. When these two witnesses were being examined, the prisoner looked at them (each one as he came in separately) with a disdainful curl of the lip, and said, "You seize hold of me! You pinion me! I could have crushed you between my finger and thumb had I wished it! Think you that if I had had my sword, I would have allowed any of you to touch me? Say your say! You know you are some of my many enemies!"

The next witness was the man who had taken his sword away from him. The prisoner told him that he had acted the part of a coward in having deprived him of the only means he had left of proving himself a brave man.

Amongst the several visitors who crowded the court, was the major of the regiment, the intended victim. The prisoner eyed him most intently, and seemed to be contemplating some violence. The major was standing close to him, and he might very easily have rushed at him in spite of the sentry. I was also close to the major, and heard a friendly whisper addressed to him on the propriety of his moving from where he stood, as the prisoner looked as if he meant mischief. The major took the hint and moved away.

The prisoner was afterwards heard to say that it was well the major had retired, for it was his intention to have attempted violence against him with

the irons on his arms. His behaviour in court showed great obduracy; and, had a feeling of pity existed in the breasts of any of the members, or the faintest wish to lean to the side of leniency, all that was done away with by his conduct. On the contrary, he assumed that species of bravado so peculiar to natives; and, instead of attempting to excite the commiseration of the tribunal before which he was arraigned, or of showing by his subsequent behaviour that the act he had committed had been done in a moment of excitement, under the influence of a powerful drug to which he was addicted, he seemed to glory in his deed; and thus the man-murderer made himself appear in the eyes of all present, worse than the brute beasts that perish!

The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced "to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, in such place and in such manner as the officer confirming the proceedings may deem fit to direct:"—so it was expressed.

An occurrence of this description, fraught with everything that is capable of striking horror and disgust into the heart, required promptness as well as firmness of decision, in order that the severity of punishment might act as a salutary example, and sink into the minds of the native soldiery while the deed was fresh in their recollection. The proceedings of the court-martial were therefore not long

delayed, and after having been carefully perused were confirmed by the commander-in-chief of the army, and the execution was ordered to take place at Palaveram, under the orders of the officer commanding that station, in front of the whole brigade to be drawn out for that purpose. The place of execution was to be the ball-practice ground, and after death the body was to be taken down and suspended in chains upon the top of one of the smaller hills contiguous to the spot where the brigadier had fallen.

I was again on guard the day before the execution, and consequently present in the cell that fatal morning; but not being relieved until after every thing was over, I was unable to witness the closing scene of the distressing tragedy. The description therefore of what subsequently occurred at the place of execution must be from what I heard from others who were on the spot.

Early that morning, just as the "reveillée" drum had ceased to roll its rumbling on the ears of the sleepers in cantonments, and I had scarcely inspected my men, a mounted officer, followed by an orderly trooper, came up to the guard and desired to speak to me. I went down and was informed by him that he had come to read the crime, finding, and sentence, to the prisoner. This officer also belonged to the —th, and had known the prisoner

well from his boyhood upwards, and was therefore acquainted with his character.

I had the cell opened to him, and told the prisoner that a staff-officer was waiting outside to speak to him. The wretched man was asleep on his carpet when I entered, and it took me some time to rouse him from his slumber, so soundly did he repose! And so calm and undisturbed his handsome manly countenance! It was quite a picture worth looking at, though all ideas of manly beauty and all feelings of admiration vanished when the thought came back to the horrible certainty of the dreadful act he had committed and the end which awaited him.

Upon being roused, he said to me, "I know, sir, what you are come for, so early. I was fast asleep, so sound that even the drum did not disturb me. But I am now awake; my next sleep will be a longer one, for something tells me that this is the last, the very last morning I shall ever see the sun rise! Is it not so, sir?"

"I cannot tell, Emaum," replied I; "there is no knowing what it is that brings the staff-officer here. Will you see him? You know him well; he is Captain P——, of your own regiment."

"Ah! Is it so!" exclaimed he, "How can I see him? He is an officer whom I have known from my childhood. But I must be a man! Wait, sir,

a moment until I make myself tidy, and tie on my turban—Now, sir, I am ready!"

Presently, Captain P—— came in, and I stood outside, though I heard what took place in the cell.

"Now listen, Meer Emaum Ally," said the adjutant-general (for Captain P—— held the situation in that division of the army); "I have come to read to you the crime, finding and sentence of the courtmartial by which you were tried the other day."

"Read on, sir!" replied the prisoner; "I shall listen attentively."

The adjutant-general then read all that was necessary, and, having concluded, said to him:—

"Do you perfectly comprehend all that has been just read to you?"

"Perfectly, sir," said he, "but what is the death I am to suffer? I hope it is to be that of a man and a soldier, and not that of a dog! I hope I shall be shot, or blown away from the mouth of a cannon!"

"No!" replied the captain, "that is not to be your death. You have been found guilty of murder, and you are to die the death of a murderer! You are to be hanged! and after your death your body is to be suspended in an iron cage on the top of the hill near which you committed your cowardly act, to be held out as a warning to others."

"Alas, sir!" said the poor criminal, "I am sorry indeed that I am to be hanged! Very sorry; for

I did not expect to leave the world like a cowardly assassin, but like a brave soldier."

"Had your deed;" answered Captain P—, "merited the death of a soldier, it would have been awarded you; but, as you have proved your-

self a villain, you shall be treated as such."

"Well, sir, so be it!" said the prisoner—"It is useless to say more about it, or against what has been ordered;—but this I can say,—whatever be the mode of death, I am not afraid to die. What? Afraid of death? Ah no!—I who have braved him in the performance of my duty before the enemy, in defending the wounded body of my gallant officer;—am I afraid to die now? No!—You know I am not afraid! Death has nothing in it to terrify me! Put your hand here, to my heart, and see if it beats less strongly now than it ever did? Feel my breast, is it less warm now than it was when I exposed it to the fire of the enemy?"

Captain P—— put his hand to the heart of the prisoner,—its beating was calm and regular, his breast was warm, and every thing about him betokened perfect self-possession and equanimity. I never saw a man so cool and collected.

The prisoner's father came shortly after, to take a last look at his unhappy son. And here I may observe, that I do not think there is a strong feeling of regard or affection, or respect, on the part of the Moslem natives generally towards their parents.

In truth, they only care for them as long as they are able to get anything, or derive any advantage from them; and, when aged or otherwise an encumbrance, they look upon them much in the same way that a man does old clothes, not worth caring for, and only fit to be put out of the way as useless appendages. And yet I have seen instances where the natives (particularly Hindoos) have evinced far stronger proofs of filial esteem and tender regard for their parents than even in our own more civilized country.

My remark applies generally to the Moslems, who are, in my opinion, a very inferior race when compared to the Hindoos,—and very much wanting in those kindlier emotions of the heart, which render domestic intercourse amongst them more a matter of daily routine than of real affection and pleasure. They have much more regard for their young children, than for their aged parents, or relatives.

Now the meeting between the father and son on the morning of the execution appeared to me to be a strange one indeed; for, no sooner had the former entered the cell, than the latter began abusing the poor old man in a most uncalled-for manner, speaking to him as if he were addressing a dog;—while the wretched parent continued collecting his son's things, walking about the room, crying and pulling his beard and then throwing himself upon the ground and making use of the most heart-rending terms of

lamentation and woe! His grief was truly touching, while the coolness so apparent in the conduct of the son presented a striking contrast between parental affection and filial indifference.

During the short space of time that the father was in the room, the prisoner was preparing himself by dressing, shaving, and washing, and finally saying his prayers. He demeaned himself as if he were going to a marriage-feast, instead of to the gallows. I do not think I ever saw before or since such a handsome fellow. He was a perfect model of a man,—a study for a sculptor! He carefully kept his neck bare, observing to me, "I do this, sir, in order that the fatal noose should not meet with any impediment in doing its duty."

In the interim, the whole brigade was drawn up on the ground near the main guard. An escort, or guard of Riflemen, under a havildar, came for the prisoner. After the usual forms, he was delivered up, and on this occasion a striking scene took place characteristic of the individual who was performing the principal part in the whole. On his being handed over to the guard, the prisoner went up to the havildar in command, and embraced him, with apparent warmth of affection;—"You!" exclaimed he, "are amongst the few in the company who have been friends to me! And now you are come to perform a last act by taking me to the gallows! Very well. Such indeed is fate!"

He then looked at the men composing the escort, and saw amongst them the two who had seized him; upon which his countenance assumed an angry look, his eyes flashed, and he exclaimed loudly, "What?—Again?—Are you before me once more? You who boasted of having seized me! Cowards both, and worse than dogs! Are you come to mock me?"

The two soldiers bore the insulting language with true military steadiness, and said not a word. I interfered, and desired the prisoner to behave decently before the guard, and to go on quietly like a soldier. He turned round to me and said—

"Very well, sir;—I go! Farewell, sir!—You have been three times on guard here since I have been a prisoner, and you have ever proved yourself a kind friend to me. Accept a dying man's best thanks for all you have done. And now,—lead on!—I am ready."

Turning towards the men composing my guard, he gave them all the parting salute, and placing himself in the midst of his escort, the word "quick-march" was given, and he left the guard-house;—what next took place, I could see and hear from the verandah.

On approaching the brigade and marching up, the prisoner commenced talking;—becoming more and more excited every moment. He saluted the regiments and their colours as he passed them, and said something to each officer, warning the troops against committing such a foul act as that for which he was about to suffer. But, on coming to where the ——th were drawn up, he began with the Rifles, abusing them like pick-pockets in the most elegant terms which the Hindustanee language could command, evidently selected for the occasion; calling them cowards and old women, &c. &c. He bade farewell to the officers and saluted his colours.

On reaching the head of the column, his guard halted, awaiting the orders of the senior officer. While so halted and until they reached the place of execution, the unfortunate man ceased not to pour forth a volley of abuses and curses against the major who was riding at the head of his regiment, and even went so far as to spit at him! This behaviour on the part of the wretched criminal was anything but dignified, or correct; -but that feeling of care-for-nothing, when there is no hope of escape from any impending evil, and when death in all its horrors stares them in the face, is peculiar to depraved characters, and very much so among the natives of India; - they think it doubtless very fine to "die game," and so in all probability thought poor Emaum Ally. He completely lost himself by his conduct, and proved by his language, what he really was-a first-rate villain!

Arrived at the gallows (which were formed of a

"gin" for mounting and dismounting guns, or for raising great weights and other purposes), the brigade was formed into three sides of a hollow square—the light troops of corps holding the ground on the fourth to keep back the crowd; the prisoner was made to stand upon a platform cart, and the noose was adjusted round his neck. While this was being done, the poor fellow continued abusing the major and the Rifle company most pathetically, and catching a sight of W——t in the back ground he called out to him—

"W—t sahib! W—t sahib! I am going! Farewell! Take care of my poor father and young wife! Will you take care of them for my sake?"

"I will!—I will!" replied W——t, with much emotion.

And the cart being driven from under him, the poor prisoner was consigned to his fate. He struggled most violently and was so long in dying that the men, who are always employed on these occasions (low caste shoe-makers, or "chucklers," as they are called), were obliged one to climb up and pull the rope from above, while two caught hold of his legs below, to assist in breaking his neck!

In the evening, when all was ready, the body was cut down, and being rolled up in waxcloth, &c., was placed inside an iron cage made for that purpose; after which it was carried up the hill, and there suspended on a gibbet. I was present during

this operation, and witnessed a most melancholy sight. The poor father and other relatives in great numbers had collected to take a last look at the deceased; -the crying and lamentations which they made were truly affecting. The natives of India of every caste have a peculiarly feeling way of mourning over their dead. They expatiate largely upon the qualities (good of course) of the departed one in beautiful language; -tell of his many virtues; -recall his acts of kindness; -admire his personal appearance and good looks; -mention his heroic deeds (if he has performed any), and his valour;and calling to mind his whole life, from childhood upwards; and grieving for his death; -crying and howling, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, give vent to the most poignant feelings of deep sorrow.

On this occasion there was a long poetical recitation mostly in Persian, composed evidently on purpose, making the dead one to be a perfect "Nasherwan" and a second "Roostum," (both heroes famous in Eastern romance,) while the atrocious deed for which he had suffered was kept in the back ground, and looked upon most probably by some of them as one worthy of a Mussulman, a true son of the prophet!—that of putting an end to the existence of an infidel,—a deed worthy of the reward of Paradise! His loss was deplored as of one cut off before his time; depriving his

family of a member of whom they were so justly proud, and expressing pity for the wretched and bereaved parent of so excellent a son.

Last, not least, came a lamentation for the young wife, a girl about eight years of age, to whom the unhappy man had been betrothed but a short while before his death. This part of the performance was indeed touching, but I will not prolong the distressing scene. I left the ground shortly after hearing the guard receive strict injunctions not to allow any body to go near the gibbet night or day, as there was a report that the relations would attempt to take away the body. The officer of the mainguard had to visit this spot during his "rounds," and often did I go there in the dark and stilly night when nought was heard save the clank of the sentry's musket as he challenged; or the squeaking creak of the chain by which the cage was suspended, as it swung to and fro in the midnight breeze.

I cannot pass over this melancholy affair without offering a few observations and reflections.

Some men there are in a regiment, who, to curry favour with their European officers, (who, I am sorry to say, always have their "pet-men" and favourites,) are constantly to be seen at their quarters, tale-bearing, lying, and slandering, to a most shameful degree; shameful not only in the individual guilty of such mean conduct, but doubly so in

the officer encouraging it. Such proceedings engender party-spirit and jealous feelings, and create all manner of double dealing, so as to destroy all discipline, and put a stop to that mutual confidence which ought to obtain amongst soldiers.

Confidence once destroyed, gives place to all manner of heart-burnings, bickerings, false reports, and disputes, disgraceful in the extreme! Men quarrelling with each other, and the officers listening to one thing and disbelieving another, add fuel to the fire, which, though burning slowly at first, soon bursts out into a flame that causes an explosion in some act similar to that which I have just described.

But such things need not be. There are certain rules and regulations laid down for the guidance of all parties in the performance of their respective duties. If the head of the regiment performs his strictly, and in conformity with those rules, the subordinates under him cannot but do the same; they are but parts of the whole of which he is the main-spring; and if a commanding officer, setting a good example, insists upon and exacts one undeviating line of conduct in the path of duty from those from whom he has a right to expect every assistance, and if those subordinates exact the same from the lower grades, depend on it no place nor opportunity could be possibly given for those distressing, disastrous and disgraceful misunderstandings which

we behold from time to time taking place in our army; like blights upon the fair name and fame of an honourable and glorious profession.

It not unfrequently happens that soldiers are passed over in promotion. There must be some cause for this. Either the officer in not recommending him knows by personal experience that the man is not deserving, or he has heard something against him, true or false. How many officers are there in a regiment in command of companies who know any thing of their men in regard to their characters as soldiers? Is it not the case in nine out of ten, when promotions are required to be made, that the company officer sends for his native officer and consults him, and is moreover guided by what he may feel inclined to tell him?

If it happens that men so passed over have anything really objectionable against them, and it is a well-established fact throughout the corps, such individuals continue to do their duty, and are generally invalided or pensioned at the end, if they are not discharged beforehand; but how many deserving smart soldiers are there put on one side, and passed over from mistaken notions regarding their characters! How many a valuable man, who would have turned out well with encouragement, has his prospects blighted, his hopes of promotion damped, and his military pride and spirit subdued and crushed by neglect!

And how often does it occur that the unfortunate individuals thus neglected, are so treated by their officers merely from presumptive or hearsay evidence of others, and not from their own experience or knowledge of them as men, or soldiers! Alas! such is really too often the case.

Thus, to continue the course of my remarks, soldiers who take a pleasure and pride in a proper performance of their duties, striving hard for promotion, have their prospects checked in the bud, and from being real good men and true, they turn out the contrary, become dissipated, reckless characters, from pure despair of ever getting on in the service, and they either terminate their career by some act of insubordination which brings a discharge with disgrace, or bearing malice and burning for revenge, they secretly resolve to retaliate upon some one, whom they suspect to be the cause of their misfortunes. Consequently, the first favourable opportunity, generally at ball practice, they contrive to murder their European or native officers, or some other individual who may have given them offence.

Malice aforethought, or revenge for some injury, real or imaginary, is frequently the cause of these disastrous proceedings; but I maintain that the very existence of such feelings ought to be known by somebody, and should be brought to the notice of the fountain head (if people do their duty), and

it behoves him to put them down with a firm hand. They are verily thorns and briars in the path of military duty, which should be removed as injurious impediments, not only from the poison they contain, but from the wound they inflict upon the well-being and good character of a regiment.

The doing so may appear difficult, and it is so no doubt, but I think the difficulty becomes comparatively easy, by the establishment and maintenance of a regular system of carrying on the duty in strict accordance with those said rules and regulations which have been framed by wise and experienced heads, and which should be a commanding officer's guiding star in all his movements.

And again, let me ask, how many an undeserving man obtains his promotion by the partiality and favouritism of the officer, or of those in whom that officer places so much undue confidence?

Such proceedings cause jealousy and ill-feeling on the part of the less fortunate, and give rise to revengeful actions, ending in assassination, or some such dreadful transaction. I have known a case where a person has put an end to his comrade from envy, consequent on the former having been promoted before himself. Again, I know of one instance where a private shot his officer, who had tried to convert him to Christianity. Another man murdered a fellow soldier from pure jealousy in a love-affair; and there are various other causes for

these misdeeds, but I think that the greater number of them can be traced to some mismanagement in discipline.

But the reader will probably ask what has all this to do with the affair of the murderer, Meer Emaum Ally? Simply this, that if ill-feeling and jealousy had not existed, and had there not been a kind of conspiracy against this brave but truly unfortunate man, and moreover, had such been crushed and suppressed in the outset, the miserable victim would not have been goaded on to the commission of an act, the very idea of which would in his calmer moments very likely have made him recoil with horror and disgust in the bare contemplation.

But why shoot the brigadier, an individual who had lavished so much kindness upon him, and who was ever ready to befriend him (not from any previous personal acquaintance, but from a knowledge of his brave conduct), should an opportunity offer

for doing so?

The Moslems of India are enthusiasts and fatalists; and this poor man was one in every sense of the word. He was, moreover, at the time under the influence of a powerful drug, the very maddening effects of which, mixed up with the workings of a mind ill at ease under injuries experienced, or ideal, and the excitement caused not only by the firing and heat of the sun, together with the smarting effects of the reprimand already mentioned,

worked him up to such a pitch of frenzy, that he resolved upon the murder of the man for whom he had ever felt the greatest hatred, and who he thought it very probable would, out of ill feeling, take that opportunity of bringing him to a court-martial for insubordination, the sentence of which would be reduction to the ranks.

In despair, therefore, and with such anticipations, adding to the fire of an already over-excited imagination, he came to the awful resolution of taking the life of his superior; but not meeting that officer at the moment, and being as I before stated a fatalist, he levelled his piece at the brigadier, and thus committed an irreparable injury not only on an innocent, unoffending creature, but on one who had been a warm and staunch friend to him.

I cannot help saying that, young as I then was in the service, I always considered Meer Emaum to have been spoiled, by his being made too much of. His sudden elevation, and the handsome medal presented to him by the officers of his regiment, in token of his gallant conduct; the notice taken of him by the higher authorities, all combined to impart a degree of vanity and self-importance, which perhaps would not have found place in his demeanour and character had he been otherwise situated.

Added to this, the feelings of jealousy on the part of others less fortunate than himself, gave rise

to a kind of suspiciousness and inimical bearing between himself and those with whom he had more immediate connexion.

I remember frequent complaints against him of harsh treatment on duty matters, and of haughty impertinence towards his superiors and equals in the lines.

All this placed him in no enviable situation with respect to his fellow soldiers; such things should have been checked, and all animosity, or imperious behaviour towards superiors, equals or inferiors, been most severely dealt with. But things went on unnoticed, and ended in the manner I have described. Any opinions that I may have ventured to give are made with no invidious feelings on my part, and I beg I may be acquitted of all intention of casting any slur or imputation on that splendid and gallant regiment in which the lamentable occurrence took place; my remarks are not in any way intended as a hit at that corps; nor do I wish, in making those remarks, to be thought self-opinionated, or obtrusive. I leave the experienced reader to judge of their correctness, and, should they be so, I trust the inexperienced will profit by them, so far as may tend to regulate their own conduct in carrying on their duties when with their own regiments.

A strange fatality seems to have attended the military career of our lamented brigadier. I be-

lieve he had a narrow escape at the Vellore mutiny; for, being at the time the adjutant of his regiment, (the identical one which did mutiny,) he was supposed by the mutineers to be one of the principal causes of their grievances. When the rascals, headed by one of their ringleaders, entered his quarters with intent to murder him, and though they searched for him in every direction they did not succeed in securing him,—the ringleader himself was all the time seated on a large wash-tub, making use of the most diabolical expressions, and abusing him in round terms.

The poor adjutant was in no very comfortable situation, for whilst the search was going on and the ringleader was giving vent to his feelings as above described, he was concealed under the identical tub in momentary expectation of having his throat cut. After this escape and even up to the day of his death, the poor man had a peculiar presentiment of a violent ending to his existence:—and with such before his eyes what an unhappy life must his have been!

On the day of his death, he left his house on the top of the hill with a strong foreboding of evil. His son was with him at the time, a nice boy about seven or eight years of age, perhaps older. Before leaving the house, he called to his son and said, "Good bye to you, my boy;—if anything happens to me you know where I keep my keys, and

you know also where all my papers are to be found."

The father parted from his son that evening for ever, for they never met again.

Emaum Ally's remains swung in the cage for some time after, until nothing was visible save a whitened skeleton, a severe and terrible warning to others. I remember having heard of an officer, stationed not many miles off, a funny fellow in his way, who took a strange fancy into his head of possessing himself of the skull of the murderer. With this view he took a ladder, carried by his horse-keeper, and, armed with his gun, as if on a shooting excursion, sallied forth from the mount early one morning, before a soul was moving—in fact, before the morning gun was fired.

The guard originally stationed over the gibbet had been removed sometime previously, and the poor man's relations had constructed a sort of altar, on which incense was continually burned, decorated with chaplets of flowers; and a "fakeer," or religious devotee, was employed to watch the remains, and to say prayers in behalf of the deceased.

The man of shot and shell proceeded to the hill aforesaid, and arriving at the foot of it, took the ladder from the horse-keeper and climbed the ascent solus, leaving the man to hold the horse during his absence. Arrived at the gibbet, he planted his ladder and began to mount. He had scarcely gone up

two or three steps, when suddenly he heard the voices of several men calling out to him to desist, and threatening him with instant death if he went further.

This was an interruption as disagreeable as it was unexpected, and, not being looked for, made the skull-stealer the more surprised;—so, down he came, and, taking the ladder on his shoulders, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him, tumbling and sprawling amongst the stones and bushes. At last, reaching his horse, he gallopped off followed by the affrighted horse-keeper, carrying the ladder. He heard nothing more about the matter, and had every reason to congratulate himself that it ended where it did.

He however made a similar attempt some weeks after, but without success; the horse-keeper on this occasion declaring that he heard the skeleton telling him not to approach.

It is fact that, until that cage was taken down, (which it was about a year afterwards,) and the remains handed over to them, some of the relatives continued to keep their watch, with a view to prevent any harm coming to the body. The "fakeer', also performed his ceremonies, and placed fresh flowers as usual.

Poor Emaum Ally's skeleton was in the end handed over to his sorrowing old father, and found a resting-place in mother earth. The funeral was performed with great pomp as if for a hero, instead of for a murderer, and a great deal of fuss made on the occasion. A tomb about half a mile down on the plain towards St. Thomas's Mount points out the spot where rest the relics of that extraordinary though ill-fated man, who had commenced his career most nobly, but had ended it in a manner not only disgraceful to the profession of a soldier, but doubly so to one who had in time of need proved himself a brave and gallant hero.

## CHAPTER VII.

Removal to Madras—Comfortless Quarters—Agreeable Change of Residence—Vepery Shrimps—The Duties at the Presidency—Officers' Servants—Expert Robberies—Madras not a desirable Station—Amusements—Auctions—Advice respecting Camp Equipage and Bargains—Head Boys—Madras Society—Pride, Prejudice, and Precedence.

SHORTLY after the events detailed in the last chapter, an order came for the removal of the ——th to Madras. We marched down, and became stationed at that wretched receptacle for troops, called Vepery, a locality well known to my Madras readers, as teeming with every thing that is disagreeable, filthy, and disgusting.

Vepery is situated about two miles from Fort St. George, and consists of a conglomeration of public buildings and private dwellings, well diversified with dirty hovels, mud-huts, and pig-styes. In former days, the troops furnishing details for garrison duty in the fort were brought down from St. Thomas's Mount and Palaveram, once every month; —but that being found inconvenient for many

reasons, two places were fixed upon in the immediate vicinity of Madras for the permanent stationing of such regiments as would be requisite for those duties: consequently, that lovely spot, Vepery, was selected as one, and Perambore as the other; the latter certainly is the more rural of the two, but both are disagreeable enough.

The arrangement is a bad one in every respect, as can very easily be shown; and the bringing down of troops to the Presidency and locating them in such abominable dunghills, (for they are verily such,) after occupying clean and healthy up-country stations, are not only calculated to interfere with the discipline and interior economy of those corps, but render them very liable to sickness, to say nothing of the hard work they have to go through in performing garrison duties inside the fort, as also various other drudgeries, really not fit for men bearing the name of soldiers to perform.

But I will not trouble the reader with any further remarks on this subject at present; I shall have cause to mention Vepery and its evils hereafter; in the interim, let us proceed with our narrative, premising, by way of an introduction, that we reached our destination in perfect safety, and marched into our barracks and lines with drums beating and colours flying, and followed by all the dirty naked children with which the place is so well known to abound, and which, added to the

dust, made our entrée into our new station anything but pleasant.

In those days, there were public quarters for the accommodation of the officers; such miserable tenements, that I declare without hesitation they were not fit for pigs to live in, far less for officers and gentlemen. The quarters for the higher grades were a shade or two better, though bad was the best! A whole posse of us scrambled into one of these wretched bungalows, appropriated to the dignified rank of ensigns of infantry; an abode, in truth, swarming with filth and vermin, occupied by the family of some discharged horse-keeper; the verandah tenanted by five or six goats, which were amusing themselves by rubbing their mangy hides against the pillars and walls; while the "qodowns" (or outhouses) were occupied by another family composed of children, pigs and parriah dogs, all huddled together in dirty confusion; the two latter species of the creation forming the most prominent portion of the miserable multitude!

Walking-sticks and horsewhips having been effectually made use of, we got rid of these objectionables, bag and baggage, and, by the aid of half a dozen sweepers contrived to make the place as decent and as clean as circumstances would admit, though we were covered with dust and vermin, and the smell of the place was insupportable. The walls of this mansion were bedaubed

with various attempts at obscene representations, and the corners of the rooms bespattered with filth!

The reader may imagine, by the above description, that our new quarters were not the most comfortable, nor the cleanliest; but what were we to do? we knew not where to go. Other houses were certainly available, but how could ensigns afford the rent of them? There was no ground for pitching our tents, so we resolved upon roughing it out until we could find time to look about us.

I did not, however, remain long in this uncomfortable state, as my friend T—n again asked me to come and reside with him, an invitation which, under the circumstances of my unsettled state, I did not hesitate to accept. He had secured a very nice bungalow with plenty of room therein, and I lost no time in taking up my abode with him. The other ensigns also found houses which they preferred renting at a greater charge to residing in those public quarters.

I remember our breakfast on the morning of our arrival at Vepery. Amongst the viands placed upon the table was a dishful of what we called "shrimps." I was enjoying the treat (for so I thought them), and had consumed a considerable quantity, admiring their enormous size, and praising their flavour; so did the rest. Presently one of

the older officers of the regiment came in to see how the "griffs" were getting on, when I exclaimed:—

"Oh, capitally! Look here, what beautiful shrimps these are! We have but just bought them of a man who came with a basketfull! Do sit down and eat some; they are very fine, I assure you."

Others repeated the invitation, but the oldster stared with apparent astonishment; and I observed that he eyed the dish with disgust. At last, he burst out into a laugh, and said—

"Do you know what those are?"

"No," said I, "except they are very large shrimps? Why, what are they but shrimps?"

"Oh you griffin!" exclaimed he. "You are a shrimp yourself! They are prawns! And where do you think they were caught?"

"Where?" inquired I, with astonishment.

"Why, in the Vepery tanks and river, to be sure," said he; "where all the dirt and filth of the whole town are thrown; where none but black fellows and pigs ever go; and where these prawns breed in abundance! Have you never heard of Vepery prawns, before?"

"No! how could I?" replied I, turning pale in the face very suddenly. I jumped up from my chair, and made a desperate rush into a side-room. The sequel may be guessed—I was as sick as possible, as were also some of the rest; and I vouch for it not many of us ever after partook of those dainty delicacies, prawns (shrimps as we thought them), caught in the vicinity of Vepery.

Take my advice, young griffins, and never eat prawns: they are not only objectionable from the associations of their breeding, but unwholesome as food. Those caught and sold at Calcutta are generally fed and kept in the carcases of dead natives floating in the river. The fishermen secure the bodies by stakes to the bank, and sink them by means of tying stones to them. The prawns congregate in myriads, and feed upon the flesh. Those supposed to be caught in the skulls of the dead are looked upon as the richest and most delicate, from the circumstance of their having been nourished on the brains. The "Koi Hais" consider these prawns as dainties, and eat them in large quantities; a "jingee-curry" (prawn curry) being always a rich treat amongst them.

At Bombay they are a shade better, though there even bad enough. They are caught in the harbour, and feed upon all the dirt and filth from the ships, and the drainings of the town. So much for prawns, nasty things at all times and in all places, but at Madras, Bombay, or Calcutta particularly, they are horrible!

The arrival of so large a number of griffs attached to our regiment, was a welcome addition to

the roster of subalterns for guard duty, which, considering all things, was very severe, for there were two guards to furnish besides committees and courts-martial innumerable. However, notwith-standing many inconveniences, I liked the duty very well; it was a novelty to me, as we had to be on guard with European soldiers of H. M.—th foot, then in the fort.

The main guard was a tolerably cool place, but the "Wallajah Gate" was quite dreadful. The officers' room was one of the bomb-proofs under the ramparts, as hot as an oven and swarming with mosquitoes of immense size, which sting like so many little devils. The gate guard was, however, done away with, in consequence of an officer dying there from the heat, which was at times insufferable.

The fort swarms with another abomination in the shape of soldiers' servants, who are the greatest thieves under the Indian sun. They rob from under the very noses of the sentries! I recollect a young officer, while on guard at the gate, getting up one morning and finding that his writing-desk, cloak and a blanket were all gone! Search was made, and the first article discovered under one of the guns on the ramparts, while the remainder were found in the famous thieving bazaar!

The Fort is not at all a nice place for European soldiers. Their barracks are beautifully constructed

and well ventilated, but some how or other they are unhealthy and otherwise objectionable. The men are located below, while the officers are above. I do not think that being stationed at Madras tends to the good of either European or native troops. Both officers and men suffer not only in health, but in pocket, as it is a very expensive place for even the common necessaries of life; and, as I before observed, the duties are so severe that it is ruination to all ranks to keep themselves neat and tidy; there are such a constant wear and tear of clothing, arms, and accoutrements that "our gayness and our gilt become all besmirched by daily" use, and the dust and dirt of the place.

As for amusements, there were many. Eating and drinking in abundance, with little of money to pay for indulging in either to any great extent. Our mess was kept up in first-rate style. There were plenty of parties, balls, and suppers;—visiting and lounging about,—billiards and rackets;—then there were the evening rides on the beach, where all the beauty and fashion of the place resorted to "eat the air" and to talk scandal. The band performed twice a week, and enlivened us with good music.

We had also our rides in the country, which were certainly few, but such as they were I preferred them to going along the dirty roads of Madras itself. I generally passed my time at home; though

my chum would often take me out to attend auctions and public sales, when I used to meet with and be introduced to many of the leading men of our army as well as civilians.

This attending auctions and sales is I think objectionable, as the doing so makes young men inclined to be idle, and offers them many temptations to spend their money, to say nothing of the expenses of palankeen or carriage hire, the exposure to the heat of the sun or land-winds; and, above all, the loss of valuable time. Then from the auctions they go to this place and that, buying things which they fancy are requisite, and which finally turn out to be of no use at all. The only article I ever purchased was a tent, and that proved really serviceable.

And now let me say a word or two regarding this important appendage to a soldier's kit—a tent. In selecting one, griffins usually go to the government stores, where such things are procurable,—but I never saw a really good tent come from thence. They are generally flimsy, and made of bad materials;—no wonder, since they are constructed by contract and without much care and attention. Now, a tent from the stores is saleable at a fixed price without any abatement;—the sum demanded must be paid; whereas, if you are bent upon having one, and are really obliged to have one, the best and cheapest way is to attend the

sales. People dying or going away on leave, dispose of their property to the highest bidders, and I myself purchased my tent at one of these sales for a quarter its original value; it was quite new, having been used but little, and one which had been made to order by an up-country man.

An ensign can set himself up with camp-equipage complete for between one hundred and fifty and two hundred rupees, whereas, by applying to the stores, he cannot do so under double that sum. But while getting such things it is better to have them good and serviceable;—there is no occasion, on first arrival in the country, to be in a hurry to buy a tent;—they are always to be had in almost every sale-room, and, by dint of a little patience and inquiry the purchaser is sure to suit himself with a useful article, which will serve him with proper care for many a long march.

Griffins think that they must have every thing new, because they look well at first. But the newness of a thing does not prove its intrinsic value. In providing themselves they should consider, and purchase such things as will prove of service when they come to be used. I remember a young fellow, with a purse full of money, just let loose from his mamma's apron strings, calling upon me one hot day, looking very "hnowing" at me, and rubbing his hands as if with delight at having done something worthy of applause.

"What do you think?" asked he, "I have been purchasing—oh such useful things!"

"What?" inquired I.

"Something I would strongly advise you to buy, for they will be very useful to you when you march;—no less than an extra pair of bullock-trunks, quite new. And I got them a bargain, too."

"Oh you did, did you? And pray may I ask

what you gave for them?"

"I assure you, my head-boy, Appaoo, got them for me from a carpenter in Black-Town, and he tells me that they are dirt cheap, with locks, keys, and all complete. Now, guess what I gave for them?"

"Upon my word," replied I, "I cannot guess; but, as you are a first-rate griffin, I presume you have been allowing that rascally servant of your's to cheat you. Well, I suppose you must have been cheated, and that you have given somewhere between twenty and thirty rupees for the pair complete. Am I wrong?"

"Yes, you are; but allow me to observe, that my servant is not a rascal:" replied the hot young sub—" nor will I allow you to say that he has cheated me, for he has not:—he is an honest man, as I can vouch for! I paid him fifty rupees for the pair, and I consider I have got quite a bargain, and I defy you to buy another pair for a similar sum!"

"I hope," said I, "that I may never be under the painful necessity of giving so large a sum for so useless an addition (lumber, I may say) to my kit. I have already three trunks, and I cannot possibly require more at present."

"It is all well and good for you to say so," answered the purchaser — "but wait until you come to march; Appaoo tells me that I require a great many more things;—come and see my new

purchase. I want your opinion on them."

As he resided close by, I put on my cap and went to look at these rare articles. I saw at a glance that the poor boy had been taken in, and that Appaoo was a rascal, as I suspected. The trunks were old ones freshly planed over, with the brass clamps cleaned and polished. I do not think the pair were worth more than six or eight rupees, or we will say ten rupees, at the utmost. I said nothing more, but returned home quite disgusted to see a young man so shamefully imposed upon. Appaoo knew me, and was out of course, though I contrived to catch a glimpse of the black scoundrel's face grinning at me, through the venetians, like a Cheshire cat.

The young man marched very soon after his purchase, and the said pair of bullock-trunks went to pieces before he had proceeded twenty miles. The honest, faithful, trunk-buying Appaoo made himself scarce a couple of days after with his mas-

ter's silver spoons and gold watch. So much for new purchases and honest Appaoo; and I hope that my young friends will never allow their "headboys" to make any bargains for them at all,—depend on it, you will be cheated in the end. Those servants, yclept "head-boys," self-styled butlers, are thieves of the highest order. Head-boy and thief are, in my opinion, synonymous terms. Ensigns have no business with them; if they employ such, they deserve to be cheated and robbed, as they most certainly will be.

The society of Madras is very stiff and formal, composed of the civil and military residents there, who hold the principal appointments. I mean not by this observation to say that there are not exceptions. But those individuals called "bigwigs" are rare birds of their sort, and give themselves many airs, and fancy themselves very great people. It is amusing to note the proceedings at a party, or the manner in which the folks conduct themselves in the circles of society in India generally.

At home, we are all upon a par, as it were; but in India it is entirely a different order of things. Every person holds his place by rank and precedence. Birth, talent and refinement of character and mind, give way to situation and amount of salary, so that we frequently find the rich and ignorant "parvenu" jostling his poorer though better

born neighbour; because the former holds superior rank, receives superior pay, and lives in a better house than the latter! Rank carries the palm everywhere, both amongst the military as well as the civilians.

If an unfortunate ensign, or lieutenant, dining at a friend's table, challenges the lady of a rich civilian to a glass of wine, or asks his daughters hand (not in marriage) to a quadrille, his doing so is put down as an act of bold effrontery; or, if the poor fellow should happen to offer his arm to a colonel's or a judge's lady to hand her down to the dinner-table, he is looked upon as an impudent young monkey; or, if he should address one of these ladies at table, hazard an opinion on the weather, or even steal a look at one of them!—Ma foi! if the husband did not call the poor offender out the next morning, he would look a sufficient number of daggers at him to kill him outright.

Then again there is a vast gulf between the high-in-office and their poorer neighbours in point of self-importance. The former consider themselves so far the superiors of the latter, that they turn up their noses at them as they pass, seldom or never condescending a bow or look of recognition, and fancy their dignity much hurt if they should happen to come "between the wind and their nobility." But a great deal of this grandeeing (if I may make such a word) originates

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principally from the vanity of the fairer portion of the community, the wives of these great folk. The airs they give themselves are perfectly disgusting. They think that the very ground they tread is not good enough for them; and, to talk to or notice the wife or daughter of those below them in rank, they look upon as something very condescending, something very patronizing.

I have seen the wife of a gentleman, high in office, quit a quadrille at a ball, merely because she did not happen to know the lady standing opposite to her. The former was nothing more than an upstart, whereas the lady slighted had every right to be respected, as she was the daughter of a baronet. This is one instance of low pride and vulgar assumption. I could cite many more, but will not do so, as they are too well known to be repeated. I am really quite ashamed to own that such things do go on, that such people do exist, and it is a great pity that they should be allowed to clog the circles of respectable society.

I think that the people up-country are far better than those at the presidency. There, that feeling of stiff formality is done away with. We go to each other's houses to enjoy ourselves, to please, and to be pleased. At Madras, the folks visit to show off their rank and importance, and we see such bowing and scraping, hear such set-phrases and fine speeches, and we witness such ceremony, that

to go to many of the houses of the residents there, is, in my opinion, anything but pleasant, or agreeable.

The nicest parties I ever went to were amongst the families of the regiments stationed at Madras. There I certainly experienced true hospitality and kindness, and enjoyed myself as I wished; but, as to the stiff soirées and formal dinners of the Madrassees, I declare I would ten times rather have gone on main guard twice a week to avoid one of them. But enough of this subject. In what I have written I have stated nothing more than the plain, honest truth, without the slightest intention of giving offence to any one.

I do wish that the "big-wigs" of Madras and everywhere else would but bear in mind what they once were; and then, probably, there would not be that space between them and their less fortunate fellow creatures as does exist at the present day, but which should not have existed amongst those bearing the character of gentlefolks. Surely it is no great matter of difficulty for men and women to put aside their official rank, their consequence, their wealth and their pride, when they meet for the purposes of the common intercourse of life. It would be much pleasanter for all parties, and much more calculated to make them respected by their neighbours, which they most certainly cannot be

when adopting such an objectionable line of conduct as to render them liable to be laughed at and despised by all honest people. There are exceptions of course, but I am afraid that the purse-proud and the self-important predominate.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Coorg War—Military Proceedings—General Conspiracy—Life and Death Struggle between Irishman and Coorgite—Disasters of the Campaign—Native Bravery and immediate Promotion—Flight of the Bearers of Sick and Wounded and their Massacre by the Coorgites—The two sick Griffin Ensigns—Rifle Company of Author's Regiment make extreme exertion to win the Post of Danger—Surrender of Muddekary—Rajah taken Prisoner—Prize Money—Anticipatory Sales—A Griffin's Love and its concomitant Evils—A Warning against similar Folly.

It was in the month of March, of the year 1834, that the minds of military men became excited by warlike preparations being commenced against the Rajah of Coorg, an insolent fellow, who had for sometime past been causing the government much trouble by carrying on improper dealings, and being guilty of breaches of faith against us.

With a view to punish this refractory individual and bring him to his bearings, a large force was collected, and war declared against him. Being himself a bold and reckless character, he made every preparation for a determined resistance against a power which was supposed to be supreme in the East, but which he in his arrogance and boasted confidence presumed to despise. He raised troops, erected stockades, fortified the different passes and approaches to his country, and placed his capital, Muddekary, in a state of defence.

The Rajah's retainers were numerous, and composed chiefly of his own subjects, together with dissolute Arabs and Mysoreans, with a strong sprinkling of discharged men from our own regiments, artillery, cavalry and infantry. These he was glad to enlist under his banners, as being already well acquainted with the duties of soldiers, paying them well, particularly artillery-men, whom he looked upon as so many gems of inestimable value. These disbanded rascals he promoted to high rank, giving them presents and promises of future reward. He placed them in command of his most important posts, with unlimited authority to act as they thought He was tolerably well supplied with arms and ammunition, and flattered himself that he should be able effectually to resist the invading army.

This war, or rather insurrection, was only a part and parcel of a well known general conspiracy, which would have taken place throughout the whole of Southern India, had the enemy been successful, as I doubt not my military readers are well aware. Mysore, Kurnool, and other petty States, were all implicated in the rise, and the Nirzam was suspected of having been tainted. A dreadful plot had been concocted and contrived amongst the native portion of the troops at Bangalore which, having been discovered in good time, was dealt with most summarily by the local government. The mutineers were seized, tried by court-martial and sentenced, some to be blown away from guns, others to be shot by musketry, and others to be discharged with ignominy.

The sentences were carried into execution in the presence of all the troops; and the disturbance for the time quashed, but decidedly not quelled. Had the expedition against Coorg failed, the whole country would, in all probability, have been in arms; but, as it turned out otherwise, the insurgents in the other districts were awed into silence, and withdrew from their intentions, leaving the confederates to develop their secret intrigues and traitorous machinations.

Our troops were collected at different stations. The principal column was formed at Bangalore, while another was embodied at Bellury; a third, I think, at Cunnanore, and a fourth was prepared at Mangalore.\* This latter was considered merely as an

<sup>\*</sup> There was another division under General S---; but from what station he proceeded I do not recollect.

auxiliary column to that proceeding from Cunnanore, intended to prevent troops and supplies from entering the enemy's country from the western boundary. Each column of attack was commanded by experienced and trustworthy general officers, with full proportion of staff and other necessary accompaniments.

The troops consisted of European and native regiments of Infantry, with trains of field and battering guns, together with details of sappers and miners, pioneers, camp-equipage men, and means of conveying the sick and wounded, and all the other requisites for an invading army. On a day appointed, the whole of the columns moved against the Coorgites, who gave them a warm reception. Two of the columns carried every thing before them; that under the general commanding the whole, forced its way to the capital, which surrendered without firing a shot; and those from Bellury and Mangalore, both received serious checks, more particularly the former, under General W-, at Buck's Stockade (as it was called), where a most lamentable loss of life took place on our side, with every symptom of a defeat.

The force was, through strange mismanagement, brought suddenly in contact with this stockade, without knowing where it was situated: the consequence was they were obliged to retreat, and the enemy obtained a decided advantage. It becomes

not me to make any comments on this failure, though I may as well say thus far, that I heard it took place from a sad want of a proper and satisfactory knowledge of the position of the enemy.

The commander-in-chief of the army remarked, that the general of the attacking force had evinced much want of curiosity not to have reconnoitred the position in person, and it is a fact that no reconnoissance was made at all previously to the advance; the attack, therefore, of this portion of the force was like moving in the dark, and the result speaks for itself.

Buck's Stockade was, I believe, commanded by a discharged havildar of one of our Light Infantry Regiments, which happened to form one of the attacking force. I do not know why he had been discharged, but he recognised his old regiment when they advanced, and standing on the breastwork called out loudly for the colonel of the corps to come to the front and show himself, &c. &c.

He desired his men not to fire at the major of the regiment, as he was a good officer, but to shoot the colonel. It so happened that the colonel was on this occasion field-officer of the day in command of the rear-guard; he was consequently not present when this occurred. Seeing that the colonel was not forthcoming, the man commenced a long tirade of abuse, which, had there been anything hurtful in it, would have completely annihilated that gallant officer. The major escaped unharmed either by shot or gallee (abuse), and shortly after saw the rascally commandant of the stockade knocked on the head by one of his own men, whom he had called to by name, and whom he had commenced abusing in the same manner as he had done the colonel.

So much for the havildar! Natives are very bitter and implacable in their hatred and revenge. This wretch had sought (as he imagined) the best method to repay the colonel for having discharged him the service; he was wofully disappointed, and met an ignominious death in hoping to deprive one of life who had but done his duty.

The European regiment employed at Buck suffered severely. They lost their colonel who was killed, and several officers wounded. Three or four different times did the gallant soldiers of that regiment rush forward to secure the body of their colonel, and each time were those who made the attempt either killed or disabled. The enemy got possession of the body, and, cutting off the head, mutilated the remains most horribly.

The reader may imagine how the poor soldiers of that magnificent regiment burned to revenge the death of their ill-fated commander: but they had not an opportunity—the retreat was sounded, and they were obliged to quit the ground.

I recollect an anecdote told me of one of the

wounded of this regiment. He had contrived to crawl away amongst some bushes, and had there concealed himself while the Coorgites with their long knives came out to put an end to the wounded, as was their custom. The work of destruction over, the cowardly murderers returned to their stockade, and he remained unobserved for some time; by chance, however, one of the enemy caught sight of him, as he lay in a kind of hollow in the ground. The villain came up to him, and, finding him alive, drew his knife and aimed a blow at him, which he at once parried with his arm, receiving a severe wound in doing so. Such was the violence of the blow that the man actually tumbled upon his intended victim, and then the struggle took place for the mastery between the two; a mortal combat, a trial of strength for life or death, which was witnessed by no one, and which lasted for some time, terminating fortunately in favour of the brave son of Erin, who, by dint of great personal exertion, dispatched his swarthy foe with his trusty bayonet.

This weapon he had in his scabbard at the time, and he contrived to draw it out. Placing the hilt, or that part of it which fastens on to the muzzle of the firelock, against his chest, he drew the murderous Coorgite towards him, so as to press him against its point. This he did so successfully that the point entered his breast. A yell of

pain and a groan, and his enemy was no more. Thus had the brave lad a narrow escape. cumbering himself from the dead body of his foe. he made the best of his way towards camp, and arrived there in a wretched state of exhaustion from fatigue and starvation. I saw this man some months after, and had a long chat with him. He told me his story in that droll manner so peculiar to Irishmen, that he almost made me cry with laughing.

There was much blame attached to the failure of this column, as it had every advantage; and, had there been a proper reconnoissance, the disasters alluded to would not have happened. The auxiliary column likewise had to retreat, but not from want of skill, or from mismanagement. They were compelled to retreat because they could not advance (a good reason, too); but they had no artillery, nor had they any guides. The former not having been considered necessary was not supplied, though it ought to have been; and the latter, I believe, acted treacherously, by misleading and then deserting them when most required. I am not, however, quite certain of this latter circumstance.

The force was composed of two hundred men of one of H. M.'s regiments from Cunnanore, and a corps of native infantry not very strong: they received a check by having been misled, and from a want of artillery, which would have driven the enemy from

the stockade against which the rascally guides had purposely brought them. They had not, however, retreated far when a flag of truce was brought into camp, which put an end to all hostilities. They suffered severely in killed and wounded.

In the native corps an instance of bravery showed itself on the part of one of the men. He behaved beautifully before the enemy, and the European soldiers who witnessed his conduct, carried him before the general, and begged his promotion on the spot. This was granted, and he richly deserved it, too.

During the retreat, the enemy came down upon the "doolies" carrying the sick and wounded; these had been put down by the bearers who had run away, leaving the poor fellows to their fate. The Coorgites dispatched every man, and they were found with their throats cut from ear to ear. The surgeon I believe had a narrow escape.

The Rifle company of the regiment to which I was attached, was amongst the troops ordered for this service. They were directed to proceed forthwith and join the column under General L—y, about starting from Bangalore. This company received the order for marching in the morning, and were off the following day. There happened to be two griffins doing duty with them, and, as they had been to the expense of procuring the Rifle uniform, and there were no other subalterns

available, they were permitted to go, though I must say they were little fitted for field-duty, being both at the time on the "sich report;" they were not however to be deterred by that, so declared themselves ready to start.

The company was strong, in good order, and commanded by a very smart officer. He had with him one lieutenant, besides the two young ensigns. The whole marched beautifully, but the poor lieutenant knocked up when they reached Arcot, having had a "coup-de-soleil," which compelled him to return. The two ensigns travelled in sick doolies almost the whole distance.

The last march the company performed was one of forty-five miles upon a stretch without halting, being able thereby to join General L——y's column as it was on the move against the capital. The captain rode up to the general and reported his arrival, and begged permission to cover the advance of the force with his men.

"You must be all knocked up, Captain P——r," replied the general; "the company had better therefore fall to the rear."

"We have marched a long way, sir, certainly," said Captain P——r; "but we have done so purposely to join the column under your command, in order that we may occupy the place we have always been accustomed to, the post of danger. You will find the men, sir, quite fresh for work, and I beg,

sir, that they may be permitted to cover the advance of the column."

"Be it so, Captain P——r," said the general; "let them relieve the skirmishers now in front!"

The general then gave orders for the light company of H. M.'s ——th Foot to be called in. Meanwhile, Captain P——r took his men up to the front of the column, and relieved the light company above mentioned, the soldiers of the latter remarking upon the pluck of the little riflemen, as with rifles at the trail, their packs on and covered from head to foot with dust after their long and arduous march, they "doubled" past them in real soldier-like style, some of them shaking hands with the sepoys as they went by, giving them a hearty "How are ye my boy Jack Sapay, how are you?"—at the same time.

Muddekary fell without firing a shot. There were plenty of prize-money and plenty of "loot" (booty), all which were carefully collected and became the "spolia optima" of the conquerors. The Rajah himself was taken, and sent a prisoner to the strong fort of Vellore, where he was kept in durance wile for some time, after which he was removed to Benares, where I believe he now is, enjoying his handsome pension, the which I doubt not he prefers to being the king of such a set of cut-throat rascals as his subjects were.

All his property was disposed of by auction, and

the proceeds of the sale added to the money already found; his stores of arms and ammunition; his elephants, camels, and horses; all shared the same fate. His country was taken possession of and is now a portion of our own territories, managed by a Superintendent, and yielding a tolerable revenue. His capital is now garrisoned by a regiment of native infantry, with a detail of artillery.

The prize-money divided came to something very handsome. A subaltern's share being about three hundred pounds, and that of a private soldier three pounds ten shillings, one of the best dividends ever known in India. Many of the officers however despaired of ever receiving their prizemoney; and, certain of them being then badly off for cash, sold their shares for what they could get, some for so little as fifty or sixty or seventy pounds.

There were several persons in the country who purchased up a great number of shares, so that when the prize-money was distributed, which it was very soon after, they reaped a plentiful harvest, and made an excellent business of the transaction. How disgusted must those officers have been who had sold their shares, when they found that they might have had such large sums of money, had they but exercised a little patience! Our troops were of course delighted at what they had got, and wished for another war, where they might obtain similar sums with similar ease.

Thus ended the Coorg war. The troops returned to their respective garrisons and cantonments; those general officers who had been successful were praised and complimented in general orders, as if they had performed something very wonderful in the annals of military exploits; -while he who had failed and managed the affair badly obtained a first-rate staff situation; the other who had failed also (and it was no fault either that he did fail), and conducted his retreat in a soldier-like masterly way, obtained nothing at all. He called for a courtmartial to clear himself, and came off with flying colours, receiving a very complimentary order from the home authorities approving of the finding of the court-martial, and honourably acquitting him of all blame; -and yet this gallant officer got nothing! Not even the command of a small brigade, or division, although he had obtained sufficient rank which justly entitled him to either the one or the other.

Griffins are very foolish boys generally, and are guilty of innumerable acts for which they are often sorry in after life. None are more susceptible of the tender passion than griffins. They fancy themselves in love with every pretty face they see, and even go so far as to flatter themselves they are the admired of the fair sex. I make this remark because I have known several instances of such folly, and will cite one which reminds me of the past, and re-

calls to my recollection an "affaire de cœur," in which I very foolishly became entangled, and in consequence got myself into a sad hobble.

I cannot, I think, do better than mention this circumstance, because I fancy it will be a lesson to others not to indulge too early in the fascinating dreams of love, or to think of things which boys have no business with. It so happened that a gallant officer of infantry arrived at Madras with his wife and family, together with sundry grown-up nieces, a whole host, enough to astonish any body. They were all very fine girls indeed, one in particular, a lovely creature. I will not mention any names, though I doubt not but that many of my readers will have met the parties alluded to somewhere or other, for they have one and all been great travellers since their first landing.

With these young ladies came an officer belonging to our regiment (who, by the way, was desperately in love with this said pretty one), and it was supposed that something serious would soon take place between the two. He took a fancy to me, and introduced me to the family above mentioned; and particularly commended me to the notice of the fair Amanda, whose lovely countenance, bewitching eyes and fascinating manners completely upset me head over heels into the sea of love, and a very stormy sea it proved, too!

I also became desperately enamoured, and

nothing could convince me to the contrary, but I must needs fancy myself really and truly devotedly attached to her! And who could help admiring her? For such loveliness I never saw before, or since! She was, indeed, a beauty! At least, so I thought; my being smitten, therefore, was excusable; and, truth to say, I flattered myself that I was not indifferent to the fair young lady.

Things went on very glibly; I visited the house every day, nobody said me "nay;" met her on "the course" of an evening; at balls at nights, when I danced with, walked with, and chatted with her! In fact, I was regularly in for it; my whole thoughts were concentrated in one focus. My friend had proposed, and was refused! I did not. attempt the same measure, because I never thought or dreamed of such a thing; and I did not wish to run the risk if I did, for fear of meeting with a similar fate.

This attraction drove all duty matters out of my My books fell into arrears; my reports were never written; I made no inquiries as to how matters were conducted in the company I commanded; I never went near the men; and took an utter dislike to everything connected with my profession, excepting my red coat, and that merely because I fancied I looked well in it.

By degrees, matters became worse; the com-

manding officer had me up, spoke kindly at first, then reprimanded me, and finally threatened to remove me from the command of my company, if I did not reform. But advice and threats I set at nought, and the climax was not long in coming.

It so occurred, that on one pay-day he had ordered a stoppage to be made from the men on account of the "dhobies" (or washermen), who had to go some considerable distance to wash the clothes, which during the hot weather was hard work; so, to make it worth their while, he directed an increase to their monthly salary. The stoppage to be made displeased the men, more particularly as there were other deductions which told sadly against the sum total of their receipt.

I had on that day a particular engagement to go and see my fair flame, and consequently desired the subadar of the company to pay the men in the lines, making the deduction alluded to; the men were to be brought to my quarters the next morning for the purpose of signing the usual "acquittance roll," which ought always to be done by each individual immediately on receiving his pay.

"All right," thought I; "now I have disposed of that troublesome work, I will go and bask in the bright sunshine of those lovely eyes, and revel in the soft music of that sweet voice!"

Away I went, nicely dressed, perfumed like a milliner, and my chin new reaped shone like stubble-land at harvest home; boots nicely polished, and everything as I thought quite killing! She was to sing "Love not" to me that day, too; a vain warning, indeed! But a man, or rather a boy, in love, is a great fool for his pains, and no mistake!

Away I went, never thinking of rupees, annas, or pice; never dreaming of the storm that was brewing for me, while I was sunshining with my beloved one like an egregious blockhead! I really do wonder I could have made such a downright ass of myself.—Mais allons. My visit over, she, sweet creature, looking enchanting, I paid a fond adieu, and jumping into my palankeen returned to the mess-house to tiffen! When there arrived, those seated at the table looked glum at me, and one or two of the seniors began whispering to each other, while one said to me,—

"A precious row you have got into, my hearty! You are in for it! Rather you than me!"

"Some screw loose," thought I; "what can it be about, I wonder?"

However, nothing more was said, so I swallowed a hasty tiffen and returned home, where I found the subadar waiting and looking anything but what he used to do. "What is the matter, subadar," said I; "is there anything gone wrong?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old soldier.

"What is it?" I inquired, becoming much alarmed; "tell me quickly!"

"The men, sir, objected to the stoppage on account of the *dhobies*, and would not take their pay! I talked them over and persuaded them to do so; but they will not sign the roll; they wish to make a complaint to you, sir."

"Here's a mess!" thought I; "What shall I do? I am in for it certainly! However, who cares?" and I thought of the lovely girl whom I had but just seen. "Hang the duty! I don't care a rap having the company taken from me! Let it go!"

I ordered the company to be brought to me immediately. They came, and, beginning with the non-commissioned officers, I made every man of them sign the acquittance roll, with only two or three who objected at first but obeyed in the end. The men were orderly and steady, however they objected to the deduction, upon the plea that living at Madras was very expensive, and that they could not afford any more stoppages. I mounted my pony and went to the commanding officer's. He received me most gloomily, and I reported to him all that had occurred. He was aware of it beforehand.

"Who paid the company?" asked he. "Did you pay the men, sir, or did you not?"

"No, sir," replied I, "I did not pay them; the

subadar did so, in my absence."

"That's enough," said the major. Then, turning to the adjutant, who was present, he added:—

"Put Mr. ——'s name in orders as having been removed from the command, and take that company yourself. Good morning to you; you may

go!"

Go, I did; and I felt the degradation then most severely; and often have I called to mind those feelings with deep regret. The whole affair was a bitter lesson to me, and I hold it forth to others as one which may be of service to them, in case anybody should feel disposed to make a fool of himself as I did.

"Removed from the command of my company!" exclaimed I; "What shall I do? Confound those sepoys! However, I am wrong decidedly, so I shall cut that love-affair at once; hang me, if it has done me any good; quite the contrary. I shall go this moment, and renounce all the folly which has brought me into such a plight. Lucky it is no worse! Serves me right; what business have I, an unposted ensign, to fall in love? Banish the very thought of such nonsense! I'll turn over a new leaf; I may regain the commanding officer's

good opinion. I have forfeited it at present, that is certain!"

Thus, my young readers, did I reap the reward of my folly! Poor Amanda cried like a child when I told her what had occurred, and we agreed that it would be better for us both that the business should be at an end. It was soon over. She was to start in a few days for the up-country, with all her cousins, and I was glad when the time came for her departure. Our parting was indeed a sorrowful one. The bright sunshine in which I had been basking became covered with dark and murky clouds, which lowered upon me with foreboding aspect; however, there was now no help for it, and the sooner the cord of boyish love was sundered, and the spell which bound me broken, the better for me in every respect.

Now I think of it, I am surprised and astonished at the various tricks I then played. Often when on guard would I quit my post without leave, sally out of the fort gate, and go to the band, for the express purpose of seeing the object of my love! Often would I venture into the garden of the house where she resided, uninvited by the heads of the family, merely to exchange a few words with her. The former, a breach of discipline, by which I placed my commission at stake; the latter, one of etiquette, the thought of which makes me ashamed

of myself. But, — but what? I was a fool, and deserved what I got for my folly. The young lady proceeded up-country, and married in about a fortnight after her arrival at some station, and I got — what? A tin box with a slice of her wedding cake in it! And what did I lose? I lost my company!

I have entered into a detail of this foolish affair not without a blush of shame at the confession of the first false move I had made in my life; but I make the confession candidly, in order that my doing so may point out to my younger readers the danger I incurred in placing my commission in jeopardy, which it most certainly was, because I was guilty of neglect of duty, which might have caused a serious disturbance, if not a mutiny in the ranks of the regiment.

Never, my young friends, delegate to others a duty which you know you ought yourself to perform. What evils does such a system produce! It sets a bad example to those under you; for if you, as an officer, neglect your own duty, they will certainly neglect theirs. You lay yourself open to animadversion, to punishment, and to disgrace; and you bring thereby a slur or black mark upon your character which will follow you through life.

Above all, should you be in command of a company, or any body of men, you give an opening to

all manner of irregularities, the end of which may be attended with most serious and disastrous consequences to yourself. Never allow your men to be paid by any one but yourself. It will never do. You, as commanding the company, should be best able to conduct that important part of an officer's duty, because you keep your men's accounts, and are therefore most competent to explain the nature and causes of stoppages made, and the total each has to receive, as well as to answer any questions they may put on the subject; for men will sometimes ask questions, which they have a right to do where their own interests are concerned, and vou ought to be the person ready to render any explanations, or to do away with and clear up any misunderstandings which may take place arising from misconception.

I attribute all variances in money matters amongst the men entirely to the carelessness of the officers; either orders are not sufficiently explicit, or something has been omitted which ought to have been performed.

All the recent disturbances in our native army, relating to batta, pensions, foreign service allowances, &c. are to be attributed, in my opinion, to the men not comprehending the substance of orders read to them on those points; and I think it will be acknowledged that such disturbances have been traced mainly to the neglect of officers, who have

not performed their duties as they ought to have done.

Misconception has generally been the sole cause of these disturbances, and not that spirit of insubordination which some assert to be so glaring a trait in the army. Those who say so do an injustice to our brave troops, as great as it is undeserved; for I consider that the native soldiery are not disposed in any one way to run counter to their officers, or to show any evil spirit towards the government they serve; and, if the real truth were known, the causes of such acts of insubordination as have occurred from time to time can invariably be attributed not only to the neglect of officers as before observed, but to the translations of such orders as are intended for the information of the men, which instead of being plain and simple in idiom and language, are generally quite the contrary, and consequently unintelligible.\*

Now the cause of my men not taking their pay, and objecting to the deduction on account of the dhobies, was entirely from misunderstanding; had the reason been properly made known to them, there would not probably have been any unwillingness on their part to contribute, notwithstanding the objection already alleged, but as they did not

<sup>\*</sup> I have remarked elsewhere, at the end of this work, on this subject.

comprehend the real cause of an increase of pay for the *dhobies*, and as I had not taken the trouble to explain it to them, they, as a matter of course, did demur and object, and I reaped the consequences of my neglect, and learned a lesson which I shall not forget to my dying day.

An officer should do all the duties of his company himself. He should not adopt that half-and half-system, so glaring an evil in our service generally. It is wrong in the extreme; a breach of trust imposed on us by our superiors, and moreover unsatisfactory to the men, who do not like it. They cannot have any regard for an officer who does not take an interest in their affairs. This species of neglect creates discontent, and, instead of the men looking to their officers as their friends, they regard them with mistrust; and, instead of the latter having true and faithful soldiers in the former, they find them failing in the hour of need, be it on the parade-ground or on the battle-field.

With this remark I shall conclude this chapter, trusting that truth and justice combined will be apparent in what I have said, and that my younger and less experienced readers will permit me once more to warn them, that it is folly and nonsense to neglect their duty, and still worse to fall in love before they know what love is, or to win, or try to win, the affections of a woman before knowing how to appreciate her. I very soon got over the

love part of the business; but the consequences made an impression on my mind which damped my spirits for the time, and gave my character a stamp which has stuck to me ever since. I never neglected my duty again. I do not think it likely I ever shall.

## CHAPTER IX.

Vepery Baits—Habits of the Wealthy Half-Castes—Catching Eligibles—School Ball and Matrimonial Consequences—Repentance—Impropriety of Young Officers being kept at the Presidency—Money-Lenders—Dress—Club-House—Discipline—Death of the old General—Funeral Honours and Melancholy Consequences—The Soldier's Farewell Shot—Ludicrous Incident—Nabob of Madras—His Annual Visit to his Father's Tomb—Retinue and Ceremonies—Heterogeneous Crowd—Mistaking the Nabob's Barber for the Nabob—Ruinous Nature of Madras Dust—Expensive Consequences.

THE first item in this chapter bears a singular and perhaps an incomprehensible denomination; and yet there are such things as "Vepery baits." I will explain to the reader what sort of things they are, and I think he will agree with me that the term is a very apt one.

"Vepery baits!" What in the name of fortune can they be? They are not "white-baits" truly, (for there is little or no white in them,) but they are queer sorts of baits, by nibbling at which young men are very liable to be hooked. And when once

hooked there is no disentangling themselves therefrom.

The inhabitants of Vepery, and its environs, are composed generally of Eurasians, or Indo-Britons, (or to speak more plainly, half-castes); some of them rolling in wealth, and aping all the airs and following all the customs of consequential importance which that wealth can command. They live in excellent houses, furnished in first-rate style, keep up splendid establishments, and do all they possibly can to vie with the European residents in the elegance of their abodes or the brilliancy of their equipages.

These people have never been out of the country. They have been born and brought up at Madras, and are consequently little calculated to associate with the well-bred and educated families from England, who compose the élite of the society. try however all they can to induce European gentlefolks to enter within the precincts of their houses, by holding out to them all manner of allurements to gain their company, and have their names down on their drawing-room tables. Those, however, who are known to associate with these sable-browed individuals are kept at arm's length by respectable people, and never allowed to enter the circles of the select community of the place. Time was when officers of the Madras army used to mix promiscuously with them, but such things never occur now-a-days.

A person of colour is seldom or ever seen amongst the European residents, and, where they are, they are looked upon as dark spots (which they certainly are), casting a gloom over the fairer portion of those amongst whom they move.

In Calcutta they are numerous, and I have heard that the names of many of them are down on the list of government-house visitors. They are there admitted into society, and officers very frequently marry their daughters. The "Koi-Hais" call them by the very queer term of "Chee-Chee." What that means I know not, but with us they go by the designation of "Vepery-Brahmins," and a very apt one too it is.

But to proceed. Many of the children of the Eurasian families (in fact all) are brought up at schools kept by English people, who receive them as pupils at moderate charges; and males as well as females are tolerably educated in all the fine accomplishments requisite for ladies and gentlemen. They are taught English, also. But the way in which they talk, it is quite a different thing. Their language is grammatical, but their pronunciation gives a real Englishman a feeling of disgust. There is something so peculiarly "half-caste" in it, and it carries with it such sounds and modes of expression, so different to what the ear is accustomed in England, that the very hearing these people speak is offensive.

Their education finished, the females return to their parents, who do all they can to catch eligibles for their daughters; while the sons are generally provided for as clerks in the government or mercantile offices, or set up in business. They are thus enabled to gain an honest and respectable independence, without incumbering their relatives. In their own places and sphere the men are as they should be; but the slightest encouragement added to their wealth and self-importance renders them overbearing, and in every way objectionable.

Now officers belonging to regiments stationed in Madras are frequently thrown amongst these darkeyed bewitching syrens, and are very liable to become smitten with their charms. I must say the young women are very pretty, notwithstanding their colour. The consequences of associating with them are almost inevitable. Young, unthinking ensigns and lieutenants easily fall into the trap set for them;—the bait is a sweet one;—they propose, are accepted as a matter of course, and are obliged, nolens volens, to marry.

Such an affair seldom occurs when men are in their sober senses. A dinner or supper takes place, plenty of wine is drunk, and then they are ripe for fun and mischief: coming in contact with some of these creatures, they are carried away by the excitement of the moment, and scarcely aware of what they are doing, they get themselves into an awkward predicament from which in their calmer senses they would willingly extricate themselves, but from which there is no release. The proposition made is accepted; the bait has been nibbled and swallowed, and the unfortunate victim hooked for life.

I have known several instances in which young care-for-nothing lads have been thus entrapped;—men of excellent connexions at home yoking themselves with families far beneath them, and such as they would be ashamed to introduce to their relatives. There is generally plenty of money with these Vepery-baits. A man who is "hard up" makes a good business of it pro tempore: but the cash once expended, which it very soon is, away flies every thing else, verifying the old adage that when poverty comes in at the door, love beats a hasty retreat with outspread wings through the window.

I have scarcely ever heard of any of these matches turning out well. Quite the contrary. The wife is no companion to the husband. There is a wide difference between the two in every respect. They cannot consequently pull together as man and wife should do, and the end of the connexion is oftentimes lamentable and disgraceful. The man who marries a "Vepery-Brahmin" (except he be himself one of that fraternity) is a fool and is to be pitied. I would rather marry an Ourang-outang.

Such things however seldom happen now-a-days; — but formerly officers and civilians marrying among the half-caste families was a matter of common occurrence; and we can now see many a descendant of such connexions in the services distinguishable from the darkness of their skins and peculiar caste of countenance, which cannot be concealed notwithstanding their being born and bred in England.

I remember there was a girl's school close to our mess-house at Vepery. Some of the pupils were very pretty, handsome young women, full of Oriental ardour, and anxious for husbands. In those days the school mistresses used to receive visitors, and many a young subaltern would go and take a "look at the girls," as they would say, and rare were the goings on at that establishment, which I dare say many of my readers can vouch for.

It so happened some years before we went there, that three young fellows, one day after mess, sallied out well primed with wine, vowing to each other that they would each propose to one of the fair demoiselles at this said school. There was a dance in the evening,—that was the very thing;—they went, handed in their cards, and were readily admitted. They entered the ball-room, made their bows to the lady hostess, who gladly welcomed them, and introduced them to the many belles who

crowded the festive throng. A red-coat was as a bright diamond in one of their assemblées, so the rascals had it all their own way; they took their choice from among some two dozen of all sizes and colours, and danced and flirted to their heart's content.

In the course of the evening's entertainment supper was announced, when plenty of champagne was drunk on both sides, male and female, and our heroes were up to anything; the girls, equally excited, received their attentions and compliments most joyously. Pop went the questions, like the corks out of the champagne bottles, out flew the important affirmatives as quick as lightning—Yes! yes! yes!

They were all three accepted, and shortly after returned home to their quarters, as happy as "wine and women" could make them. Next morning, when sobriety returned and whispered in their ears the occurrences of the past night, recollection flashed before them, and told them of what they had done; how it was to be undone they knew not. There was no retreat; regrets and explanations were vain. They were compelled to marry the girls, but how the matches turned out I never heard; well, it is to be hoped, though badly I very much fear.

There is not much likelihood of a young man's being thrown in the way of these families, if he wishes to avoid them; but boys will be boys all over the world, and there is no keeping them out of mischief. They know not what to do with themselves after mess, they must kill time, so sally out for a walk, or, as some would term it, "to have a spree." They go, without knowing where, and contrive some how or other to gain admittance into some of these houses, when they become acquainted with the inmates, and the chances are get caught in the manner I have described. Griffins are very apt to be caught by these sweet but truly dangerous baits; it behoves them therefore to be cautious how they even nibble at them; they are very beguiling things, but defend me from being tacked for life to such a yoke-fellow!

I beg here most humbly to remark, with all due deference to my superiors in authority, that I do not think it does young officers any good to keep them at the Presidency, indeed, quite the contrary. Madras is at all times a very expensive place, one at which subaltern officers, and even captains, find it a very difficult matter with all their care and economy to live upon their means. As I before observed, the common necessaries of life are double in price to what they are up-country. There are besides such temptations in the way, which induce men to purchase things they fancy they require, but which they can ill afford to buy. If

they have not the money to pay for such things (as is often the case with almost nine out of ten) they run into debt, from which they are unable to extricate themselves, thus falling into difficulties which introduce them to the precincts of the jail, the ledger of the Agra bank, or of some moneylender (of whom there are many to be found at every station in India, more particularly at the presidencies), from the clutches of whom there is no escape.

The messes also are very expensive at Madras. There are constant parties given, and the charges are enormously high. Then young men must go out, and to do so they must be properly dressed, which entails an extra expense in uniforms, gloves, &c. &c. to say nothing of conveyance hire, if they do not keep such things themselves. Then again, they get into such idle habits; instead of attending to their duty, they are to be seen gadding about all day in the hot sun, to the detriment of their precious health.

Then there is the famous club-house, one of the most splended establishments in the Eastern world,\* to which they contrive to resort daily, and when there, they must have a "tiffen," they must play at billiards or rackets, they must have their drink, they must have their ices, they cannot do without one thing or another; all this adds to their ex-

<sup>\*</sup> At least it was so.

penses, to say nothing of the dissipation. There are many other objections which I could bring forward, all tending to the same thing, and which will prove, that whatever others may think to the contrary, Madras is not the place for young boys to reside at.

They should, on first arrival, be sent away upcountry away from temptation to some single station, where nothing is done or thought of but duty and everything connected with it. I am a strong advocate for most rigid discipline with young officers; there is nothing like being strict with them from the commencement; they must be "poisoned with politeness," as a veteran cavalry-officer was once heard to say, "and their noses must be brought to the grinding stone." That is the way to treat them, and there is no mistake on the subject.

I am glad to see that those detestable "Cadet's Quarters" are done away with. It is a good riddance of bad rubbish, for the establishment was, according to my notions, a sink of iniquity where, instead of finding a home on first arrival, a poor lad used to enter a kind of hell upon earth, of which the old rascal of a butler was the reigning monarch, those under him doing the duty of so many fiends.

Palaveram is now the place to which all griffs on first landing are sent. They are there located under the orders of the cantonment adjutant (subject to the supervision of the brigadier commanding),\* an officer of some considerable standing in the service, who knows how to take care of them. He is very strict, as I can vouch for, and consequently well calculated to do the duty efficiently. Poor "Johnny Raw" is now sure of being treated as a gentleman, and, if he is cheated or imposed upon by the natives, it is his own fault; for the superintending officer is ever ready to render every assistance in his power by his good advice and presence. He takes one meal a day, I think, with them, presides at their mess, which is kept up in a comfortable and economical style, and the cadets have every requisite about them which their means and circumstances can command. They reside in nice neat bungalows, which they rent at a moderate charge per month, one or two or three residing in each according to size. They are posted to do duty with one of the regiments at Palaveram, and are instructed in their duties regularly. There is no going down to Madras, unless they can show some good reason for doing so; indeed, none are permitted to guit the cantonment without leave from the brigadier.

I write strongly against young officers being kept at Madras; because I have myself experienced the

<sup>\*</sup> Since writing the above, the brigade command and cantonment adjutancy at Palaveram have been done away with; but the young officers are under charge of the public staff officers of that station, appointed expressly for that special duty.

dangers and disadvantages of the station. It is ruination to a lad's pockets, ruination to his principles, and ruination to his health; and I can only conclude the subject by saying that I think their being allowed to remain at the Presidency longer than is absolutely necessary, is a gross injustice to them. There is nothing like up-country and strict

drill discipline, in my opinion.

A few months after our arrival at the presidency, the old general who commanded our division was taken ill and died. His five years on the staff had expired, and he was relieved in his command by another officer. Upon receiving the order of his relief he was heard to say, "My time is now out; I will take my rest; I can't last much longer; I will e'en lay me down and die!" He did not long survive his relief. It seemed as if his whole energy had left him as soon as his time had expired, for he became like a helpless child. I shall never forget this officer's funeral. I must recount the occurrences of that day; that day, fatal to many a poor brave soldier.

Being a general officer, the whole brigade at Madras was turned out to follow the remains to the grave. He was to be buried at St. George's Cathedral, distant about three miles from the fort. The corps forming the funeral party were H. M. — foot (recently arrived from New South Wales, and consequently not accustomed to the heat), and the ——, with which I was doing duty.

The funeral was to take place at half past five o'clock in the evening, and the troops were ordered to be in position, forming a street to the burial ground, by five o'clock. Not being probably aware of the distance, and fearing lest they should be late, the colonel of the European corps paraded his men at about two o'clock, in the barrack-square, inside the fort, when the sun was most intense, and the ground burning like fire. Little did the gallant colonel know of the mischief that was being done by exposing his soldiers to this dreadful heat. Little did he know the consequences.

We marched from our barracks, and came upon our ground in excellent time, but considerably after the other regiment. They had been at the cathedral some hours before us, and the effect which the march up had had upon the men was lamentable. They were all in full dress; the weight of those abominable chacos consequently added to their discomfort. While our officers rode or drove, theirs marched on foot (they knew no better); a great many of the men were obliged to fall out, on account of their inability to proceed; some tumbled down in fits, and when we came up we saw the road side lined with these poor fellows lying in all directions.

I had been out before with the regiment, on several occasions, in the heat of the day, and had learned the comforts of having a servant with me, carrying a little pocket pistol of brandy, and a gogglet of water, with a tumbler, for the purpose of quenching my thirst, should I require it. I happened to be standing with my company close to where two or three of these poor soldiers were lying gasping. The word stand easy being given, officers were allowed to fall out and converse. I therefore called my servant, and immediately mixing some brandy and water, gave each soldier a drink, as far as it would go. They thanked my honour most gratefully, and felt revived. I wished I had brought more. These men, after drinking what I gave them, got up, brushed off the dust from their clothes and joined the ranks, while others were carried back to the fort, and I think I am not wrong in saying that several died from the effects of the exposure.

It was indeed a most distressing sight to behold men falling down and dying, when in the very act of burying the dead! All arose from mismanagement. No one in the newly-arrived regiment was to blame, because they were perfectly ignorant of the intensity of the heat, and the fatal effects of the exposure of the men to it. But surely there must have been some experienced officials in the fort who could have advised in such a case.

The funeral was a very grand and impressive one. The band with muffled drums playing the solemn dead march; the regular tramp of the troops as they moved in silent procession with arms reversed, the coffin with its military appendages, all combined to make a deep impression on the mind of the young officer, at least it did so on me; and I shall never forget the effect, the thrilling effect, which the roll of the three volleys of musketry had upon me; those three last tokens of military pomp and consequence, paid as a requiem to the departed one.

On an occasion of this description, the soldier's farewell shot, as it reverberates in the distance, tends more to fill the mind with serious feelings than any other part of the ceremony; but the business over, and when the troops return to their barracks to the spirit-stirring tune of some favourite quick march, those feelings become speedily dispelled, and the circumstance is soon forgotten, or treated as a matter of every-day occurrence. Such is the soldier's life, and such will it be, until wars shall cease and the profession of a soldier shall be as a thing that had no existence!

I remember a laughable occurrence which took place on our march home on that evening, after the general's funeral. I do not know how to account for it,—perhaps some of my readers can,—but what I am going to relate really did happen. Our band had been playing away some nice tunes in excellent time, when, as is customary, they left off to take breath. The commanding officer (who

used, I believe, to pride himself upon his taste for music), rode up to the head of the column, and desired the band serjeant to play "God save the King." The man stared in astonishment, and asked how it was to be played, considering that they were on the march. "Played? Why,—play it in quich time to be sure,—play it in quich time, of course, sir! How the deuce else will you play it?" roared the musical field-officer. "Play it in quich time." The poor man said it could not be done, and the commanding officer got regularly laughed at; for the idea of the national anthem being performed in quick time, of all other times in the catalogue of music, was truly ridiculous.

The Nabob of the Carnatic? 'Tis a high sounding title, no doubt. There might have been, in former days, some importance of power, wealth and grandeur attached to it, but it is not so now. The individual is but an insignificant individual, glorying in nought but an empty name, and keeping up no dignity whatever, with unsupported rank, and scarcely the semblance of consequence. Every thing about him betokens the smallness of his position as an eastern prince; his very retinue shows a dirty rabble. Thirty or forty ragamuffins, on bony horses, and about one hundred and fifty men on foot, armed with rusty muskets, compose his army. He resides in a palace (as it is called), and spends his substance and time in dissipation and

debauchery. Government give him a pension (one hundredth part of which ought to have been quite sufficient), and an officer is appointed as a sort of resident at his court, and is the channel of communication between his highness and the Governor of Madras.

This said nabob pays annual visits to the tomb of his father (or grand-father, or uncle, I forget which), and on this occasion there is a grand procession, and one of our infantry regiments are sent to form a street and "present arms" to him. highness rides on an elephant, dressed out in tinselled garments, chews "pawn," and looks the picture of a young rake. During his minority, his uncle (a fat, debauched, drunken Moslem) was his guardian, and had it all his own way until government interfered and took the management of his affairs into their own hands, when things went on in a more respectable manner. At the time we were at Madras, the Nabob could not have been more than sixteen, and yet the boy looked as consequential as possible, fancying himself a "defender of the world,"\* or something of the sort.

On one of these annual visits our regiment was in attendance, and we had to march down in the hot sun all the way to the dirty, filthy locality of the palace, called "Triplicane." The crowd was dense, composed of all sorts of blackguards and

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Jhan-punnah," defender of the world.

ruffians from the surrounding buildings, most of them Musselmans, coming to see the ceremony. There were guards of the Nabob's troops stationed at different parts, intended I suppose to keep the peace; I never recollect having seen such disreputable rascals before in all my life. They wear the red coat with royal facings, (quite a disgrace to both,) and they turn out in such a dirty state that I should be ashamed to have them even as sweepers to our barracks.

The Nabob's body-guard is worse I think than his infantry; each horse a "Rosinante," and each rider not a "Quixote" truly,—but what shall I liken him to? No soldier I am certain. The sight of them always reminded me of the description by the French of Henry the Fifth's cavalry previous to the battle of Agincourt.

"Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
Their horsemen sit liked fixe candlesticks
With torch staves in their hands; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping their hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless."

Shakespeare.

Their arms and accourrements rusty and dirty, and their saddlery rotten; the men themselves are the very picture of knavery and every thing that is bad. Arrived at our halting-ground, we formed the street, and stood a good half hour waiting for this said Nabob, officers and men covered with dust and nothing to quench our thirst with except some filthy muddy water brought in leathern bags, the which I would not allow the men to drink,—it would have given them the cholera to a moral certainty. At last, a cry of "Nawaub ātā hai!" (the Nabob is coming), put us on the alert; the corps "shouldered," and all was ready. Presently some of the footmen (I will not call them sepoys, they do not deserve the name), came running by, and then two fellows on horseback, and then a palankeen with somebody in it lying at full length and chewing pawn most strenuously.

"This must be the Nabob,"—thought the major—"Regiment! pre—ee—sent ar—ms!" shouted he.

We presented arms, and the band struck up. Drums rolled and officers saluted, and all looked martial and proper. The man in the palankeen thus saluted was *not* the Nabob, but his barber. What a mistake!

Well, in about half an hour more, another cry startled us, and we stood to our arms again and shouldered. A similar procession passed, but there were more palankeens than one, and a couple of huge lumbering old fashioned coaches, the blinds of which were down. The major was just on the point of shouting out again, when somebody stand-

ing by told him it was the "Lemrana," and he stopped.

We were very tired of this farce, and felt in anything but a good humour,-however at last the Nabob did make his appearance, riding on a large Elephant with tom-toms beating, "colleroy-horns," and other instruments of Oriental music, making a noise fit to break the tympanum of one's ears. And then there was such a crowd, pushing and fighting, such shouting and such crying! Then the Elephants would begin trumpeting, which set all the horses rearing and kicking, while their riders held on like grim death by the pommels of their saddles. I never witnessed such a sight, nor do I ever wish to be on such a disagreeable duty again; once is quite enough to last a man his whole service in India, and that is long enough in all conscience.

After the Nabob had passed, we closed ranks and marched home, not reaching our barracks until late in the evening, tired and disgusted, parched with thirst, suffocated with dust, and as hungry as possible. It is indeed a great pity that regular troops should be employed on such occasions. The Nabob should be made to keep troops of his own to present arms to him whenever he goes to see tombs. Surely our men have enough to do without running on such unpleasant errands. The dust at Madras is dreadful. It is of a reddish

hue; and, when settled on the clothes and skin, it spoils the one and dirties the other. I can speak for myself as regards clothes, for it ruined one full dress coatee; and, when I was posted to my own regiment, I was under the necessity of procuring a fresh one.

The men's things also get completely spoilt, and going on duty, as they have to do once in three days, and sometimes oftener, they are compelled, nolens volens, to keep up extra clothing either at their officer's or at their own expense to enable them to look clean and soldier-like. And yet the authorities find fault whenever these poor fellows chance to be in any way untidy.

It is indeed very hard for our men to get on at Madras with their scanty pay; a regiment coming there is invariably ruined, and that is a fact. Both men and officers suffer from it in purse, which with soldiers is never overburdened with ready money. I think that corps stationed at the Presidency should have double batta, and two extra suits of clothing a year. I do not say this to benefit the officers, but for the men, though I dare say the former will be as glad to get both as well as the latter.

## CHAPTER X.

A strange Circumstance disclosing strange Proceedings—An Arrest—A Woman's Friendship tested—A Disguise—An Escape—Pursuit—Dramatic Capture—Culprit brought back a Prisoner—Confinement in the Guard—Subsequent Events—Sentence of Transportation—Secrets revealed—Government Alertness—General Reform—A Fancy Ball and something funny—Masquerade Jokes—Foppery—Officers prohibited from wearing Combs by Commander-in-Chief—Impurity of Water—Aquatic Amusements.

About the middle of the year 1834, some very extraordinary facts became disclosed, to the astonishment of the government and the public; reports upon which nobody could possibly have placed any credence, had there not been undoubted proofs to support them.

What I allude to must be in the recollection of the greater part of the military world at Madras; but as it so happened that I was in some slight degree brought into contact with the party principally concerned, and as the whole transaction made a deep impression on my youthful mind, I think I cannot do better than narrate it here, not only for the sake of showing what things some men will do where money and self-interest are concerned, but to point out to the inexperienced the impropriety of those in trustworthy situations allowing themselves to be carried away by a too great confidence in their own security, and an undue reliance upon the probity of those under them.

Captain D- was a man well known throughout our Presidency; a general favourite in the circles of society; much given to hospitality; kindhearted and benevolent; and looked upon by all the military authorities as a smart officer, and one well calculated to hold his responsible situation. He was in charge of the ordnance department at Bangalore, a large station in the Mysore country, where there was a considerable force kept up, consisting of artillery, cavalry and infantry. His appointment being a permanent one, he built himself a beautiful house, and was supposed to have expended much money in erecting and furnishing The grounds were nicely laid out, and the whole considered one of the handsomest and most tasteful at the station. So far so good.

In the course of time (which developes many a hidden secret) people began to wonder where all the money came from to enable the gallant captain to build, to embellish, to decorate, and how he could contrive to live in the way he did! He was a married man, too; but whether he had any

family or not I cannot tell. However, that signifies nothing at present.

Various reports began to fly about, and suspicion was excited in the minds of those in office. Inquiries were then set on foot, and it was at last ascertained, upon proof indubitable, that the commissary had been guilty of embezzling government property, both in money and in stores! Public servants had been employed, and public property expended in building houses; and other irregularities discovered which it is quite impossible for me to particularize, but which, however, were fully sufficient to warrant summary proceedings being instituted, for the purposes of investigation; and, in order that the guilt or innocence of the individual suspected might be proved before a military tribunal, he was placed "in arrest," pending the assembly of a court-martial for his trial.

Be it here remembered, for the information of those not conversant with military phraseology, that an officer in arrest, whatever his rank may be, is confined to his own house or quarters, beyond the limits of which he is strictly prohibited from going, under a penalty of breach of the articles of war. He is unable, consequently, to quit his dwelling and see his friends, except by their coming to visit him. Under some circumstances, an officer is placed under what is termed "a close arrest;" in such a case there is sometimes a guard

over him, and people are prohibited from coming near him except by permission of superior authority, and then even the visits must be in the presence of the person in command of the guard, or, if of a private nature, terminated as soon as possible.

In the instance before us, it would appear that Captain D— was not in "close arrest," for he was visited by several of his friends, amongst whom was a widow lady, with whom he was on terms of great friendship and intimacy. This lady was staunch and sincere in her regard for her unfortunate friend, and declared herself ready to do anything for him in the dilemma, from which he knew not how to extricate himself.

Necessity, however, compelled him to run a desperate hazard to avoid, if possible, the disgrace attending a formal trial and its terrible consequences (for he knew he was guilty, and there was no chance for him), rather than undergo which, he came to the resolution of avoiding the one by flying the other.

After serious deliberations held with his lady-friend, the pros and cons duly considered and weighed, it was finally arranged betwixt the two that he was to fly to Pondicherry, and there embark on board of a French vessel then known to be loading for the Isle of France. He was in a most awkward predicament with no other alternative;

but how the escape was to be effected was a difficult matter, which his ingenuity could not contrive.

Woman's invention and ready wit, however, came to his assistance. The lady undertook to "lay a dawk" (which means to have relays of palankeen-bearers posted to carry on passengers without delay) from Bangalore to Pondicherry, as if for herself, and arranged that her friend was to quit the station in female attire! But where was the attire to come from? And how was he to guit his house unobserved? Very easily, thought the lady. She arranged to come to his house with a dress of her own, and all the other et ceteras of a female's toilet. He was to have a suit of his clothes ready for her to put on, and they were to change places. He was to leave the house at the last moment, jump into the palkee and start at once, while she was to be walking in the garden as the prisoner! Capital!

On the evening appointed for the carrying into effect this extraordinary arrangement, the lady came over to her friend's house with a bundle of her clothes in her hands. The change of attire was speedily accomplished, and, favoured by the darkness of the night, the gallant fugitive bade his fair coadjutor a fond and affectionate adieu, and, quitting the house, through the garden, hastened to that of the widow, where he found the palankeen all ready for him.

He took possession and started forthwith, the bearers not knowing who or what he was; probably they were bribed; however, he reached the French port in two or three days, where (having previously resumed the dress of his own sex on the road) he went to the house of an acquaintance, and shortly after embarked in the vessel which was destined to convey him far away on his flight from the land and scenes of his anticipated disgrace, thinking, poor fellow, that he had given his enemies the slip, and that now he was free from all chances of detection.

It must be here mentioned, that, previously to quitting Pondicherry, he had assumed the name of D—s, and had embarked under that cognomen.

"Now I am safe," thought he, no doubt, as the vessel, getting under weigh, sailed from the coast. "Now I am safe! I wonder if I shall be caught! Ah no! No chance of it! Surely they will not find out whither I am gone! My changed name, too! I do not think my dear kind friend will betray me!"

But he was most wofully in error. He never made such a mistake in his life (except, by the way, when he used government timber and other things in building his own house, and thought he could not possibly be found out; that was a mistake indeed,) the authorities at Bangalore discovered the business very soon,—sooner than either he or his widow-friend imagined, or expected.

Despatches were forwarded to army head-quarters reporting the escape, and all the circumstances connected with it, which had in the meanwhile become developed through the medium of the servants of either house, (natives are the veriest talebearers and scandal-mongers in the world,) so that it was no difficult matter to ascertain everything from them.

The assumed name of the runaway was likewise found out, through the channel of the portmarine authorities at Pondicherry in the list of passengers, as also the description and destination of the vessel in which he had embarked, together with the number of days she had been gone, &c. &c.

The captain of a man-of-war lying at the time in the roads at Madras, (or coming in soon after the discovery,) was made acquainted with every particular, and he was dispatched forthwith in pursuit, with strict orders to take the prisoner, and deliver him over to the authorities at Port Louis as a deserter. With that smartness and celerity in movement so peculiar to our gallant navy, the man-of-war was off at once, and, cracking on sail night and day, contrived to enter Port Louis harbour a very short time after the French merchantman with the fugitive on board had anchored.

I beg to observe that what I have stated and am about to state regarding the flight and capture of the prisoner, is exactly as it was related to me; and, if there exists anything incorrect in the *minutiæ*, the main facts are unimpeachable.

Now comes the seizure of the run-away captain. Silly fellow! Little did he think when he saw a ship anchoring in the harbour, that she was a manof-war sent from Madras after him. No wonder that he did not take her for a frigate, for she came into Port Louis in a sort of disguise; brought-to in a slovenly manner peculiar to merchant vessels; furled sails with a few hands, and left her yards not squared, &c. &c.

The captain of the frigate, in the meantime, kept a strict eye upon the Frenchman. He ordered his boat to be lowered and the crew in her to be ready to start at a moment's warning. He presently saw the suspected vessel lower her boat, and observed a respectable military-looking personage, with a black hat on, go down the side into her, and seat himself in the stern sheets.

"I have him," thought the captain, "that's he no doubt. Is my gig ready?" inquired he, turning to the first lieutenant.

"Yes, sir,—all ready," replied the first lieutenant.

The captain went into his gig, and told the men to "give way." Off she went in regular style;—

the coxswain kept his eye upon "the chase," and watched her well. The two boats arrived at the landing place at the same time. Those in them got out. Mr. D——s by himself, and the captain (in mufti or plain clothes, I believe,) by himself. A few man-of-war's men followed their officer a little behind by previous arrangement; they were to come up when required.

"All right," thought poor D—s, "I am now safe on shore, away from that abominable place Madras, and every thing connected with it."

"I have him now," thought the captain, "I'll

go up to him at once."

So he went up to D—s, and addressed him:—
"Ah D—s! how do you do? I have not seen you for an age! Why! You have just landed from that Frenchman, and I from my craft yonder, which you no doubt saw come to an anchor. Queer that we should have met so, is it not? Where do you come from now? I think your vessel looks as if she were last from Pondicherry. Is it so?"

"Really," replied D—s, "I cannot call to mind where I could have had the pleasure of see-

ing you. What may your name be, sir?"

"The last time," said the captain, "that you had the pleasure to meet me was I think at Madras; and that was some time ago; my name, sir, is —— captain of his Majesty's ship ——, and

your name is—what? D— if I am not much mistaken—and not D—s."

The poor man started, and turned pale.

"You are my prisoner," said the captain; "I arrest you in the king's name as a deserter; here is my warrant. Any attempt to escape is useless;" saying which he gave a sign to his men, who came up and seized him.

Thus was poor D—— taken. He was conveyed to the town, and placed in close confinement under a guard, and in due course of time brought back in charge of a subaltern's party to Madras.

I was on main-guard one day, and happened to be seated in my room writing, when I heard a tap at the door. It was the sentry, who informed me that two officers in uniform were outside wishing to speak to me. I immediately buttoned up the collar of my coat, and went out to see who my visitors were.

They proved to be the Town Major and Fort Adjutant. The former informed me of the arrival in the roads of the deserter, Mr. D——, (they did not call him captain,) and that he was to be confined in the guard. They had come, therefore, to make arrangements for his reception and safe custody, and asked me what addition I would require to my guard? We walked over the whole building and on the roofs of the adjoining houses, to ascertain the chances that there might be in favour of

an escape. I replied that a serjeant's party, furnishing two sentries, would be quite sufficient; and, as for the rest, I hoped that they would have no occasion to find fault with my arrangements.

The reinforcement to the guard was sent and located in one of the rooms, while another was appropriated for the use of the prisoner, who was shortly after landed and marched up under the escort which had brought him from the Isle of France. What a degradation! What a fall! When last in Madras, he was considered an officer and a gentleman; now, he was a prisoner, marched up from the beach into the fort as a deserter. My heart bled for him.

Arrived at the guard, the Town Major received the prisoner from the officer who had brought him, and handed him over to me. I showed him his room, and at the same time placed two sentries, one at the front and the other at the back of his apartment, with the necessary orders relative to their posts. I then told the prisoner that I should be happy to do anything for him consistent with my situation as commanding the guard. I never saw a man take things so coolly as he did. As soon as he entered his room, he took off his clothes, and made himself comfortable in his sleeping drawers. He lighted a cigar, and seemed to enjoy the comfort to his heart's content.

As he had escaped once, there was reason to fear

that he would escape again, or that he would try to do so, at all events; we were therefore obliged to be very strict with our sentries. I inspected and made every relief myself, saw that the men were sober, and each time peeped into the room to ascertain that my friend was there; so, as far as care was concerned, there was no lack of it, and it would have been a very wonderful thing if he had got away after all.

Several of his friends came to visit him, but it must have been to him a painful ordeal to be seen by any of them under such humiliating circumstances. None were however admitted without sanction from the garrison commandant and the

officer on guard.

It so happened that the widow lady who had assisted him to escape in the outset was down at the Presidency when D—— was brought back a prisoner. The shock which the intelligence of his capture had upon her can be better imagined than described. The transaction had gained for her a celebrity at Madras, which caused her to be looked upon as an object of interest and dread, as well as of astonishment, to say nothing of the talk that there was throughout the whole place of her conduct. However, be that as it may, we will not discuss its propriety, or impropriety, she thought she was perfectly justified in aiding a friend in distress; and, as far as that was concerned, her

motives were worthy of admiration, and her plans The man really stood a good chance of success. of getting away, aided as he was by the connivance and enterprize of a woman, who possessed energy and determination in the hour of need, and who proved herself a friend at a moment when her

friendship was most severely tested.

The officials at Madras determined that this lady should not again be brought into contact with the prisoner; strict orders were therefore issued, and, if I am not mistaken, re-iterated, not by any means to allow her to enter the guard, or to see him. remember meeting this lady one night at a party; she intimated to me a wish to see D-, and even hinted at this being feasible the next time I was on guard. I told her that the attempt would be useless with me, and she had better therefore not make it. She acted up to my suggestion like a wise woman.

The prisoner was subsequently removed to Bangalore, there to take his trial. A court-martial being duly assembled, he was arraigned before it upon several charges, all which were clearly proved against him, and he was sentenced to be transported as a felon, I think it was for fourteen years. but am not quite sure. The sentence was confirmed, and in course of time he was placed on board of a ship with other felons as a convict, dressed and treated as such, and finally taken to the penal settlements in New South Wales. However, his sentence was, I believe, commuted, and he contrived, through strong interest, to get off altogether.

In the course of the investigation at the court-martial, many a hidden secret was revealed, which put our sleepy officials on the alert; many an abuse was brought to light, which made people stare; many an act of rascality, embezzlement, swindling and thieving disclosed, which caused honest men's hair to stand an end! D——'s business opened the eyes of many a man slumbering under the baneful covering of self-security; and government became so watchful, that the slightest underhand work was soon discovered.

A general reform took place in all the offices. Men who had hitherto performed little or nothing, and had neglected their duty and left it to those under them, now worked hard and attended to what they were about. Staff-officers, who before did nought but scribble their names, write letters, eat sandwiches, and drink soda-water in their offices, now turned over a new leaf, and did their work properly. An occurrence of this description does much good. It corrects abuses, by making him who sleeps over his work watchful; by putting a stop to all manner of rascality; by punishing such as are guilty with the greatest severity, and by removing from responsible situations such men as are not deserving of their posts.

This business, if I am not much mistaken, frightened some. I may be wrong, but I think one or two Jacks-in-Office trembled, and were dreadfully alarmed. I remember one individual, high in position, was taken suddenly ill, and obliged to quit the country for the Cape on medical certificate. It was said that fright scared him away. This I can say, that whatever others thought or may still think of D——'s whole business, I look upon it as a disgraceful and a glaring shame, that all his embezzlements and cheating should have been going on for so long a period unchecked or undiscovered.

There must have been gross want of attention, somewhere. The idea is perfectly preposterous, that such things should have occurred unnoticed as large beams of timber being taken out of the public yard at Bangalore, and appropriated to the building of a private house! I never heard of such gross neglect! The beams had government-marks upon them. How was not this found out! All mismanagement! All neglect of duty! Had the higher officials been on the alert, the subordinate ones would not have been napping; and, had a proper scrutiny and careful examination of the monthly records, receipts, disbursements and expenditures been made, it is more than probable something would have been found out to have led to an investigation. Any deficiencies, or discrepancies would have been traced to their cause, and the detected irregularities put a stop to in a summary manner.

How D—'s proceedings first came to light I know not (that he went too far there is not a doubt), but their having coming to light so long after their bonâ-fide occurrence, is a proof that a proper system of supervision was not kept up to prevent the possibility of their occurring at all. I cannot conceive what the people at Bangalore could have been about, not to have seen through the man sooner. He contrived, by his well-known hospitality and pretended benevolence, to throw a cloak over his underhand transactions, and thus to gull his neighbours into the belief of his being an honest man.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," is an old saying rather à propos in the present instance; for D—'s thieving (justly so called) was discovered, I am told, by one of his own stamp; a man who was employed as one of the principal native assistants in his establishment, and who turned out eventually to be as great a thief as himself. So, between the two there must have been a precious average of roguery; we will therefore conclude the subject by quoting the observation so commonly used, viz. that there must have been "six of one, and half a dozen of the other."

A grand fancy ball took place while I was at Madras, the first of the sort I had ever witnessed

in India. The usual dresses on such occasions made their appearance, some of them well selected, and others quite the contrary. There was a pretty sprinkling of beauty in the room, much better than I had expected to see; some of the women were certainly very fine, though their dresses were so badly made that they did not look to any great advantage.

The supper was an elegant one, the champaign in abundance; indeed there never is a lack of the good things of life at an Indian fête, and everything is of the best. The whole is done in style, and no expense spared. We had dancing to a late hour, and such flirtations! A fancy disguise is a capital cloak for such proceedings, as is a well known fact, from the days of "good king Hal," (who carried on a fierce affair with Catherine Seyton at a masqued ball,) down to the present times; and, besides, India is a famous place for that kind of work. Can anybody, who has been out there, say anything to the contrary?

But this said fancy-ball puts me in mind of one which occurred some few years previously to my arrival in India. I will just, by way of anecdote, mention it here, for there was a strange joke played off on the occasion, which created (and justly so, too) a very great sensation amongst those upon whom it was practised. But, joking apart, those practical ones are dangerous things to amuse oneself

withal; for there is no knowing how they will end; but to my story.

One of the party, a gay careless young fellow, appeared in the ball-room as a vender of sweet-cakes and macaroons, which he cried up and down, recommending them strongly to the fair ladies who lounged on the sofas and ottomans in every direction. He declared that he did not want money for his goods; all he required was a smile of approval from those who took them. The macaroons and cakes were sold, and partaken of by almost every individual in the room, from the governor and his lady, down to the "captain's wife" and the "subaltern's thing."

Presently one lady complained of sickness, then another, and another, and another. At last, they were all sick, rushing desperately to the doors and windows, followed by the gentlemen equally affected.

The macaroon-seller had vanished. No one knew whither he had gone. He was not to be found anywhere. The cake, &c. which he had imposed upon the guests had been highly medicated with "emetic," and hence the cause of the sickness. He had retreated, changed his costume, and re-appeared in another, joining the unfortunate ones as if he were sick, also.

This untoward circumstance caused the ball to be broken up, and the festive scene was converted into one of groaning and disgust. I believe the person who had played the trick was not discovered for some time, and had a narrow escape, the joke being too serious to be taken at all kindly by any one individual. People do not like taking physic when they do not require it; such things are at all times objectionable, but to have them stuffed down their throats when they go out to enjoy themselves, is indeed too much of a good thing—or rather I should say—too much of a bad thing for anybody to relish; so dire vengeance was vowed upon the head of the offender, though how it ended I never heard.

I knew of another trick played off at one of these fancy-balls. A person came in dressed as a postman with a letter-bag, and amused himself by delivering sealed letters to certain ladies in the room, signed anonymously and written in objectionable language, but I do not exactly know the circumstances connected with the trick; suffice it to say it was not a very correct thing to do, and I heard that the individual was in a very awkward predicament in consequence, from which he with much difficulty extricated himself.

There was a time when some officers in India were given to much foppery and puppyism. But such time, I am glad to say, is gone by. We never now-a-days find gentlemen converting themselves into Bond Street hair-dressers, and such like characters.

I remember hearing of people being so dreadfully eaten up with vanity and self-conceit, as to wear combs in their hair. Soldiers and officers, in red-coats and with swords by their sides, going about with combs in their hair! Did the reader ever? No never!

But such was actually the case. There was one officer in particular in the days of Sir G-W- who always wore combs. His hair was long and thin, without the semblance of a curl, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could keep it in some sort of shape or tidiness, so he took to combs and curl-papers to improve both the rat's-tails and his appearance. With such appendages (combs, I mean,) attached to his head, he one evening attended a grand ball given by the governor, or commander-in-chief, (I forget which) and danced away seemingly enjoying himself to his own satisfaction, and little dreaming of the ridiculous figure he was cutting, or of the exposé he was about to make of himself. In the course of the dance one of the combs fell, unobserved by him, to the ground, and was picked up by the gallant host, who knew the young man's peculiarity, and thought the present a capital opportunity of lowering his vanity, such as it was.

After the dance was over and the couples were promenading the room, he placed himself in the middle, and, holding up the truant comb, that had so naughtily jumped from its affixed place, he cried out loud enough to attract the attention of every person present—

"Has anybody lost a comb? I have just found one."

The owner of the article (who by the way was not very clear sighted) immediately put his hand to his head, and, finding one of his combs missing, took his glass, and, placing it to his eye, stalked up to where the crier was standing (calling for the owner of the said comb). He looked at it, and, with the greatest nonchalance possible, said:—

"Your excellency, the comb is mine."

His excellency handed it to him, with an "Oh! It is—is it? I hope it is not broken."

The owner took the comb, and, with an air of the most consummate dandyism, replaced it in his hair, and walked away.

The consequence of this was a general order by his Excellency the Commander-in-chief, dated Head Quarters, Choultry Plain, &c. &c. prohibiting officers from wearing combs, or such like things in their hair.

We often hear of men wearing stays, padding their clothes or the calves of their legs, dyeing their hair, or sticking false whiskers or moustaches on their faces, all with the plausible view, doubtless, of improving their personal appearance; but the idea of a man, and he a soldier, too, of all people in the world, using combs,—'tis preposterous!

Those who have been at Madras know that there is a great deal of water about it. I cannot designate the water "river" (although so called), because I do not think it deserving of the title, and because what I have seen appears to me to be more of a stagnant nature than flowing. During certain parts of the year, when the monsoons prevail, the violence of the surf opens the bar, which admits a fresh supply of water, but otherwise there is no change; and what was once clean and wholesome becomes, in the hot, dry weather, a series of dirty ditches, from whence arise unhealthy vapours, engendering thereby all sorts of diseases, which the authorities at the place attribute to the climate, without making any attempts to improve or to remove the sole cause.

Towards the Black Town the stench is dreadful! and it is in this direction that the *shrimps*, already alluded to, are caught in such quantities. But close to the sea the water is generally clear and deep, being kept so on purpose, in consequence of its being contiguous to the fort. On this river, and close to the Government House Bridge, some of us griffins used to keep boats. They were a source of great amusement to us of an evening, after the grilling heat of the day.

A row or a sail on the water, with the fresh sea

breeze cooling our fevered faces, was indeed delightful, and far preferable to the dull, stupid every-day ride on the beach, where we saw the same carriages, the same pale faces, the same ugly old-fashioned straw bonnets, and the same faded dresses, talked the same scandal, and witnessed the same flirtations. I say a row, or a sail, was far preferable; we could enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content, take plenty of exercise, and get our languid appetites sharpened for our dinners.

I must, however, add, that this boating gave an incentive to irregularities which did us no good whatsoever. We used to carry with us a supply of cigars and other concomitants, which we demolished like a parcel of griffs. The consequences were, that what benefit we derived from the air and exercise became null and void by the evils of smoking and drinking. What a difficult matter it is for young men to undertake anything for the good of their health, without doing something to counteract the beneficial effects of their endeavours; but so it is with them all, from the best of them even to the worst!

After our smoking and drinking, we would return home, dress and go to mess; there we had the eating, and the wine, and the beer; and there, of course, after dinner, was the smoking, &c. again. Really such proceedings every day were too bad,

and ought to have been checked; but who was there to check them?

Glad indeed was I when the time came for quitting Madras. I was heartily sick of the life I led; it was ruination to health as well as to the pocket. I repeat, it is a shame and an injustice to keep young men at the Presidency; the doing so entails considerable harm; and who is there that can say that it does them any good? I rejoice to see that such is seldom or never the case at the present day. That establishment at Palaveram is a capital arrangement, and, if the people there are worth their salt, they will never allow a single griffin to show his nose at Madras; after he has once left it, he has no business there at all.

## CHAPTER XI.

Posting of Officers to their Regiments—Delay and its Consequences—Disadvantages of Griffins travelling alone—Exhausted Finances—Raising the Wind—A Farewell to old Friends—Embarkation—Abominations of the Vessel—Fellow Passengers—New Sights and strange Faces—Courage and good Resolutions—Glimpses of Ceylon—Beauty of Coast Scenery—Unhealthy Station of Quilon—Allepir—The Doctor's Visit—Anecdote—Twelve days at Cochin—Colony of Jews—Diseases of the Country—The Griffin and the Breadfruit—Arrival and Landing at Mangalore.

At last the order was out posting us to our respective regiments, and long enough had we had to wait for it, too. We had been doing duty with the —th for a year and a half, and it appeared to us quite unaccountable how we could have been kept such a time without being sent to our proper corps, particularly when there were three or four vacancies in every one throughout the whole army. But griffins, when they are in a hurry, think of a great many things in a way they have no business to do, and frequently fancy themselves very harshly used when everybody is doing all he can to

forward their best interests. There was a very good reason for the delay in our posting, which I will now explain.

Promotion had been very slow in the service for a length of time, and there were many ensigns in the line of ten or twelve years' standing without the slighest prospect of their attaining the next grade; men who had been long sighing for promotion, and whose spirits and zeal were becoming lukewarm from disappointment. To these unfortunate subs the government had very considerately written, giving them the option of quitting the regiments to which they had belonged, and in which they had been so unfortunate, and of going into others, where they would stand a better chance of obtaining their lieutenancies. The time taken up in the correspondence which resulted from such an arrangement, together with that expended by officers selecting the new corps into which they would prefer exchanging, caused a considerable delay, and two postings actually appeared in general orders before we could confidently calculate to which regiment we were really going.

I was on the point of making up the uniforms for a light infantry regiment, to which my name was fixed, when I fortunately found, on a visit at the adjutant-general's office, that I should probably be removed to another. I was recommended

to wait a day or two. I did so, and saw myself transferred, as anticipated. We were, therefore, in no very comfortable state of uncertainty, not knowing when we should be able to start, having perhaps a march of seven hundred miles up country before us, with all kinds of drawbacks (want of money particularly) staring us in the face.

A few days, however, elapsed before we were finally disposed of, and I at length found my name down as third ensign to the —th, then stationed at Mangalore, on the western coast of our Presidency, whither I determined upon going without delay, making up my mind to start at once by sea, so as to save all the trouble and extra expenses of a long and dreary march by myself, I being the only one bound for that coast.

Be it here observed, that when a number of young officers are sent up country to join their regiments, they are generally placed under the charge of some old and experienced hand to take care of the dear boys, lest harm should befall them on the way. This is done, I mean, when many of them are going in the same direction, some being dropped en route, as the detachment passes through the several stations at which any of the young officers' regiments are located, the remainder moving on to their respective destinations.

Those proceeding singly have no such good for-

tune; they are obliged to shift as well as they can, and many is the poor ignorant griffin who has been thus left to himself to make his first march alone through a country devoid of all the comforts and conveniences necessary for travellers, without the slightest chances of assistance or advice in case of any unforeseen misfortunes or sickness; exposed to the rascality and knavery of native servants and village miscreants, who make it a point hand in hand to rob and plunder him in every way their villany can devise. Pity it is indeed that such things are, and yet they do exist apparently without any remedy. I was one of those thus situated, though I had fortunately the favourable opportunity afforded me of travelling by water, while others had no such good luck.

Having drawn pay and garrison allowances beyond the regulated time allowed to ensigns on first marching to a field-establishment, (or passagemoney, if proceeding to join by sea,) I was, of course, obliged to start on my own resources, which, considering I had been residing at Madras for a year, were, the reader may be sure, very scanty. What to do, therefore, I knew not, so I parted with my guns and horse "to raise the wind," as the saying is, wherewithal to defray my passage-money, and set myself up with a regular kit for commencing life and keeping house.

I had determined, on arrival, to live alone until

I had become acquainted with my brother officers, and with that view took all sorts of things with me, things indeed with which I had no business at all. Even ensigns are sad blockheads, and encumber themselves with a vast deal of superfluous baggage, which folly they soon have good reason to be heartily sorry for. As I happened to be going round by sea, I thought I might as well take what I wanted, hoping that when the evil hour for marching did come, I should be able to dispose of such articles as I did not require to some advantage. I had good reason to repent of this, as the sequel will show.

Thus were we suddenly thrown upon our "beamends" (to use a nautical phrase), without a farthing in our pockets, save what we could scrape together from the sale of our effects, and that at an enormous sacrifice. My beautiful guns went for twenty pounds each, whereas they cost treble that amount; and I sold my horse at one of those abominable auctions for a trifle. There were others worse off than I was, and how they got on I know not. All this originated from a residence at Madras, and our consequent expensive mode of living. Oh, it is indeed a bad thing keeping griffins at the Presidency!

By the kind assistance of friends in a house of agency, I procured a reasonable passage in a country vessel going to Bombay, and with my servants and baggage embarked one fine evening on the 15th January, 1835, quite delighted to get away from that detestable place, and earnestly hoping it might be many a year before I set foot there again.

The ship in which I had thus ventured my precious body and everything I possessed in this world, was a tolerably good one for a country craft. She had all those delights peculiar to vessels frequenting a tropical climate, such as cockroaches, scorpions and rats; and what surprised me most was to find out that she had as passengers a host of white ants, insects well known as destructive on shore, sufficiently so to render them objects of dread to everyone by whom they are visited; but what must they be on board of ship! Fortunately they did me no damage, though they might have sunk I always understood that white ants never touched teak-wood: this vessel was built of teakan exception to the general rule, I suppose. let us proceed.

The captain was an old friend, whom I had known many years ago as a boy; I was glad to meet with him, as he was very civil and attentive to me for old acquaintance sake. We had as passengers an old colonel and his lady going to Quilon to join a regiment stationed there. He a queer body, a good specimen of one of the ancient school of Madras officers, and she a delicate creature, evidently in bad health, never scarcely leaving her cabin.

We had also sundry natives, merchants, to whom the vessel belonged; they were bound to Bombay to dispose of her there, having but recently got her out of a difficult law-suit, in which she had been involved for a number of years.

My cabin was a very small one, almost as small as myself, just sufficiently capacious to admit of my three bullock-trunks and a portmanteau, placed abreast, on the top of which I spread my bedding; and there I was as snug and as happy as possible, with the prospect of a month's passage before me, touching at and visiting the different places as we sailed along the coast, and of enjoying all the pleasures of seeing new sights and strange faces. The life I had led at Madras had done me no good, and I was in hopes that the change of climate and sea air would benefit me; my fellow passengers were very agreeable people, and I had nothing to make me unhappy, or uncomfortable.

We had delightful weather, sailing round the lovely island of Ceylon, being becalmed close off "Point de Galle" for almost a whole day, and we spent a very pleasant time of it. Boats came off in great numbers laden with fresh fruit and vegetables, as also all the curiosities and nick-knackeries of the island, of which many were purchased by all hands. I dropped a letter to an uncle residing at Colombo, mentioning my being on the coast, and begging of

him, if possible, to come down and see me. This however could not be, as there would not have been sufficient time for his catching us, as a breeze sprang up in the course of the evening, and we were away before dark.

Those who have sailed along the southernmost part of the western coast will agree with me that the scenery is very picturesque. At the time of the year when I passed that way everything was beautiful. The white sandy beach, with the tall graceful cocoa-nut trees crowding it in luxuriant verdure; the huts of the natives here and there. with sometimes houses in the European style in different places; the high hills and mountains in the back ground covered with thick forests; the light green colour of the water and boats out fishing; -there was something extremely beautiful in all this, and I would sit on the poop of the ship all day pencil in hand amusing myself in taking sketches of those parts which I thought most suitable, though there was not much choice; for, where the scenery is all good, it is a difficult matter to make a selection.

Passing Cape Comorin with a fine breeze, we came upon Anjengo, where we anchored for the evening. The people of the place put off from the shore, bringing curiosities innumerable for sale; the most tempting were dolls or images, made of a composition very much like pitch, representing

all the castes and trades of the natives of that coast, and so well executed, that the very articles of attire and ornament were minutely put on. The features and colour also were beautifully marked. They are well worth purchasing, and very cheap. I took a whole set for a mere song, and sent them to England, where they were much admired and prized. I think they are the best of the sort I ever saw.

The next place we touched at was Quilon, formerly a considerable military station, where a European regiment and other troops used to be located, but since reduced, in consequence of the climate not agreeing with the English soldiery. A skeleton of a native regiment now occupies the place, which is in a sad state of ruin and decay. Those beautiful barracks, which must have cost government a mint of money, are now untenanted save by owls, bats and spiders, and the whole cantonment is fast going, following the many others all over the country which have been evacuated from similar causes. Quilon is a lovely spot, however, and is a favourite station throughout the army; healthy enough for native troops, and moreover cheap in the common necessaries of life, which is a great consideration, whatever other drawbacks there may be.

Hospitality is a bright trait in the character of the English in India. I say not this by way of boasting. We are glad to see our fellow countrymen; delighted to receive any of them under our roof, be they our superiors, our equals, or our inferiors, from the general officer down to poor Paddy Malony, the private soldier, all the way from ould Ireland. A traveller always finds a door ready open to receive him at whatever station he arrives; and, if he is not comfortable and happy, it is his own fault. His host always sports his best food and his best beverage, his best room and his best attention for his guest, and if there is a hostess she always exerts her power of domestic management to do everything to give a comer a kind and warm welcome.

There is nothing like Indian hospitality, and I defy any one to deny the fact, that where they may meet with objectionable characters or cold behaviour, those are, as it were, thrown into the shadow by that predominating characteristic so peculiar to the English in India, viz. that they are verily "given to hospitality;" and, whatever may be their other faults or failings, hospitality, like charity, will cover a multitude of such sins.

From Quilon we came to Alleppie, a place belonging to the Rajah of Travancore. It is a tolerable town, containing several respectable English houses and a church. The inhabitants are Nairs and Mopley merchants, as well as natives from the interior. There is much business done here in

pepper, sandal-wood and spices, the produce of the country, and which yield the Rajah a tolerable revenue.

The town is situated close to the beach, and is surrounded on all sides with thick groves of cocoanut trees, giving it a pretty appearance from the sea. Alleppie was the scene of some serious disturbances amongst the natives, and, if I am not mistaken, one of our civilians was most barbarously murdered by them. Those Mopleys are a trouble-some set indeed.

Previously to coming into Alleppie, one of the mates of our vessel happened to be taken ill with an attack of fever, and, not having any medical assistance on board, our captain determined on arrival to send on shore for a doctor, of whose abilities he spoke in high terms, praising him up to the skies, as being one of the cleverest of his profession. In a short while after coming to an anchor, a boat pulled alongside, having a very respectable looking personage in a broad-brimmed straw hat, seated in the stern sheets.

This individual came up the ladder and shook the captain warmly by the hands, the latter introducing him to me as Doctor—, to whom I took off my hat, not only out of respect to his doctorship, but his appearance, for he was a very gentlemanly-looking old man. He visited his patient in the stern cabin, and after having bled him (as I

thought in a very clumsy manner, his hand shaking like an aspen leaf) and written a prescription, came back into the cuddy, where he partook of some bread and cheese and a glass of beer, by way of refreshment after his exertions.

I offered the old fellow a cigar, which he enjoyed on the poop, expatiating on the good qualities of the same so highly, that I was induced to show forth my generosity by putting two or three bundles into his hat. In about an hour, he declared his intentions to return to the shore, and very politely invited the captain and myself to accompany him. This we did, and went to a very nice little cottage, his residence, where we were received by a very old lady, dressed not altogether in the European style, to whom I was introduced. She was his wife's mother.

"If this is the mother," thought I, "what must the wife be?" She also shortly after made her appearance and bustled about to make us some tea, talking Portuguese and scolding a domestic most vociferously. Both mother and wife were of a darkish colour, and, as I afterwards found out, natives of Goa. I began to suspect that the captain must have made some mistake in the rank of our venerable host (as the sequel proved to me), and that although a medico, he was not after all a doctor in the service. However, the man was

so very respectable and so polite, that I was still inclined to think him one, and consequently did not trouble my head any more about the matter.

We had a great deal of fun on shore at Alleppie that night. The captain took me to the house of the chief mate, a Portuguese, and there I saw a whole family of dark creatures, with whom I danced and flirted until it was late, and we did not get on board until long past midnight. The country-born Portuguese are a very respectable people, much more so than those Vepery brahmins, mentioned in a preceding chapter.

I found out some days after, that the doctor was an old pensioned apothecary (a subordinate hospital assistant), who had been long residing at this place, so that my suspicions regarding him were correct. He was not, after all, what I imagined

him to be. Griffins are sad blunderers.

We quitted Alleppie the following morning; and, after a very delightful sail, anchored the next day at Cochin, a place well known, no doubt, to many of my readers. It was formerly the principal Dutch settlement on that coast, though of little or no importance now-a-days. The town is a large one, composed of substantial houses, built in the old Dutch style, and laid out in regular streets and squares. There is, however, a general air of decay pervading the whole, and the place appears damp and unhealthy. The respectable

portion of the residents are the military and civil, as also some Dutch families; these compose the *élite* of the society, which, although not on any very large scale, was at the period of my visit nevertheless pleasant and agreeable.

Some good fellows whom I had met at Quilon had been so kind and provident as to write to one of their own officers on out-post duty at Cochin, mentioning my coming, &c. &c., so when the ship anchored, this gentleman sent me a very warm and pressing invitation, requesting me to put up with him and to make his quarters my home during the time that the vessel might be detained there. This invitation I gladly accepted, and, packing up my portmanteau, I landed with the captain, whose wife and family resided in the town. There is a bar to cross in getting to the landing-place, which is approached by the river. This bar is during the monsoon a very dangerous one, and several vessels have been lost in entering; but at the period of my visit there was barely a wave, and we entered in perfect safety.

The scenery which opens to the view as you enter the river is extremely picturesque and pleasing. I think that those who have visited Cochin will agree with me in this observation; but, looking at the town itself, I must confess there is nothing very prepossessing in its aspect. The great number of cocoa-nut trees growing close to the water's edge

with their thick luxuriance of foliage, however, hide many drawbacks, and the eye very soon becomes reconciled to the ill looking, heavy buildings, which show themselves from among those trees, like so many hideous objects to interfere with the beauty of the lovely prospect.

I landed after a pleasant pull of about half an hour, and walked up to my friend's house. He received me with a most hearty welcome, such as travellers generally meet with in India, as I before remarked. He had a nice room prepared for me, which I immediately took possession of, and enjoyed the delicious pleasures of a cold bath to my heart's content. Clean clothes and plenty of water, after the restrictions on board a ship, particularly in a warm climate, are indeed delights which none but those who have felt the comforts of both can possibly appreciate. I think that no luxury in the world can be equal to them. Oh how I long for an Indian life again!

I was glad to get on shore; for, independently of the treat above-mentioned, I met with so kind a reception that I could not but feel happy and comfortable; so I made myself quite at home, and determined to enjoy my stay, not caring how long the vessel should be detained. I never recollect having spent such a pleasant time as I did at Cochin. I was twelve days there, during which period my host showed me all that was to be seen.

We visited the neighbouring country, and frequently went out snipe-shooting. The game was abundant, and we had capital sport; though I must own that I did not add much to the contents of the bag.

The old Dutch Government-house is a fine building, in a style of architecture peculiar to the times in which it had been erected, as heavy and massive as a Dutchman himself. It is however in a sad state of decay; the extensive grounds and gardens are quite neglected and overgrown with the rank vegetation of a damp climate; the walls and hedges are broken down; and the whole exhibiting to the visitor a melancholy picture, leaving the imagination to conjure up what it formerly was, with but little to assist its workings, little indeed, since nothing is to be seen, as I before said, except an immense range of buildings going fast to ruin, and surrounded by almost a forest of tall trees and thick shrubs.

We also went to Jew-Town, as it is called, a locality inhabited entirely by a colony of the scattered children of Israel. There they have resided for many years, and there they will reside I suppose until the times of restitution, when God's chosen race will be gathered together in the land of their forefathers, when Israel shall be again a people with the Lord for their God. These people at Cochin (as in every other place) are a dirty

squalid set, apparently suffering from a variety of diseases, the predominating ones being "ophthalmia" and "elephantiasis."

The latter is a prevailing complaint at Cochin peculiar to the natives, known probably better under the denomination of "Cochin-leg." People so affected are objects of pity. Their legs, from the knee downwards, become swollen to the size of those of elephants, the foot is covered over with an enormous quantity of extra flesh, and the toes have the appearance of large red potatoes: they are really disgusting to look at.

Various are the causes assigned for this dreadful malady. Some say that it is owing to the water, while others fancy it is inherent in the blood, and descends from generation to generation; and others again declare, that it is gradually increasing throughout India, and not confined to Cochin alone. I have of later years met with natives similarly affected in Madras and elsewhere, so that the disease may be spreading. I do not think it is in the water which the people drink. Europeans are I believe exempted from this horrible calamity, I mean generally, and that is indeed a great blessing.

Cochin has been and still is a famous place for ship-building. When I was there, I saw a large eight-hundred ton vessel on the stocks, as also some smaller craft. The extensive teak-forests of Travancore, and the situation of the river, afford excellent facilities for that purpose. The Dutch used to build almost all their trading vessels as well as several ships of war at the place.

The bread-fruit flourishes here as well as along the coast. I saw one large tree in full bearing, and tasted once of the fruit; it very much resembled new bread, and is I should think very unwholesome.

Mentioning the bread-fruit reminds me of an anecdote I heard while at Cochin, which made me laugh very much indeed at the time. Twas a trick played off upon a greenhorn of an ensign, who happened to be passing through on his way to join his regiment stationed somewhere on the coast. He had heard of a bread-fruit tree in the compound of his friend with whom he put up, and expressed a wish to taste some of the produce.

"You will think it odd," said his host, "but the bread and butter which you will presently see on the tea-table are just as they come from the tree, except the outer rind which is cut off. We eat no real bread here; indeed there is not such a man as a baker in the place, all eat the fruit, which is considered much more wholesome, being free from yeast, or other ferment."

"Really!" exclaimed the griff, "I should like much to taste it."

"So you shall; seeing, you know, is believing;

and, in order to convince you, we will pluck a ripe one off the tree to-morrow morning for our breakfast, and I will have a few friends here to partake of it with you; I must tell you that mine is the best tree in the place, and people are glad to get one of my loaves."

In the evening, tea was served, and a large plate of thin bread and butter placed on the table, which our hero tasted, and pronounced delicious.

"Why!" exclaimed he, quite delighted, "it is exactly like what we used to have at home. How very nice it is! And," added he, helping himself again, "is the bread ready cut and buttered in this way?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied his friend, "help yourself, pray do not be afraid. It is divided exactly as the interior of an orange, with a sort of pulpy substance in the middle containing the seed. You shall see one of the fruit plucked with your own eyes, and judge for yourself."

"Upon my honour," said he with the green in his eye, "I should scarcely believe it, if I did not

hear you say so."

"You shall see. Will you have another plateful, there is plenty outside; that fruit, part of which you have been eating, was plucked on purpose for you. I intended it as a surprise."

" I am much obliged to you," said the youngster,

"I am really astonished! What a subject for my next letter to my dear sister Laura!"

"Ay, you may say that, when you next write home to your friends," replied mine host, "and do not fail to tell your sister Laura (with my love if you like), that it was in my house you first tasted such a rarity."

"That I will!" exclaimed the griffin.

The next morning early griff was up and moving, longing to see this famous tree which produced ready made bread and butter. But I must here inform the reader that, before retiring, his host had sent round notes to some of his friends in the place, inviting them to breakfast with him at eight o'clock, as he had some fun in store for them; and he had with the aid of his chum and servants contrived to cut up a quantity of loaves nice and thin, buttered them well, and had placed them together in slices so as to form two or three good sized These he had covered with the rind of the bread-fruit, sticking it over them by means of little pegs of pointed wood. He sent his servant up the tree, who fastened them in such a way that any one below looking up would imagine that they really were the fruit growing on the tree. The trick was a capital one.

Everything prepared, a table was spread "sub tegmine" of the tree, and then the whole party

assembled to meet Ensign —, to whom the guests were severally introduced as they arrived.

"Now, my boy," said the host, addressing his young friend, "remember what I last night told you; real bread-fruit you shall see, and you will also see that we eat nothing but this fruit in this place in lieu of bread."

"What I tasted last night was very nice indeed," observed the griffin, "I have been looking at the fruit on the tree, and it appears very tempting; I should say that pulled fresh in the morning it will be delicious."

"You will find it so," said one of the guests, a doctor, "'tis an excellent substitute, particularly for young people just from England."

"Indeed," observed another, "it agrees so well with me that I have made up my mind to stay here altogether; I would recommend your doing so likewise."

"Well, I think I shall," said the griffin.

In the mean time, the good host of the house sent his servant, who was a party to the trick, to climb the tree. He went up and picked two pointed out to him by his master; but, by some clumsiness or other, the fellow contrived to let one fall plump on the table. The fruit burst, and behold, the astonished griffin saw nothing but bread and butter ready for eating. The guests seized the rind and threw it away (before there was time for the poor

lad to think of examining it), and commenced devouring the remains as fast as they could, smacking their lips and pronouncing the fruit delightfully fresh.

The master gave his servant a pretended kicking. called him a clumsy rascal, and bade him run immediately, take off the rind from the other fruit, and bring it on table. This was done, and the bewildered greenhorn saw a whole round fruit of bread and butter fresh plucked in its natural shape. There was no doubt of it, none whatsoever: the fruit was culled and devoured so fast that he never once thought of looking for the pulp, or the seed. Proof of a pudding is in the eating. He ate and he believed, and went away the same evening so confident in his own mind that bread and butter grew on trees that he begged his friend to allow him to carry with him two or three, which he thought the ripest, as a supply for his journey in lieu of bread, which he had run short of previously to coming into Cochin. He was a regular griffin, was young —, and there is no mistake about it.

We next touched at Calicut, where we took up a colonel and his lady proceeding to Bombay. I landed and spent the day with them previously to embarkation. We took a drive over the place and saw all that was to be seen, and that was not much. Calicut is the head-quarters of a collectorate, or judgeship, I forget which, and there is a

detachment of troops stationed as a protection to the treasury and cutcherry.

From thence we sailed on to Cannanore, the scenery all along being most beautiful, particularly that about Tellecherry. Cannanore is a large military station, being the head-quarters of a division of the army, and a garrison composed of one of her Majesty's regiments of foot, two of native infantry, a detachment of artillery, &c. &c. The fort is a tolerable one, and the cantonment very extensive. The houses are well built, but almost all thatched, owing to the monsoons, which are heavy on that coast.

I spent two days on shore, but did not go any where in particular, except to the commanding officer's for the purpose of paying my respects. Cannanore is a very healthy place for European troops, being on high ground and close to the sea. It is not so damp as the other stations on the western coast. There is plenty of sport inland, and many of the officers keep boats, the harbour (a very small one) affording many facilities for boating.

A few days after quitting, we made the Mangalore flag-staff. The water being shallow, our anchorage was a considerable distance from the shore. Here likewise is a river, or backwater, so that the pull to the landing-place is long and tedious. Having written from Cochin to the Master Attendant of the place to send off boats on the

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ship showing her number, I had no detention whatever; for we were boarded very soon after our arrival. I had all my luggage put into two boats, and, jumping into the third, bade "good bye" to my friends in the ship, and pushed off.

In due time we landed, and I walked up to the cantonment, not very far off, and went straight to the house of one of my new brother officers, whom I had met at Madras some months before, little dreaming at the time that I was so soon to belong to his regiment. Here I found a home as a temporary arrangement; and, as it was late in the afternoon when I arrived, I postponed my official visits until the next day.

Thus, kind reader, had I arrived at my journey's end in safety, having had a delightful trip of exactly a month from the date of my leaving Madras. I had derived much benefit from the sea air and salt water bathing, and was quite ready, after my holiday, to enter upon my duties in my own regiment, and to do everything in my power to gain the good opinion of my brother officers, who appeared to me to be a very gentlemanly set of men, and who received me most kindly as one of their own fraternity.

Arrived then at Mangalore and having joined, I must beg the kind reader's permission to "call a halt" for a little while, after which we will proceed at the sound of the "quick march" to the contents of the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XII.

Mangalore as a Station for Troops—Taking a House—Military
Duties—Field Sports—The Adjutant and his Menagerie—
A pet Bruin—Cricket—Sepoy's gallant Rescue of the Adjutant
—Rewarded by Promotion—Bathing—Unanimity between
Officers and Men—Merits of the Sepoy Troops—Necessity
of mutual good Understanding—Our new Commandant—
The angry Colonel—Execution for Murder.

As a station for troops, Mangalore never was considered healthy, and that for more reasons than one. The backwater lies between the sea and cantonment, and between the former and the latter there are thick clustering plantations of cocoa-nut trees, the tops of which are almost on a level with the houses, situated upon a sort of high cliffy ground. The consequence is, that when the tide is out, and nothing but mud in the river, the sea breezes drive all the miasma right through those trees into the cantonment, rendering it really unhealthy.

In addition to this evil, the quantity of rain which pours incessantly during the monsoon renders the place very damp; this gives rise to noxious vapours, causing thereby fevers, rheumatisms, and a variety of other complaints, which play the deuce among the men as well as the officers.

The houses are poor indeed. Those of the officers are generally built of very inferior materials, the fixtures are badly put together, and the roofs so indifferently thatched that the water penetrates in torrents at every shower of rain. The dampness of the atmosphere renders these tenements any thing but comfortable, or healthy. The men's lines are worse. Situated on low ground, they cannot but be objectionable in every respect, and the consequences are that much more sickness prevails amongst them than in the generality of our stations. We lost several officers and many men here.

I remember one sad death which took place while I was at Cochin. It was that of one of our ensigns, a fine lad, a great favourite, and the quarter-master of the regiment. He died, I believe, of putrid fever, a most dreadful, fatal complaint. When dead, the body was wound up in wax-cloth, to admit of its being lifted into the coffin. Decomposition had commenced before the vital spark had been extinct; and so infectious is the disorder considered, that his clothes and bedding were all burned, and the room, corpse and coffin, &c. &c. sprinkled with vinegar. Poor lad! He was a sad loss to his regiment.

Mangalore is a civil station. I found several of the service residing there, and they proved themselves to be sociable and friendly people. I think they made themselves much more agreeable than any I had previously met with. The good folks up-country are ten per cent. better than those at the Presidency. The society was limited only to our own regiment and the civilians, with but few exceptions. The old bunder-master we used occasionally to invite to mess, to treat the old gentleman to a glass of wine.

We contrived, notwithstanding the scantiness of our circle, to pass our time very agreeably. What with shooting, pic-nics, boating, cricketing, &c. we had plenty of amusements. The regiment had been recently employed in Coorg, and I used to derive much pleasure in hearing the officers telling their stories and anecdotes relating to circumstances connected with the campaigns. They were attached to the western auxiliary column, which had received a check, as I have already mentioned.

A day or two after my arrival, the commanding officer put me in charge of a company without undergoing the ordeal of drilling with the adjutant, which, considering that I had been already doing duty for a year and a half, was deemed superfluous. The men I had command of were very steady and well behaved. The regiment to which I now belonged was composed of a fine body of soldiers,

and I had every reason to hope that all would be well with me.

Having commenced my military career afresh, as it were, on my own footing, regularly set up in business, with nobody to blame but myself if I went wrong, I resolved to put aside as much as I possibly could all boyish and griffinish tricks; to attend strictly to my work; to fag hard, and pass in the languages; to gain a knowledge of my duty; to become acquainted with my men; to do every thing in my power to make them like me as their officer; to try all I could to please my commanding officer, and to make myself as agreeable as I possibly could to those with whom I had become associated probably for life. Everything was clear before me, and, if I did not get on in the world, it would have been mine own fault.

I took a bungalow to myself, situated within a stone's throw of the mess-house, which, considering the heaviness of the monsoon rains, was very convenient. It had been recently vacated by a captain of the corps and his family. I found it nice and clean. I bought up some of his furniture, and, taking possession of my new abode, made myself as comfortable as I could wish to be under ordinary circumstances. I had a nice kit of things; plenty of clothes, which I had scrupulously taken care of; tolerable servants, and nothing whatsoever to trouble or perplex me.

I was as happy as an ensign could well be, and wanted nothing but my lieutenancy, and as that I hoped would come sooner or later, please God, I lived long enough to obtain it, I gave myself no trouble on the subject, resolving to draw my 181 rupees 5 annas a month (ensign's pay), with philosophical patience, until I had a right to an increase to my salary.

So, gentle reader, follow me through my narrative, and take my advice; make up your mind to be happy; bid care, that cankering worm, be gone; be steady; be a man; be a gentleman; and you are sure to get on. There is nothing like making a good beginning in life. As the beginning is, so generally is the ending. If a young man commences a steady, undeviating course, and he is endowed with a little common sense (which it is to be hoped he will be), he is sure to continue in that course. It is his own fault if he does not; for with everything before him as clear as the noonday sun, he cannot surely err.

Military duty is one of the easiest duties a man can undertake. Every single item of what he should do is laid down with such simplicity, and so well defined, "that he who runs may read," and, by a little attention on the part of the beginner, a knowledge of that duty is so easily attained, that it is surprising how anybody can mistake.

Yet we frequently find young officers as ignorant

as the recruit from the plough, even after a series of years! And why is it so? Because they either will not take the trouble to learn, or they think it beneath them to do so. I have known some who, after many years' service, have not been able, when called upon, to put the regiment through any movement without the aid of a paper of reference.

Some there are who do not know the difference of pay between a private and a drummer. Others, again, who have not been able to answer the simplest questions relative to the interior management of their own companies, which they fancy themselves fit to command! All this originates from idleness and a disgraceful indifference to the profession to which they belong, and by which they receive their livelihood. Such people ought really be ashamed to draw their pay.

The adjutant of my regiment was a very proper sort of a fellow. He was extremely kind and attentive to the men, with whom he was a general favourite. A keen sportsman as well as a smart soldier, he was ever on the look out for the pleasures of the field whenever the duties of his situation would permit him. He very often went out into the country, and brought home quantities of game, with which the neighbouring jungles abounded. Indeed almost all our officers were sportsmen, though none so devoted to it as the adjutant, whose bronzed countenance told of many a-day's

exposure to the sun in quest of the ferocious tiger, the cunning cheetah, the noble elk, or the bounding bison.

He had several live animals in his possession,—quite a menagerie on a small scale. Let me see,—there was a lovely male cheetah in a cage, full grown, but quite a kitten; another small one a cub, and a full-sized bear. The former and the latter he had caught when quite young, amongst the wild forests of the Neilgherry Hills, where he had been stationed for some time.

The cheetah was not sufficiently tame to admit of his being at large, though I have often seen him charging after a sheep, seizing it with his teeth, and carrying it into his cage. The bear was a strange animal. He was tethered in the compound with a strong leather collar round his neck fastened to a chain. This collar he would slip over his head and stroll about very leisurely, either through the cantonment or amongst the men's lines, where he was well known and a general pet. He would come on to the parade-ground while the corps was under arms, and gambol about to the great amusement of every one.

Poor bruin was also very fond of visiting the officers' houses, and purloining everything that was to be found. This he generally did at night, and, if he got nothing eatable, he would amuse himself by jumping upon the sofas, and tearing the linings

of them all to pieces; he would pull out all the stuffing, and scatter it over the room. I remember catching him one night inside my house. He was on the point of mounting my couch, when I dealt him a blow across his snout (a tender part), which sent him rolling out in double quick time. The adjutant had several other animals in his compound besides those already mentioned.

I was glad to find that our officers and men were great cricketers; a capital game among Europeans, but one which I had not the slightest conception would be played by natives; 'twas therefore quite a novelty to me. The adjutant was very fond of the game himself, and taught it to the men, who in a very short space of time became perfect adepts in the art of batting, bowling, and fielding.

We used to meet regularly every evening, and have capital fun, officers and men siding and playing matches. I do not remember ever having seen men enter into the spirit of this noble game as did our fellows: they have such quick eyes that their batting was capital; and, as for bowling, I venture to say that our best at it would astonish even "Lillywhite" himself.

At fagging they were untiring, and in catching particularly expert. They got into the regular way of play; made use of all the phrases and technicalities of the game; had their umpires and their scorers, and did the thing in a manner that quite surprised me. All our steadiest and best be-

haved men were players. Their attending kept them out of mischief; it gave them amusement as well as exercise; and brought them in daily contact with their officers, with whom they got acquainted, and to whom they became attached by constant intercourse.

I know some who objected to the officers and men playing together, upon the plea of its creating too great familiarity between the two grades. So far from such being the case, I never once saw an instance of even one man taking any liberties or approaching to any familiarity with the officers; on the contrary, they were ever respectful, and invariably kept themselves under proper restraint.

Any of the cricketers losing his temper, from any cause, would be immediately scouted by the rest, and not allowed to play. They were all led to understand that while playing they were supposed to be doing so to enjoy themselves; all squabbling was therefore forbidden; everybody was to be in perfect good humour; each was to do as he liked; there was no compulsion; but the rules of the game were to be strictly attended to, leaving all disputed points to be settled by the umpires chosen for that purpose.

Whenever there was a hunting or shooting expedition, or a pic-nic party, which was frequently the case, many of the sepoys, armed with their own private fowling-pieces, used to accompany us, and

enjoyed the sport as much as we did. I remember an adventure which our gallant adjutant had one day with a cheetah, and which by the way might have ended seriously; the animal had been wounded by the aforesaid gentleman, and the enraged brute springing upon his foe had fastened his fangs into his cap, (one of our English hunting-caps,) which fortunately resisted the bite.

The charge of the wounded cheetah overthrew the sportsman, who received a few scratches on his forehead from his claws; and, had it not been providentially for one of the sepoys present, I cannot tell how the adventure would have terminated. The gallant fellow, seeing the danger of his officer, immediately rushed to the rescue, and with his hunting-knife dealt the cheetah such a dreadful blow on the skull, that it instantly killed him. conduct on the part of the sepoy was not forgotten, and, being an individual of excellent character in other respects, he was at the request of all the officers of the regiment promoted, and otherwise rewarded. I have mentioned this and another case, and could cite a hundred more, proving the devotion and attachment of the native soldiery to their European officers. The only requisite in the officer is to study and to know well the characters of the sepoys. With such knowledge, they will be able to adapt their mode of treating them, and in nine cases out of ten the officer will learn to appreciate the real worth of the soldier, and become as much attached to him as the latter is to the former.

Whenever there was any thing going on in the way of amusements, our men were sure to join in the fun; no one forbade them; everybody who came was always welcome. There was a certain part of the backwater at Mangalore, near the entrance, or bar, where the water was beautifully clear and deep, with a fine sandy bottom. At this part, there had been in former days a sufficient depth of water to admit of vessels of tolerable size loading and unloading their cargo at a sort of pier of solid stone work.\* This had been discontinued for some years.

The pier was deserted, as were also the buildings adjoining, so that the whole locality was unfrequented and perfectly private. Here we were wont to congregate almost every morning, officers and men, to enjoy the splendid exercise of bathing. This daily bathing in the salt-water not only kept the men from cutaneous disorders peculiar to the coast, (who has not heard of the *Malabar itch?*) but gave them plenty of healthful exercise. I was delighted to observe that in my new regiment officers and men went hand in hand together. There existed a kind of mutual confidence between the superior

<sup>\*</sup> The "Muriam Ghaut."

and inferior grades, which was indeed praiseworthy to all. Exceptions there are as a matter of course;\* in what class or body of men are there not such? Many bad characters were to be found in our ranks; but, taking the corps altogether, I had every reason to be satisfied with it, and to thank my stars that I had been posted to it.

I write strongly in favour of the native soldiery. Many officers do not think so highly of them probably as I do, and may feel inclined to smile at what I say: but if they took the interest in them that they ought to take, which I did, and will ever do, they would feel otherwise towards those "puir but honest sodgers." I have often heard them talked of as "nasty black brutes;" or, as "greasy niggers;" or, as "good-for-nothing black sepoys;" or some such opprobrious terms, as unjust as they are disreputable; those who have made use of such have not been blessed with the happy knack of judging of men's characters by their sterling worth; but have been led away by the colour of their skins, by blind misguided prejudice, or, by a feeling still more common among our young men, because they think it very fine to abuse them.

Let the day of trial come, and the despised sepoy

<sup>\*</sup> How often have I been obliged to say so! But it cannot be helped. The indulgent reader will pardon the repetition when he sees the necessity I have been under of quoting these remarks so frequently as I have done.

will be despised no longer; it is only ignorance of their real merits which prevents many of our officers from knowing and liking them (though if they were not prejudiced they could very easily do both,) and to know them is, in my humble opinion, to like them; we cannot do the one without the other. Let people say what they will to the contrary, we have all our failings, high and low, rich and poor; and, whatever our station in life may be, we should not judge harshly of others; and surely it is not colour that makes the man. Look at the native soldier with a generous eye, and all his faults will become concealed by his many virtues.

We, the officers, were fortunately all of the same way of thinking on this subject, and that was the reason we got on so well with our men. I do not say that a similarity of feeling does not exist in other regiments. Indeed I am happy in knowing that there is one general opinion throughout the army, but I sincerely wish that many of our European officers would think better of their soldiers than they do; it would be much more creditable to them, and place them upon a more secure and satisfactory footing with their subordinates, which is a great desideratum, particularly in the hour of need; for come when it will, under whatever circumstances, it will be impossible for the officer to get on in any one thing if he has not the good-will and confidence

of his men; where there is no attachment, there cannot be any confidence, and where there is no confidence on the part of the inferiors towards their superiors, it stands to reason that discipline and everything else will fail.

Very soon after my joining, we had a new commanding officer posted to us, a lieutenant-colonel, well known throughout the army as a smart officer, kind and good-natured, but a bit of a martinet. He was an old and experienced officer, never having been out of the country from the day of his first landing. He had seen much service, but had been unfortunate in promotion. We liked him tolerably well.

He had many peculiarities which, however, I will not enter into, as they are too well known. One I will mention, and that was a strange habit of talking very angrily, and swearing a great deal when he meant nothing. He used to make use of very abusive language towards the men, notwith-standing that he liked them, and was very kind indeed to them. A kinder heart never beat under so rough an exterior as did his. Though much dreaded, he was, I think, liked by the men, despite his peculiarities and blustering manner, and he went by the name of the angry colonel amongst them.

I remember the first time I saw him. I thought I had seldom met with so handsome and so soldier-

like a man. He was very tall and stout, with hair as white as snow, which gave him a very commanding appearance. He was an accomplished scholar; a tasteful musician, for he played well on the flute; he was constantly reading; a capital chess-player, a game to which he was much addicted, so that, maugre his failings, he was, I thought, an agreeable member of society.

He entered willingly into all our amusements; approved of cricket-playing and other games; used to come every evening to look on, encouraging the men whenever there was a good hit made, and abusing them like pickpockets if a ball were not caught, or stopped. He would sometimes take a bat himself at the spur of the moment, but being subject to gout he was not considered one of our best players.

He was very fond of bathing, and invariably came down to the pier with us every morning. He attended mess regularly, but was very moderate in his eating and drinking. Poor Colonel F——! How well do I recollect him! Alas! He is now no more! He was ever a kind friend to me, and sorry indeed was I when he was removed from amongst us.

There had been a shooting affair in this regiment, previously to my joining it. A private had shot a subadar on parade! This was another case of pride, jealousy, pique and spiteful revenge. Some

misunderstanding had taken place betwixt the two, which the one took it upon himself on a fine morning to adjust, by putting a ball through his superior while the men were falling in, long before it was daylight. The villain had contrived to load his firelock unseen, and, going behind his victim, blew the contents into his body. The trial had taken place, and the finding and sentence had gone to the Presidency for confirmation: in the mean time, the criminal was in close confinement in the guard.

A day or two after the colonel's arrival, the confirmed sentence was received and duly made known to the prisoner. He was to be hanged! The execution was to take place in front of the regiment.

On the morning appointed, we fell in, and formed round the gallows erected for the purpose, and furnished by the civil authorities. We were drawn up in a hollow square, and the wretched murderer (a Hindoo) was brought out. He was dressed as if going to a wedding, covered from head to foot with wreathes of flowers; his clothes sprinkled with huldee (saffron); he was altogether quite a dandy!

On coming out, he expressed a wish to address the regiment. This he was not allowed to do. He mounted the ladder very steadily, and stood firm while the rope was being adjusted. When all was ready the signal was given, and the executioner pulled a rope to let fall the drop, but unfortunately the drop only fell half-way down, in consequence of something catching, so that the man was in a dreadful state, half hung as it were. At last, however, the obstruction was removed; he strug-

gled and all was over!

After the usual time, the body was taken down and delivered over to his friends, who were assembled in great numbers, making a dreadful howling and lamentation, enough to distract any one. was standing at the head of my company while this horrible scene was going on, and heard some of the men come out with exclamations of pity, such as that of "Poor fellow!" "What a death to die!" &c. &c. One of the elder sepoys said, "Hold your tongues, my lads! It serves him right, the cowardly dog!" This was the first time I had ever seen a man hanged, and I must confess it made me feel quite sick. It is, indeed, quite revolting to one's feelings to witness such a sight. Thank God such things seldom or ever happen now-a-days. I was heartily glad when it was all over. Such proceedings are certainly a disgrace to the army, but, as I before observed, they should not be permitted to occur; laxity of discipline is, in my opinion, their sole cause; and, where discipline is carried on with loosened reins, irregularities

are as sure as fate the consequences. But I will not trouble the reader any more with the subject, for it must at all times be a distressing one, and therefore the less palatable or interesting, particularly when it has been already dwelt upon.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A new Arrival—Bruin's nocturnal Visit to the Skipper and its Consequences—His untimely Death—Suicide of an Indian Lover—The fatal Act reciprocated—Aquatic Amusements—Regatta—Ensigns sometimes fall sick—Necessity of prompt Attention to Indisposition—Imprudence, not Climate, chief Cause of Fatality—Shooting Days—Careless and fatal Shots—A Claret Drinker in the Shape of a Moonshee—Observations on the Subject of Drinking among the Natives generally—Pilferers of Spirits detected by a Ruse—Evil of Example.

We were agreeably surprised one morning to see signals at the flag-staff announcing the arrival of a vessel in the roads. She had come from Madras, bringing a host of visitors to Mangalore, all of them old acquaintances, and amongst the rest another ensign for our regiment, a griffin like myself, but who proved in after-life one of my most intimate friends, as dear to me as mine own brother.

The party so arriving consisted of three officers proceeding to Bombay on duty; a Madras merchant, going to visit some coffee-plantations on the coast; and this self-same ensign, besides the captain of the ship and his young wife, all of whom

landed and took a vacant house in the cantonment for the time being. Our new-comer, by the way, put up with me until he could conveniently settle himself in any abode which he might select hereafter.

I must here mention that the gallant skipper of this ship was a very eccentric man, peculiarly addicted to a propensity for telling long yarns, of which he was himself invariably the hero; very hot-tempered and touchy; and, moreover, he was said to be very jealous of his young wife, who, to be sure, was, or might be, considered worthy of being called good looking, but with no other recommendation. He was a dapper little fellow, most glaringly self-opinionated, thought himself a perfect Hercules, and considered that no man was equal to him in any one thing.

He was always particularly garrulous after dinner, and it was then that his gift of the gab shone forth. Then was it that his favourite tales were told "of goblin, ghost or fairy" (as the old song has it), and then indeed would he come out with some most marvellous stories, extraordinary specimens of the Captain Kearney style, which used to astonish us! His bow would then be drawn to a most lengthy degree, so much so that people would stare, and wonder that a man, supposed to be endowed with common sense, should be capable of indulging as he did. He was one day heard to declare that he

once saw a man swallow his own head, and that there was nothing but his mouth left! This is one instance, and I think it enough. We derived much amusement in his society, and it has cost me many a hearty laugh to hear him relate his adventures.

Bruin, the bear, was a source of much apprehension and annoyance to our friend the skipper, who vowed and declared that if ever the animal paid him a visit he would shoot him, and so advised his owner to have him properly secured. One very hot night, when every soul in the place was asleep, with the doors and windows wide open to admit the slightest puff of air, which might by chance happen to breathe its influence upon the heated atmosphere, Bruin, the bear, makes up his mind to have a stroll, and forthwith slipping his collar, as usual, over his head, sallies forth from the precincts of his master's domain, and wanders about the streets of the cantonment, like a creature in search of some lost treasure. Presently, he passes the open gates of the mansion containing the new arrivals. He walks in, and, finding nothing to impede further progress, marches straightway into the dormitory, where lay, in gentle sleep reclining, the gallant captain and his lovely dame.

Bears, they say, have a peculiar partiality to women; is it true, I wonder? Bruin, at all events, seemed to think that of the two the slumbering

fair one was the more preferable; so, coming into the room, he snuffs about and stalks up to that side of the bed where the lady was sleeping. A grunt and a gentle pat with his paw immediately aroused the slumberer, who, on seeing the dreaded intruder standing rampaut by her bedside, and alarmed out of her senses at his formidable appearance, jumped up with a piercing shriek which awoke her sleeping spouse.

To seize a cutlass from under his pillow, and to rush boldly to the attack were the work of a moment, but bruin the bear was too quick; he was off, and the captain after him in full chase! The night was dark, the pursuer knew not whither he was going; he suddenly came "athwart hawse" of a camp-cot placed right in a doorway, over which he fell, sprawling upon the individual who chanced to occupy the same, and who, having been awoke out of a sound sleep, and fancying the intruder to be a robber, seized him by the throat and roared "Thief! thief!" most lustily. This was the situation of the captain.

In the meantime, the bear made his exit from the house in safety, and, crossing to the other side of the compound, made for a small bungalow occupied by one or two more of the party. In the verandah of this building lay an ensign of foot, proceeding to join one of H. M.'s regiments stationed at Bombay. He was a very fat, bloated, apoplectic youth, with a face as red as his jacket, and a neck as thick as that of a bull!

The night was very close, as I before said; the poor fat ensign felt his clothing particularly irksome, and had divested himself of all excepting his "paijainas" (or sleeping-drawers). Bruin came rushing into the verandah, and the first object that met his eye was the selfsame fat snorer, who certainly made noise enough to frighten anybody, sufficient, at any rate, to scare away one of the beast creation.

However, the bear, nothing daunted, goes up to the cot and, giving another grunt, springs upon the same, and confers a most affectionate scratch upon the back of the ensign. He starts with pain, jumps up and sees to his horror this black brute standing over him on his hind legs! Squaring up at his enemy, however, he instantly knocked him down, and, springing from his bed, gave the beast a good proof of his personal strength by dealing several sturdy blows on his snout, which sent him tumbling out of the grounds. Having thus got rid of this unwelcome nightly visitor, he lay down again and went to sleep in a short space of time, little thinking of what had occurred elsewhere.

Turn we now to the captain's part of the house. His lady was in her room screaming with fright. The light had been extinguished by the bear in his vol. I.

retreat, and all was darkness and confusion. In the next apartment the captain was struggling with the gentleman who had been so unceremoniously disturbed from his sleep, and who still continued vociferating as loudly as possible in spite of the former assuring him of his personality.

Presently somebody came in with a light, and that luminary disclosed the position of the two; the mistake was cleared up, the captain returned to his affrighted lady, and the gentleman to his cot, and all subsided into silence.

There was a good laugh over the cantonment the next morning when the affair got abroad; the captain swore he would have murdered the bear but for his running foul of the bed at the door-way in the dark; he declared he would not subject his wife to a similar visit, so took her on board that selfsame day, and did not again allow her to pass another night ashore.

Poor bruin, the bear, never returned again to his owner; for, after quitting the fat ensign, he wandered over the country away into the jungles. His keeper missed him, and reported his absence to his master, who sent some men to the neighbouring villages in quest of his lost pet. I think the searchers had been out two or three days, when one of the party returned bringing—not bruin—but his hide! The man told his story as follows:—

He had gone to a village some distance from Mangalore, and inquired if any of the inhabitants had recently seen a bear? He was taken to a dry well, where, to his great horror, he beheld the dead carcase of his master's favourite! Upon inquiry as to how the poor brute had contrived to get down there, he was told that the bear had entered the village that night, and that the people, taking him for a wild one, had immediately attacked and driven him into the dry well, where they stoned him to death.

There was a general lamentation for poor bruin, the bear, for, as I said before, he was a great favourite throughout the regiment. All sorrowed save the captain of the ship, and he was delighted beyond measure; so much so indeed that he brought his pretty wife on shore the next day, and dined with one of our officers, returning, however, late at night to his ship, in doing which, by the way, he was as nearly drowned as possible while crossing the bar in the dark. Thus ended bruin, the bear. He was a source of amusement to us all, and we much regretted his untimely death.

It may seem that I was doomed to have something to do with the subject of hanging. Very strange, that what I am about to mention will be the third hanging affair I shall have witnessed within a short space of time. One of our officers happening to be away on outpost duty at a place

up the coast, had left a sick horse behind him, which was taken care of by a horsekeeper in the mess-house stables.

We were seated one afternoon on the cricketground, when a man from the mess-guard came running to us and said,—

"Ao, āo, sāhib! Ghorā-wālā ăpué-tain phānsee dyā hai!" (Come, come, sir! The horsekeeper has hanged himself.) Hearing this, we ran to the mess-stables close by, and there, sure enough, saw a sight which struck me with horror! Suspended from a beam over the door-way, the unfortunate man was hanging—quite dead! His body was warm, and we imagined that the vital spark had not fled; but this was a mere surmise. We forthwith cut him down, and tried to open a vein. However, it was all over with him.

Upon due inquiry, it was fully ascertained that the man had committed this act of self-destruction entirely because he had been thwarted in love. He had paid his addresses to a pretty "tunny-kerchee (water-woman), who had at first looked favourably upon him. However, some more attractive swain made his advances likewise, and the frail fair one had taken to the latter, and jilted the former.

The man of gram-bags and currycombs could not stand this, so made up his mind to do away with himself, rather than bear the disgrace of belonging to what is called by us Indians the "juwaub club" (an institution composed principally of such gay but unfortunate Lotharios, who have been disappointed in love, or refused in marriage, or

jilted, even as was this poor man).

He went to work, it appeared, very determinately and coolly, for (being a Roman Catholic) he had tied crucifixes to his hands and feet, and had managed so as to put the noose round his neck first, and after that to tie his arms in such a manner as to prevent himself from touching the fatal cord; he then stood upon the wall close by the beam, and took his last leap into the next world. This, of course, must have strangled him at once. His feet were within half an inch from the ground. This was in very truth a lover's leap.

The unfortunate cause of this desperate act, upon hearing the sad and dreadful end of one whom she had professed to love, threw herself into the river and was seen no more. A love-affair in India, amongst the natives, is looked upon in a different way to what it is in more civilized countries. I mean where there is a real feeling of affection betwixt the sexes.

Marriages are generally contracted among the Mussulmans without the parties seeing each other, with but few exceptions. I may say the same among the Hindoos and other castes; but the tender passion, when once it has inflamed the breast,

is considered in a more serious light than people would imagine; and, when there is a rival in the case, none are more jealous than an Indian lover. If his love is likely to become thwarted, or his prospects of happiness endangered, the consequences are dreadful. The rival is either made away with by some desperate means, or, should he become successful, the disappointed lover falls a sacrifice to his own feelings, and generally contrives to put an end to his existence by the dagger, the cord, or the poison. Philosophical resignation to their disappointments in such affairs is never a balm to their wounded souls; "do, or die," I suppose, is the motto.

Our good colonel was a capital fellow for promoting all manly exercises. He had been, in his younger days, second to none in feats of activity, and would consequently take much pleasure and delight in seeing others enjoying themselves in a similar manner. Amongst his many qualifications, he was a tolerable sailor. Having been for many years in Burmah, subsequently to the Rangoon war, holding a civil appointment, which obliged him to be frequently moving about by water, he had acquired a practical knowledge of all the mysteries of seamanship, and had become passionately fond of boating.

Immediately on the commandant's arrival at Mangalore he made up his mind to take to his old

amusement, for which purpose the river, or backwater, afforded him a capital opportunity. He therefore set to work and purchased one or two good cutters, which, with the assistance of some lascars, he rigged and fitted up very nicely. In these we used to sail up and down of an evening, enjoying the delights of the cool sea-breezes.

At times, we used to have boat-races, and, whilst our loquacious ship captain was at the station, it was given out, as if by accident, that there was going to be a regatta, the colonel's boats taking the field against all comers. The captain forthwith entered his own boats, declaring that there were never such built; in fact, they were constructed from a model of his own invention, very superior to the boats of the day, and as for those of the men-of-war not one of them could come near either of his cutters under sails or with oars. Oh no! His boats were not to be touched by anything "clinker" or "carvel" that ever floated. He would back one or both of his against any in Mangalore river, and give them odds into the bargain.

Our colonel accepted this challenge, and a day was appointed for the trial. Ad interim, every preparation was made on both sides for the approaching struggle, our colonel taking things very coolly, whilst the skipper brought both his cutters into the river, and practised in them from morning to night.

At last, the day arrived. All the beauty and

fashion of Mangalore, composed of one old and two young ladies, besides black creatures innumerable, congregated on the banks of the river to see this famous trial of speed between the boats of the "colonel sahib" and the "shazee-walla" (the ship gentleman), as he was called. Our sepoys entered into the spirit of the thing, and enjoyed the fun vastly, while several of the officers volunteered their services in the colonel's boat. Being a light weight, and somewhat conversant with boating myself, I was taken in as one of the old gentleman's crew, and he himself steered his own craft, seated in the stern sheets with a straw hat on and a huge cheroot in his mouth.

At the hour appointed, the breeze being favourable, the tide at its highest, and the day fine, the signal was made, and the boats started very fairly. They held together beautifully for a considerable distance. Let me see, there were the captain's two against the colonel's one. Each boat kept her own position capitally until they came to a mark, or buoy, where they were to turn, or rather round which they were to sail in coming back. In performing this movement the captain's two boats, by some unaccountable mismanagement, ran foul of each other, while the colonel's rounded the mark most gallantly, and taking the lead came in first, amidst the shouts and hurrahs of the sepoys and spectators assembled on the shore, to the no small

delight of our jolly old commandant, and the chagrin and disappointment of the captain, who was heard to exclaim, with an oath, on landing—"A set of lubberly rascals, in that larboard cutter, to run foul of me in that way. Won't I stop their grog for them when I get them on board?"

About a couple of months after my arrival at this station, from some cause or other, I found my health beginning to fail me, and I suddenly became quite an altered person. The climate was certainly against me. I did not at all like it. The days were hot and sultry, and the nights cold, damp, and otherwise uncomfortable; at least, so I fancied. The life I there led was very different to that at Madras. At the one I was very quiet, while the other had been all gaiety and dissipation. I took plenty of exercise and lived moderately, too. Still all was not right with me, and I began to think an Indian climate not suited to my constitution; but this was a mere fancy, as was afterwards proved.

The doctor took me in hand, and kept me very low indeed. There is nothing like living low in a country like India, when a man is at all indisposed. I was not often ill, but, whenever I felt so, I invariably took to broths and slops, though that regimen is deprecated by some of the faculty. People in general take no notice of a slight indisposition, but it is very wrong, for there is no knowing how

such will end, and in tropical climates the most trivial complaint becomes, in a very short space of time, a very serious one, frequently ending in death.

"Tis the worst thing a man can do to neglect even a headache, or a cold; the causes of either may not be immediately known to the sufferer. One may be the forerunner of a severe bilious attack, a fever, or a disease of the liver; and the other the advance-guard of a thousand ailments which it is impossible for any body to anticipate, or guess at. I therefore strongly advise that an illness be taken in time. If so taken, the chances are that it will yield to proper medical treatment, and be overcome; but if neglected, the worst consequences may be the result.

I have known of many lamentable cases which for the reason given have terminated fatally; and it has always appeared to me so very foolish in persons not seeking advice in time, when the having done so might probably have saved them much misery or pain, and even been the means of preserving life. I have heard some men say—

"Oh! 'tis nothing, merely a headache, it will soon be well." The following day perhaps finds him stretched on a bed of sickness, or a corpse.

In India, disease works its way with rapid strides. To-day, a man will rise up hale and hearty, with no anxiety whatsoever,—that same evening he is in

his grave. People may have a care-for-nothing feeling on these subjects, because they are strong and healthy; but in India, the strongest often go to the wall. Let my young readers then beware how they trifle with their health, that greatest of all blessings under heaven. Many good folks in old England imagine that the climate is a bad one; this is quite a mistaken notion. 'Tis as good as in any other part of the world. India has its diseases, but so has England. People quitting their houses, and going out to the East, give way to all kinds of irregularities, thereby injuring their health They indulge in all manner of bad practices, and reap the fruits thereof to their own detriment.

But, if they take proper care of themselves, live soberly and quietly, I maintain that they are equally as liable to be free from illness as they are in England; and, as for being alarmed at the prevailing complaints of the country, have we not as many fatal ones at home? If there are fevers, or liver complaints, or cholera, in India, are there not scarlet or typhus-fevers, and other contagious diseases, in England? A man's state of health in either country depends, in a great measure, on himself. If any family at home should happen to lose one of its members, who may die in India, the melancholy circumstance is immediately attributed to the baneful effects of the climate; that dreadful climate; whereas, if the truth were known, the de-

parted one has in almost five cases out of ten been carried off by his own indiscretion. Grief, intense and of the most poignant nature, prompts them to do an injustice to the country, without for a moment considering or knowing that it was neglect and want of common prudence, not the climate, which deprived them of one near and dear to them. What do the doctors in general think of this?

I found a confinement to in-door life very irksome indeed, and did not know what to do with myself. I would sometimes while away an hour or two in the unsportsman-like amusement of shooting dogs, of which a great number used to frequent my compound contiguous to the mess-house, from whence the brutes used to bring bones and offal, fighting and barking all day much to my annoyance. I was successful in slaughtering a few of them, but it was cruel work after all, and a pastime which was nearly attended with serious consequences.

I one day fired at a huge parriah dog, and somehow or other missed him; the ball flew through the open door of the mess-kitchen, and buried itself in the wall, whizzing close by the head of the cook, who was at the time pouring soup into a tureen. A narrow escape for both parties, and the loss of the soup, for the cook was so dreadfully alarmed at the probability of his having been shot, that he upset what he had in his hands, and broke the tureen, for which, by the way, I had to pay; this was paying for one's fun, but it was better than being tried for manslaughter. I never fired at dogs again.

I have known many serious accidents from a too careless use of fire-arms. One officer I recollect of the Artillery was very fond of firing at marks with his pistols. He let fly at a bird in the hedge one day, and killed an unfortunate cow-keeper on the other side. Another officer shot a faithful old servant, mistaking him for a thief, in the dark. Another, carrying a gun at full cock, blew out the brains of his lascar, who happened to enter his tent at the moment. Another shot himself, and died of the wound. Another, from carelessly holding a pistol, crippled his left arm for life.

These, and many other similar dreadful disasters, show how necessary it is to be cautious, for however good a shot a man may be, still any accident happening is attended generally with such serious results that it is quite distressing to witness the hair-brained carelessness of some people. Besides. firing of any sort is in all military stations a forbidden pleasure. I wish the regulation were more strictly enforced. In crowded cantonments 'tis truly dangerous, to say nothing of the nuisance caused by the incessant noise from morning till

night.

We had a very odd character at Mangalore in the shape of a Moonshee. He was a shrewd, intelligent old man, and a tolerable teacher. though a Moslem, and, according to his version of the story, a faithful servant of the Prophet, still he was very often in the habit of swerving from the strict regimen laid down regarding the indulging in wine and spirituous liquors. He used to take both "medicinally"—for the care of his body, (at the risk of his soul)—to strengthen him in his old age !--to support the weakened energies of weary nature! He was particularly fond of cold claret: and a glass of that delicious beverage was a treat not to be despised by him. So, when old Ghouse, (that was his name, with a Khan at the end of it. to show that he was one of that sect,) used to come to me, to give me my lessons, and after they were ended I would say to him:-

"What say you, Ghouse, to going over to the billiard-room, and seeing that beautiful game played? You know you are an admirer of good play."

"Very good, sir. I am your slave, and attend your pleasure. The game is indeed a scientific one."

"And a little stuff to gladden your heart. Eh?"

"La hillah!\* Do not say a word about that I pray, sir. I only take it as physic, and cannot drink it in any other way."

"Deuced good sort of physic, I dare say you think it too, old fellow. However, say no more

<sup>\*</sup> God is an only God.

about it. I doubt not but that your scruples of conscience will not do much to prevent you. So, come along, and you shall have some of the 'dilpussund'\* What say you?"

And away we would go, old Ghouse nothing loth, to the mess-house, where several of our lads would be playing. Claret, deliciously cooled, was generally the drink, and as sure as it was opened old Ghouse used to have a goodly potation, and it was amusing in the extreme to see him, when the rosy wine was placed before his longing eyes, a temptation which all the pretended austerity of his creed did not suffice him to overcome. He would look very sly—go to the doors and windows to see that nobody watched him; and, if he found all was right and the coast clear, he would take up the glass and empty its contents as quick as lightning, smacking his lips and wiping his beard with the back of his hands, and exclaiming—

"Ya allah! † This is indeed the nectar of Paradise!"

Brandy and gin, old Ghouse did not relish so much as burgundy, champaign, or claret. The former he declared were fiery spirits, suitable only for English soldiers, parriahs, and cook-boys—while the latter were in very truth fit only for the truebelievers. He was a drunken old rascal, was Ghouse; I have seen him toss off a dram of raw

<sup>\*</sup> Heart's delight.

brandy with the greatest delight, notwithstanding his pretended aversion to it. When we left Mangalore, he much regretted our departure, because he said he should miss his claret, and would not run the risk of losing caste by divulging his secret transgressions to the new regiment. Whether he did so or not, I cannot tell.

The Moslems and Hindoos in our part of India are not so foolishly punctilious regarding their religious prejudices as are those of Bengal and Bombay. This is the advantage that the Madras army has over those of the sister Presidencies. Our sepoys put aside those prejudices when the service is concerned, as an old subadar one day observed to me:—

"We put our religion into our knapsacks, sir, whenever our colours are unfurled, or where duty calls."

Not being over particular, therefore, as regards the due observances of the tenets of their religion, nor overburdened with tender consciences, they indulge in the good things of life whenever it suits their convenience, much to the disgust of those high caste bigots of the upper provinces, who look upon the natives of Southern India, and more particularly our sepoys, as a set of brute beasts not worthy to exist.

Our men in general care not what they eat, or drink. It is a well known fact, that our native troops are given to spirituous liquors. These they partake of at times to a fearful extent, but so cunning are they, that they do all they can to conceal their propensities under the garb of assumed sobriety, though the attempt is a useless one, since their very looks betray them, if nothing else does. The high caste Hindoos, Rajahpoots, and Brahmins, as also the Mussulmans of every sect in Upper India, although they do not indulge in *drink*, are still, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, very dissipated. If they do not drink, they smoke preparations of tobacco highly impregnated with *opium*, and who can deny that opiumeating and opium-smoking are not as bad as dramdrinking?

I have myself seen Hindoos and Moslems together, cheek-by-jowl, in the arrack shop, and I have also seen them rolling drunk in the ditch; their castes and their religion are matters of secondary consideration; these are our men; and again, I have met with men who have boasted of both, and declared their utter detestation of brandy or arrack, get so intoxicated from the effects of that pernicious drug, opium, that they have not been able to tell what they were about. I think therefore that if the natives of Upper India, (taking them as a whole, whatever their castes or religions,) were placed in one scale, and those of the lower countries were placed in the other, it would be a difficult matter to say which would strike the beam.

Our soldiery would as soon be Christians, taking as much as they liked, as Hindoos or Mussulmans, and be under the restraint of laws and customs which they never act up to, and have an utter contempt for.

The general excuse for drinking amongst our sepoys (and indeed natives generally) is, that of taking it medicinally. A man who may have been reported drunk will invariably say:—

"I only took one dram, sir, because I was ill."

Natives also say that there is no harm, according to their religion, in partaking of wine or spirits, provided it is in moderation: but this is a rule laid down by every one, though how it is acted up to is another matter altogether. I very often gave the old subadar of my company in the —th a glass of brandy and water after his walk: the old fellow would relish it exceedingly, and say,

"Bahoot acha hai, sahib!" ("It is very good, sir.")

I sent this man home one day with a bottle of cognac and a bundle of cigars in his "pugree," or chaco.

The partiality to liquor among our servants is a glaring evil, not only on account of their being frequently in a state of intoxication, and thereby incapacitated for their work; but on account of the loss to their employers. They think nothing of appropriating to their own use the contents of

the cellaret, or liquor-case. A bottle of wine or spirits once opened very soon vanishes, not only by the consumption of the family, but by the sly potations of the domestics.

I knew of an officer who missed his wine and brandy very often; he drank but very little himself, and, though he suspected and accused his servants, he was not able to bring their robbery home to them. The rascals denied through thick and thin that they ever touched a drop of it. He determined however to find out the thief, and with that view, medicated the contents of his bottles by putting strong doses of "tartar emetic" in each. This done, he left the house on pretended business, staying away the greater part of the day. At dinner-time he returned, and found the whole of his household, consisting of his "Head-boy" (butler), "Matry" (footman), "Chokra" (tiger, or waiting boy), "Ghora-wala" (groom), and "Dirjee" (tailor), all suffering from the effects of sickness, caused no doubt from their having pulled at the medicated waters.

He examined his bottles, and found the contents thereof much diminished. As a matter of course, all denied point blank having touched either wine, or brandy; but facts are stubborn things, and there was proof positive that they had all partaken of the forbidden fruit. They were told that the bottles had been purposely poisoned, and that their

sickness was but the forerunner of death. This startling intelligence frightened the wretches to such a degree that they confessed having drunk the liquor from the butler (who had charge of the house) to the tailor. They were all sent to the police, and were well flogged, as also turned out of their places.

The evil effects of this propensity among the troops are more numerous than I can enter upon. They are attended with most serious consequences: robberies, murder, mutiny, and insubordination, tending greatly to deteriorate from the good character of any regiment. But is it at all to be wondered at the common soldiery indulge in so baneful a practice, when they have so powerful an example set them by their own officers? Do the former not see the latter addicted to what they themselves pretend to abhor, and try to prevent amongst their men? Does not the guard at the mess frequently, nay, every day, behold instances of inebriety, some one leaving the table more in liquor than he ought to be? Do not the orderlies on duty, coming to the officers' houses, see them drinking and smoking at all hours of the day? And do they not sometimes find them in such a condition as not to be able to do anything? Do not the men in the ranks see their officers sometimes even come on parade in a disgraceful state?

I ask these home questions, and are they not all condemning ones? How is it that such doings are

allowed to go on, nay encouraged, (for if not checked with a high hand, they are decidedly encouraged in every way,) day after day; week after week; month after month; and year after year; unnoticed, unpunished; and yet, if a poor unfortunate private happens to be caught drunk, or having the semblance of being so, if he smells of liquor even, is he not instantly confined a prisoner and does he not undergo severe chastisement, while his superiors do the very same thing with impunity, and that too, some of them, every day?

We had been at Mangalore until May, 1835, when a report came into the cantonment that there was a probability of our marching about the middle of that month. This put us all on the alert, and I for my own part was delighted at the prospect of quitting a place which I did not like, and which did not at all agree with me. My health was very delicate, and I resolved if possible to avoid the approaching march and take another trip to sea, visiting Ceylon, where I had relations, or going round the coast for the benefit of the sea air.

The colonel of the regiment very kindly entered into my views, and told me he would forward an application for leave, provided the medical officer would furnish a certificate, which he refused to do, upon the plea that the change of air and exercise of marching would do me more good than a sea-

voyage, and recommended my proceeding with the corps in the event of its moving.

Seeing then that march I must without a doubt, I made up my mind for it, and set to work making preparations; but as a journey in India with troops is one replete with many interesting circumstances worthy of notice, I hope that my kind readers will accompany me to the next chapter, where we will start without delay.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Arrival of Marching Orders—Moving by Wings—Disposal of Household Property—Ruinous Effect of too large a Kit—Disadvantages of such Folly—Difficulty of procuring Carriage—Bargain-making Parsee—A Sub's Furniture—Camp Followers—An Earnest of the Monsoon—Miseries of a wet March—Care of Tents—Number of Persons and Retainers—Proceeding by Water—Brahmin's Ablutions, Devotions and Immersion—Curry Supper—First Night spent in Camp—Bustle of Arrival—Comforts and Company.

THE reports relative to our marching were in a few days verified, as the order for our quitting Mangalore to be garrisoned at Vellore reached us, and all was bustle and preparation. We were to move by wings, that is, one half of the regiment, taking up the various outposts at first, and the other (or head-quarters) to follow. This was a good arrangement for more reasons than one, and, considering the time of the year, a great blessing to all parties.

When a regiment receives the order for marching, the first thing to be done or thought of is the disposal of one's property, to wit, household furni-

ture and such other articles as are not absolutely necessary on the road. It is a very easy matter in setting up house to procure every thing that is requisite, but the difficulty is the getting rid of the same on moving. A man lays out a large sum of money in buying this and that, but, when he really wants to dispose of them, he is not able to do so for one-third of their value; and if it should so happen that such things are not procurable at the next station to which he may be going, he is obliged to carry the greater part of them with him, at an enormous sacrifice in breakage, and a ruinous expense in carriage-hire, so that there is no end to the difficulties which present themselves when the order arrives.

The best plan for officers, particularly bachelors and subalterns, is to have as little as possible, so as to be always ready to march, and to possess such things as will stand the wear and tear and knocking about of a campaign. I mention this from experience, and as one individual sufferer among thousands. As an ensign, I had a kit and establishment fit for a field-officer. I am really almost afraid to say what I had, as perhaps I may not be credited.

However, when I came to sell off, so as to scrape together some ready money to pay for my marching expenses, I could not collect so much as one hundred rupees for the whole of the things disposed of. I think I got some seventy and odd rupees, and I had sofas, chairs, tables, pictures, glass and crockery, books and other things, all of the best description; and there was a rascally old Parsee at the place, who named his own prices, and gave me the option of taking what he offered or of car-

rying my things along with me.

I had thus no alternative, and as money was the item most required, I was glad to pocket the one in preference to being burthened with the other. In former days, when money was a scarcer commodity in the pockets of subaltern officers than what it now is, our officers used to live with almost nothing in their houses. A sub's household furniture consisted of a camp-cot, a folding camp-table, a camp chair, two or three bullock trunks, and a tripod for a wash-hand stand with a brass basin.

These, in addition to his tent, was his little all. If any body paid him a visit, he would give the person so honouring him the solitary chair, while he seated himself on one of the trunks. On the back of the chair were placed the young sub's saddle, &c.; and the military accourrements would probably be suspended in his bed-room on the walls in the ornamental taste of his dressing-boy or orderly, while one or two prints, with or without frames, would garnish the walls of his drawing-room.

The great Sir Thomas had not a blanket to his VOL. I. P

name when he was a griffin, and used his great coat instead, thrusting his legs through the sleeves, by way of protection against the cold. Blankets in such warm weather as that which generally prevail in tropical climates are seldom necessary, yet still there are parts of the country where they are just as comfortable as in Old England during the cold winter nights.

However, 'tis a plaguing thing to have too much, and if the youngsters of the present were to follow the examples of those of the past, they would save themselves a vast deal of trouble and expense, by not having things in their houses with which they have no business. The money saved in not purchasing useless trash will be well laid out, when the time comes for moving, in buying a good tent, laying in a small stock of requisites, paying servants, &c., and having a bag with a little loose cash therein for daily expenses while marching; whereas, by spending it beforehand to furnish a house, you become a loser to a certainty of at least one half, for you will never get even that price for your things, when necessity compels you to part with them.

The route we were to take being one through a country in which bandies, or carts, could not be used, in consequence of the state of the roads, and the only means of transport for our baggage being bullocks, the reader may imagine that a large number of those animals was in demand. Each officer had to inform the quarter-master of the number required for himself and company, while some of us purchased them, preferring that to hiring, with the chances of breaking down on the road, or the desertion of their owners, after receiving the usual advance.

This latter is, in my opinion, a bad plan, because of the trouble and expense of feeding and keeping, whereas by good management and making those hired give proper security, it is no difficult matter to prevent desertion. If the bullock-drivers and bandy-men, as well as the other followers in a camp, are treated as they should be, officers and men would not experience any annoyances or inconveniences from them; but it is a fact that these poor people are frequently ill used by their emplovers, which, in addition to the having received a certain sum of money in advance, are sufficient inducements for their running away. We had great difficulty in procuring the necessary quantum of carriage for our baggage. There were scarcely any bullocks to be had, and several thousands were wanted. Our quarter-master had to go to the villages in the country, where, with the aid of the civil authorities, he was obliged to press into service as many as he could collect; such was the scarcity, indeed, that many were compelled to have their things carried by coolies instead.

I think I had six bullocks for my traps; two for my trunks, three for my tent, and one for sundries; in addition to which, I was obliged to hire six or eight men to carry my cot and other requisites. These last were engaged for the stage only, changing at each place, and receiving their hire at the end of each journey. Some of our officers were actually obliged to destroy part of their baggage, in consequence of the want of means of conveyance.

I must here inform the inexperienced reader, that a regiment marching in India is totally different to one in England, or anywhere else. To a thousand fighting men there are about four or five thousand camp-followers, and upwards; the families of officers and men, the servants of the former with their respective families, the bullock-drivers and bandymen, the coolies, palankeen-bearers and others, form quite a host, to say nothing of the mixed multitude attached to the mess establishment.

Each soldier has about three or four souls following him, according to whether he is married or not. The bachelor has his father or mother, or both, or perhaps grandfathers and grandmothers also, besides uncles and aunts, sisters and brothers, with probably some of their families. A married man, perhaps, has some of the above in addition to the members of his own immediate family; the old and decrepit, the weak and infirm, the sick

and the lame, have all to be carried, and many is the poor sepoy, with nothing but his pay (or rather what remains of it, and that is little enough, God only knows), who has to procure carriage for the accommodation of these as well as for the conveyance of property; the number of living beings, therefore, and the difficulty of means of transport, may be conceived better than described.

About a fortnight before quitting Mangalore, the periodical rains came upon us in torrents. I was quite astonished at the down-pour. The houses are all thatched, the noise consequently of the water falling on the roofs was such, that, to make ourselves heard, we were obliged to bawl out as loudly as if speaking to people at a distance. The climate is so damp that everything gets quite spoilt. This monsoon, therefore, was not looked upon by any one as an agreeable visitor, particularly as we were on the eve of marching, with no shelter whilst halted, save that of our tents; we were consequently anxious to be off as fast as we could.

It is an odd and to me an unaccountable arrangement, that troops should be made to move at the seasons they do. They either march from one station to another in the rainy season, thereby rendering the journey one of discomfort, and engendering fevers and rheumatisms; or in the very middle of the hot weather, which causes cholera and other destructive diseases. This remark may

perhaps be looked upon as one ill becoming so humble an individual as I am, but I do not make it as if such movements were always occurring; the "powers that be" are supposed the best judges on these subjects, and, as soldiers, we must not grumble, but die like rotten sheep when ordered to do so,—and say nothing!

The miseries of a march in the rains are indescribable, and are known only to those who have experienced them. Our clothes are damp; our tents throw out a disagreeable smell from being constantly soaked; the ground under us is wet and cold; and our baggage and followers, the former destroyed, and the latter suffering from the effects of exposure. Everybody in camp is grumbling and growling. We have the rain pouring upon us on the line of march; upon coming to a halt, we have to wait for our baggage, which cannot proceed quickly on account of the state of the roads; and, when it reaches the encamping ground, the tents are pitched often on a swamp, and into them we have to go, miserable and discontented.

There are seasons of the year when troops might be moved without exposing them to the cold and rain, or to the heat and land winds; and really, in these times, when disease and death are stalking with fierce strides throughout the country, carrying off thousands—scarcely a regiment marching without being attacked by cholera,—it is a great pity that matters are not better managed than they are.

I may as well here mention that, before leaving Mangalore, I purchased a horse for the march, a strong, serviceable animal, though rather ancient. He served my purpose very well, and lasted me for several years after. My tents I had brought with me from Madras; these were in capital order, as I had taken every care of them. Tents are articles which require constant looking after; they are generally stowed away in some lumber-room in which rats and mice congregate in great abundance, selecting invariably the inside folds of the tents to locate themselves and their families in, eating large holes in them, gnawing the ropes to pieces, and doing much damage; in addition to this nuisance, white ants contrive to pay a visit to them, to say nothing of the mildew of a damp apartment.

It is consequently necessary to have one's tents out and looked at about twice or three times a month, exposed to the sun, well dried, and put up again so as to prevent the possibility of their being injured. A tent pitched occasionally is a good thing,—it stretches, and its owner is able to examine it thoroughly; and the doing so keeps the servants in practice in pitching or striking them, for, be it known, that we make every domestic in our train lend a helping hand in these services.

I had two servants with me, and these, in addition to their relatives, as also my horsekeeper, grass-cutter, tent-lascar, bullock-drivers and coolies, made a total of about twenty-five souls to my single self; an ensign of foot, travelling with such a train, would appear almost incredible; 'tis however nothing but what is true. In the Bengal army, an ensign has, perhaps, double that number, but it is absolutely necessary; we cannot do without them, either in Madras or Bengal, whether we travel or are stationary; the number of servants to our establishment is quite ridiculous when we come to consider how very few are kept in a large family at home in Old England.

As I before remarked, my health failed me at Mangalore; so that when we quitted that station, on our journey towards the Carnatic, I was in a very delicate weak state, and became fearful that I should not be able to proceed. The doctor told me, however, to try, and said that in all probability the change of air on the first march would do me good, and recommended my proceeding two stages by water, as far as a village called Buntwaul, distant by land, I think, about twenty miles from Mangalore. As our quarter-master (poor D——C——) was going on in advance, it was arranged that I was to accompany him in his boat, sending on all my baggage and followers two days before me, and

desiring my servants to have my tents pitched, and everything ready against my coming.

We had a delightful trip up the river; the scenery was very picturesque, the air cold and bracing, and the day beautifully fine. There were several of our sick men with us in the boat, together with baggage and other things; but, as our vessel was a large one, there was no lack of room for all. My compagnon de voyage proved himself a very pleasant one, very kind and attentive to my comforts, and I enjoyed my journey very much.

About noon, we passed the regiment, encamped at a place about half way between its starting-ground and its destination. We stopped to change boats, in consequence of the water being shallower; the one we got into was considerably smaller, and better calculated for that part of the river. While at this place (which, by the way, is called Seringapet), I witnessed an animating and lively scene, the shore and rocks being occupied by many of our men and their families, washing, bathing, singing, and laughing, apparently quite rejoiced at getting away from such a vile place as Mangalore, and enjoying the delights of a holiday on the banks of a river.

On one rock, in particular, was seated a high caste Brahmin or Rajhpoot, very proud and distant, and more particularly so when performing his ablutions, which with these men are looked upon

as a very serious ceremony. There he was, seated on a rock, not a soul near him, his *jinuboo* (or brass water-pot) in his hands, throwing water over his body, and muttering his prayers in solemn dignity.

The place whereon he stood was slippery from the water thrown upon it, his footing consequently was not secure; while stooping to get some more water, he stumbled, and fell headlong into the river, to the great amusement of the many who witnessed the immersion, the fellows shouting till they made the rocks ring again. Nothing disconcerted, however, the haughty Rajhpoot regained his position, and proceeded with his bathing, which finished, he plunged into the water and swam to the shore, casting fierce looks of defiance and anger at the bystanders, most of them his comrades, who giggled as he passed them, and who would, no doubt, have favoured him with a repetition of their mirth, had they dared to do so.

Some of the men were fishing; and, as we arrived, I saw several fine fish pulled up, which doubtless served for the evening meal of their first night's bivouac. While stopping at Seringapet, we sent to the mess-tent for some eatables, not having had anything from breakfast time. The servants brought us down a supply of cold fowls and ham, bread, butter, and two bottles of beer, which the reader may conceive were very acceptable.

The change of scene, the bracing air, and the excitement of our trip, to say nothing of the long fast, had sharpened my appetite to such a degree that I nearly demolished one of the fowls and a bottle of beer before my friend had fairly commenced.

We had a delightful run to Buntwaul, where we arrived in the evening, and, after landing, proceeded at once to the encamping-ground. I expected to find my tent ready pitched, and everything prepared for my reception, but what was my disappointment, when, on my arrival, I was informed by my servants that all my things had been put away in the traveller's bungalow, and that my tent had not been erected, as I was not expected until the following morning.

This was very provoking, particularly as I felt tired and worn-out by the exertions of the day. However, my kind friend, the quarter-master, invited me into his tent, in which I passed a comfortable night. As we had had no dinner, he asked one of our men to cook us up a dish of rice and curry, which made its appearance about halfan-hour after, smoking hot, and throwing out a most savoury enticing smell that made my mouth

water.

We enjoyed our supper exceedingly, and finished the repast with a glass of hot brandy and water by way of a night-cap. A curry, made by a native in the way he himself eats it, is far preferable, in my opinion, to that which is concocted by our own cooks; there is something piquant and palatable in the one, while the other resembles a stew highly flavoured with spices and other condiments. The former is made of the plain, simple ingredients used by the natives of the country, and the latter is composed of a variety of mixtures, greatly injurious, I think, to those who partake of the same.

As a curry is a dish peculiarly oriental, it cannot be better made than by an Indian in his own way. Many are the times I have dined entirely off a dish cooked by one of my own sepoys, or bearers. Partaking of it in that way, I think it delicious and wholesome. Our men are always delighted whenever they are asked to cook for us, and on a line of march I invariably employed one of them for that purpose. Nothing pleases the poor fellows more than to be allowed to send their officers a dish of their own cooking. Natives are generally very clean in their culinary arrangements; I was therefore never apprehensive of anything dirty, or unwholesome, in the dishes they were in the habit of sending me.

I prefer eating from the sepoys' messes to the cookery of our own; and I have often stayed in my tent, and dined off a curry prepared by one of my company, rather than take my meals in the mess-tent. There is a particular knack, too, in

boiling the rice, which the natives alone know; and the grain badly boiled, either done too much or not done enough, is always unwholesome. The greatest care and attention, as well as constant practice, are requisite to prepare the rice as it ought to be, and when properly done, I look upon it as being the most palatable, as well as the most nutritious, of all vegetable produce.

It was late at night when we thought of retiring to our couches. My traps could not be got out of the room in which they had been stowed away, so my good friend very kindly insisted upon my taking his camp-cot, while he laid himself down upon some trunks placed abreast of each other, spreading some tent-bags, &c. by way of a bedding. He must have had a hard bed, too; however, as he would not hear of my taking it in his stead, he had no one to blame but himself.

This was my first night in a camp. I had never before slept under canvass. The novelty was strange to me, though we had everything as we desired it, (except, by the way, my friend's bed), and the interior of our habitation presented an air of comfort which rendered it quite snug, and made me feel as happy as if I were in a bedroom at home. Worn out and tired with the day's journey, I passed a very quiet night, and slept like a top until late the next morning, when the beating of drums and the sounds of martial music roused me from my slum-

bers. I jumped out of my bed, and, going to the door of the tent, beheld the regiment marching in; a very lively sight, and more particularly so to me, who had not witnessed such an one before.

In a short time, the men were dismissed, tents pitched, and all the bustle of arrival subsided into quiet repose. Guards were told off, and sentries posted, and the officers betook themselves to the breakfast-tent, where they met, and talked, and laughed, until their meal was ready, which they attacked with the appetites of men who had not broken their fast; rendered keener by their long march and the morning air. What a delightful thing is a life in camp when there is no disease to worry us! But, alas! never scarcely is a camp formed now-a-days but what the dreaded epidemic is sure to reign paramount in it. Verily does it strike down many a brave heart! But we will make mention of this subject hereafter.

## CHAPTER XV.

Description of a Line of March—Scene of varied Animation—
Novel Species of Duck-Stealing—Recruit and Pension Boys
—Sick Doolies—Griffinish Blunders—Green Pigeons—
Hardships of Officers' Wives on a Line of March—Native
Abuse—Travelling Troubles—Prescription for Intoxication
—Loss and Recovery of Camp Equipage—Horse-shoeing—
Pilferings of the Horsekeepers—Requisite Care of Horse—
Grasscutters at Numdah—The Bessely Ghaut—Perils in
crossing a Ford—Escape from an Alligator.

A line of march in India is a sight replete with interest and novelty. The enormous number of living souls in motion,—the train of baggage,—the quantity of cattle of all descriptions,—the body of troops, small in comparison to that of the followers, as before observed, the proportion being of three or four to each individual fighting man,—this vast concourse of living beings moving together, and everything connected with them, renders the whole an exciting scene; and there is in it so much of incident for amusement and observation, that I cannot help entering into a description, which will, I hope, excite the attention

of the reader, and show him how matters are conducted in the East; how our troops move, and how different an affair it is altogether to the easy, comfortable way in which things are managed at home, where whole regiments are transported from one end of the country to the other by means of the railroad, which conveys them, their families, and their baggage, in an incredibly short space of time.

Our military friends at home little know of the troubles and difficulties their brethren in arms have to contend with in this land; and an European regiment, first moving from one station to another, is quite astounded with all they have to undergo on the march, so little accustomed are they to be inconvenienced in their journey, and so ignorant of the mode of proceeding.

Troops in India move very early, according to the distance of the stage to be travelled, contriving so as to reach the camp as soon as possible after sunrise. As early as two and three o'clock in the morning, the families and baggage begin to be in motion, so as to get in advance of the regiment. Tents are struck and fires lighted, and the things placed upon the bandies; men, women and children talking, shouting, wrangling and crying. The order is that no one shall move before the beat of the drums, but this order (and a very foolish one, too) is never attended to; the families

invariably try to start as early as they can, to avoid coming in contact with the main body; and I think the less they are interfered with in these arrangements the better.

At the time appointed, "the générale" rattles its startling sounds throughout the camp, when men and officers turn out; tents are struck as quick as possible; the baggage-bandies loaded and started off. It is quite dark, and preparations for moving are made by torch or candle-light. The whole camp, which was but a short while before sunk in silence and slumber, is now all bustle and stir. Officers and men, equally alive to their personal interests, are busy with their own concerns, attending to the dispatching of their families and baggage.

The servants are generally very smart: while the tents are being struck, one is attending to his master, the other is making tea or coffee (very necessary in marching, as it is always advisable to take something of the sort to warm the inner man against the morning air), the tent-lascar is busy in packing the tents, the horsekeeper in saddling his horse; and, if there is a lady in the case, the bearers are ready with their palkee to receive their precious burthen, who, wrapped in flannels and shawls, enters her conveyance, and starts on ahead.

Families marching have always two suits of

tents; one is sent on in advance the evening before, with some of the servants, to prepare the breakfast, and the lady, with her young progeny (if there is any), moves on to make all ready for the reception of her lord and master, who follows with the troops.

The quarter-master of the regiment also starts the evening before, to select and mark out the ground for the next encampment, and the jummādānā-guard\* (for collecting supplies) also accompanies him, to have all the necessaries of food and other articles ready. The mess-tent, and its concomitants, also leave the previous evening, so as to be ready with breakfast for the officers on the arrival of the regiment the next morning.

"The générale" sounded, the men begin to dress and accoutre themselves, and their tents are struck and carried away; all this should never take more than half an hour, when the next taps—"the assembly"—are beat, and the troops fall in; the column is formed right or left in front, as indicated in orders on the preceding day; the advance and rear-guards are thrown out, and all move off at the sound of the "quick march" from the orderly bugler; upon which the men generally give a shout and a huzzah, and away they go, leaving their old encampment, and looking forward with

<sup>&</sup>quot;Jümmā-dānā guard"—literally "the grain-collecting guard."

anxious expectations to reaching their next stage, and meeting with their families whom they have sent on in advance.

The guards and sentries are all withdrawn previously to starting, except the "quarter guard," as it is called, which stands fast to protect the baggage and followers, and which does not quit the old ground until every soul is off it. They then march, forming the rear-guard of the whole, bringing up all stragglers from the ranks, and on their arrival reporting to the officer on duty all occurrences on the route.

At first starting, the movement of the regiment is rather slow, owing not only to the darkness of the morning, but on account of the road being crowded with human beings, bullocks, bandies; obstacles which retard the progress of the red-coats, and render us anything but amiable, particularly as men are not much inclined to be in that mood on turning out sleepy and in the cold, to grope their way in the dark, with the chance of being run over by a waggon, or having their brains knocked out by a stray bullock, or a vicious tattoo (a pony), of which there are always a great number in a camp. However, we contrive to creep along, by means of torches and lanterns, until day-light, when the men jerk up their packs and start out boldly, calling out to those in advance to move on, and try to reach the encampment before the sun gets hot.

After clearing the old ground, the taps sound, "unfix bayonets—and—march at ease," when officers sheath their swords and mount, while the men march as they like, the pivots of sections, however, preserving their distances, and the whole push along as fast as they like, the men conversing with each other, the Joe Miller of each company telling his yarns, or cracking his jokes, some of the fellows singing, and others laughing. It very often happens that the officers are made subjects of mirth by the former, or of panegyric by the latter, as they are liked or disliked by the men.

Some light their pipes or cheroots, and smoke, as do also most of the officers. This latter is an excellent thing to do, because it drives away anything noxious in the morning air; though if smoking disagrees with anybody, I think it is just as well avoided, as the very smell or taste of tobacco creates nausea, which does more harm than good. I have known a whole regiment marching with pipes, or cheroots a-light.

The band, drums and fifes, move at the head of the column; the men and boys composing them afford ample food for amusement, to say nothing of the censure attending their many tricks. I remember while passing through a village early one morning, there were a number of ducks waddling along to a piece of water hard by. Our drummers came right amongst them, several were snatched up unobserved, and crammed into the drums. At another time, we passed through a toddy-tope, where some of them contrived to get away and imbibe plentifully of the tempting beverage. They are strange rascals are our drummers, and up to all kinds of mischief.

In the rear of the column follow the recruits of the regiment (if there are any), and behind them again, the recruit and pension boys. I must here observe, for sake of information, that these latter are lads kept up in our service by government, as a separate establishment in each corps. The lads are the sons of old and faithful men, brought up and instructed in all military duties, regularly mustered and paid. When arrived at a certain age, and if of the standard height, they are transferred to the ranks as privates, and generally turn out to be our best soldiers; but should they not have reached the prescribed height at a certain age, they are discharged from the service.

The "recruit boys" are the elder lads, while the "pension" are all the young ones; the former are made to do duty as orderlies, besides attending the regimental schools when not otherwise employed; while the latter are kept entirely at their lessons, coming out to be drilled regularly dressed in proper uniform; and it is quite laughable to see some of the smallest in their little military costume, with their caps on their heads, aping the soldier, and

strutting about with a deportment well becoming the veteran.

This establishment is not, I think, kept up in the Bengal Presidency,—why, I know not; it is certainly a most charitable and praiseworthy one, and the native soldiery feel very thankful for such; indeed, they have every reason to be so, seeing that their sons, if eligible, are provided for during their minority, and sure of a livelihood in the event of the loss of either parent.

These lads are very well paid, receiving three rupees and a-half (seven shillings) a month, and it very often is the case that they have to feed four or five mouths besides themselves out of that sum, exclusive of their being obliged to provide themselves with clothing and uniforms. Promotion to a certain extent goes on amongst them; and the adjutant, under whose charge they are, gives each lad promoted a small consideration, in addition to his pay, out of his own pocket, by way of encouragement; and they are permitted to wear "cheverons" on their arms, as marks of distinction from the rest. They turn out in a most soldier-like manner, and go through their drill with as much steadiness and precision as the oldest man in the ranks.

After the boys follows the adjutant, who rides, with the medico, in rear of the whole, and behind them again come the "sick doolies," two-and-two,

carried by bearers supplied by the commissariat or quarter-master general's departments. These doolies are comfortable conveyances, made up of strong framework well put together, and covered with blue or white painted canvass: in them are placed the sick, who are accompanied by the medical subordinates belonging to the corps, together with the medicine chest, surgical instruments, &c.

On the reverse flanks of companies march the pickalliers, or men driving bullocks, carrying large leather bags filled with water, a very useful arrangement for a line of march, particularly in hot weather. Then comes the rear-guard, generally composed of one company thrown out in the usual way, and intended more for practice than anything else. Flanking parties are also in requisition, according to the whim of the commanding officer, who rides in stately grandeur at the head of his regiment, followed by his retinue of orderlies and horsekeeper, who watch him as closely as a cat does a mouse. A commanding officer of a regiment is a very great man on a line of march!

The column is usually halted half way, to enable the men to rest awhile and eat something (if they have anything to eat), drink water, or take a puff at a pipe. On such occasions, they are moved off the road, arms are piled, and the men broken off; some lie down on the grass, others stroll about, while others sit on the road side and watch the baggage and followers marching along; some, again, more anxious, go down the road a little way to help on their families.

Officers dismount and sit chatting in groups, or, should there be any shooting-ground close at hand, or a *jheel* (lake, or large sheet of water), containing teal or duck, they generally take their guns and go and beat the one for partridges or hares, or try and have a shot at the wild fowl on the other. There is often much fun going on when thus halted, at the expense generally of some unlucky griffin. We came in for our share of being laughed at; for none but real griffs commit the blunders or play the tricks which create the ridicule.

My friend, who had but recently joined the corps, often gave us cause for laughter, and I may as well relate an anecdote or two which occurred on the road while we were halted in the manner above described. Our colonel was a very amusing person, his brain was ever on the rack to do or say something that might create a laugh. It so happened that near the place where we had one day halted there was a large tree, under the umbrageous branches of which some of us were seated. Presently, there was a rustling among the leaves of the tree, and the colonel, looking up, exclaimed—

"What's that?—Well, I declare, if there are not

a whole lot of green pigeons!—Who has got his gun loaded?"

"I have—I have, colonel," exclaimed the ensign, who forthwith seized his fowling-piece, cocked it with haste, and advanced towards the tree, looking up most anxiously. One of the party took up a stone ready to throw among the boughs, to drive out whatever was there.

"Are you ready?" inquired the colonel.

"Yes, all ready," replied the sportsman, "throw up the stone quick."

The stone was thrown, and out flew a number of crows, "bang!" went the gun! "caw—caw—caw" went the crows, wagging their tails most joyously; not one had been hit!

"I am sure I hit one!" exclaimed he with the gun—"but, what have I been firing at? why, they are crows, and no green pigeons after all!"

The reader may imagine we had a nice laugh at our comrade for his disappointment, which, however, he bore with great good-nature.

I must relate another trick played off on my young chum,—by the old colonel, of course. While passing through a village, or rather the outskirts of it, the colonel spied some pigs, old and young, grunting along the road side, on their way to graze, driven by a little naked boy. He immediately called out to the youthful Nimrod,

"Come up! come up, as fast as you can, and you. I.

bring your spear here! I see a beautiful boar, and a lot of others! Run, run, or they will all be off!"

"Where, where?" inquired he; and, snatching his spear from the hands of his horsekeeper, he charged to the front, and, not knowing a wild hog from a domestic one, laid his lance in rest, and bounded onwards, unconscious of what he was doing. He rode over the poor black urchin, and flung his maiden spear against the sow, which scampered off, squeaking most lustily, the barb having grazed her skin.

Poor B—! What a laugh did we have at him! He vowed vengeance against the colonel, who enjoyed the joke exceedingly, consoling the disappointed lad by telling him that he threw his spear much better than many an older hand, and that he hoped one of these days to hear that he had become a first rate sportsman, which he now is.

Married men while marching become great sportsmen; because the game they shoot supplies their tables, and consequently saves them the expenses of purchasing meat from the market. It was highly amusing to watch one (our doctor) in particular, who would rush after a miserable partridge which he might chance to hear calling in the jungle, or run up to his middle in water after a solitary duck, without bagging his bird. Poor doctor! his feeding must have been very second

rate, if all he and his wife partook of were the produce of his gun; if he depended on that, they must indubitably have both been starved!

We had two married men with us in camp. One a captain, and the other the doctor above-named. The ladies must have had a very unpleasant time of it on first starting; for, independently of the inconveniences of early rising and travelling, they were exposed to the wet caused by the rains and the dampness of the tents in which they were obliged, from necessity, to reside.

I beg leave to observe, that, generally speaking, throughout India, there are buildings erected and maintained by government, for the accommodation of travellers, in almost every village on the routes frequented by them. At the time I am alluding to, however, there were few, if any, of these buildings, (or, as they are called, bungalows,) on the road we followed, and the few that existed were in so dilapidated a condition, that occupying any of them was quite out of the question.

I recollect one of these bungalows in particular. Our two ladies went into it, intending to pass the day therein comfortably, no doubt. They had no sooner got themselves settled, when the rain came down in torrents, and the roof being very scantily supplied with tiles, the water found various inlets, and poured in upon the unfortunate travellers, who were under the necessity either of going about the

rooms with their umbrellas over their heads, or of taking shelter in their palankeens.

But I think I shall allude to our fair ladies hereafter, and make mention of all the troubles and trials they have to undergo on a line of march in India, when they are obliged to accompany their husbands with their regiments. Ladies with troops in England are bad enough, but in the east, in a warm climate, they cannot be otherwise than miserable.

We crossed the river at a place called Coperemguddy. The ford is not very wide or deep, the men and baggage crossing up to their knees. I heard of a laughable occurrence which took place at this ford during the Coorg war, already mentioned. I will relate it here, to show the reader the peculiarities of the native character, when opposed to each other in warfare, without the presence of the European officer.

It so happened that a subadar's piquet of our's was ordered to guard this ford, with strict injunctions to watch it, and prevent men or stores from crossing over in the direction of the enemy's country. This piquet was commanded by a smart old native officer, composed of about forty firelocks. The old soldier having taken up his position and planted his sentries, was on the point of retiring into his tent for the purpose of eating his dinner, when word was brought him, that a body

of men were standing posted on the opposite side,

who appeared to be preparing to cross.

The subadar instantly went out, and fell in his men; "Perhaps," thought he, "the rascals may show fight;" so he stood to his arms, and, as the river was not very wide, and the custom of natives being that of invariably commencing a long tirade of words and abuse, previously to a fight, a parley ensued to the following effect. The subadar began—

"Holloa, you fellows! Don't you be trying to cross over here. I have particular orders to pre-

vent your doing so!"

"What is it to you?" exclaimed the leader of the opposite party, "we will cross if we choose; and I should like to see you preventing us."

"Hold your tongue, you ragamuffin!" cried old red-coat, "if you don't mind, I'll come over there,

and give you a sound thrashing!"

"Come over here!" said he of the other side,

" and we will roast every one of you!"

"Ay, ay!" shouted the subadar, "come over here, will you, and we will roast, and eat you into the bargain! If you don't instantly be off, I'll fire upon you!" And with that he gave the word to his men to be *ready*, upon which the Coorgites vanished instantaneously, and never came near his post again!

Natives are very fond of playing at long-bowls with their tongues, and, when once they begin, I

verily aver that they beat women quite out of the field. We generally consider that the softer sex of India are gifted with much volubility in their disputes, particularly when their tempers get the better of them; but I look upon the men, when they are having a quarrel, much worse in every respect; and yet the old play says, that "woman's tongue will go for exercise."

The subadar got great credit for his plucky conduct, and would, no doubt, have given his friends on the other side a roasting and eating reception, had they been rash enough to venture to his bank of the river; as it was, he held his post unmolested, until withdrawn; and, had it not been for his showing a bold front, he would have been attacked and overwhelmed by superior numbers, for it was subsequently ascertained that there were three or four hundred men concealed in the thick jungle close by, while only a small party appeared to ascertain what kind of a fellow they would have to deal with, if they hazarded the attempt to cross the river.

My own troubles on this march were not a few in number, incurred, no doubt, from inexperience, and a consequent want of good management. My bullocks annoyed me more than anything else, and my servants, who turned out all to be drunkards, (how many ensign's servants are not?) were a constant source of vexation to me. My coolies annoy me also, and my tent-lascar was a sore thorn in my side. On the march, it was a matter of every-day occurrence to hear of my bullocks having kicked off their loads, and scampered into the jungles; that the trunks, &c., were cast on the roadside without any prospect of their being brought on; and that their drivers had followed their bullocks in order to catch them.

My servant would be found lying by the trunks in a state of inebriety; my coolies would put down their loads also, and run back to the village from whence they came; and my tent lascar would generally be found in a similar state to that in which my servant was,—dead drunk,—and fast asleep on the ground alongside of his comrade! Thus would I find matters almost every day.

Fortunately, my trunks were strong, and none the worse for the frequent upsets they experienced, otherwise I know not what I should have done, for, had any accident happened, I should most probably have been bereft of all that I possessed in this world, (left, as they would have been, to the mercy of all the rogues and vagabonds in camp); my full dress coat and epaulettes forming the most valuable part of my kit, to say nothing about an excellent supply of new linen, &c., which I had brought from England with me.

I used to have all my domestics severely punished as soon as they reached camp; but really their drunkenness became so common, and their punishments having, to all appearances, little or no effect upon them, that I was constrained to let matters take their own course, consoling myself with the hopes, that, as their money could not last for ever, I should soon have them on their proper behaviour.

We were one day halted half way as usual, and were seated watching our baggage and other things pass on. We had just forded a stream, up the banks of which the bullocks were scrambling with their burdens on their backs, their drivers urging them with hallooing and flogging. I was delighted to find my tent-bullocks among the rest, and was beginning to console myself that I should have my canvass pitched earlier than usual, when the adjutant's dog, a dreadful yelping cur, rushed out, and commenced barking and snapping at my leading bullocks, which forthwith took fright, and kicking up furiously, threw off their loads, and ran away, followed by the rest, similarly affected.

Nothing could stop them, so away they went, and with them their drivers, leaving all my traps on the ground, to be brought on whenever the runaway bullocks should have been caught. This was truly annoying, but what made matters worse was to find that the rascally servant had stowed away a bottle full of blacking within the folds of the tent, which, as a matter of course, was smashed on

its falling to the ground, and I only discovered the mischief by observing a dark stream oozing out from under the bundle.

The outer fly (as it is called) of my tent was thus marked for ever,—indelibly as it were,—with a large black patch, which caused it to be known and recognised by the men of the regiment, who invariably cracked their jokes, whenever the ensign's tent was visible in the distance.

My lascar was a great rogue, for, independently of his profession as a pitcher of tents, he added the important knowledge of the mysteries of platewashing and cleaning of knives, &c. These last attainments had full developement in the mess-tent, whither he used daily to hie, for the purpose, as he called it, of assisting the mess servants, voluntarily of course.

This was a cunning arrangement on his part, inasmuch as that he thereby feasted upon the odds and ends which were brought to him, and imbibed all the wine and beer which he would chance to find in the glasses and tumblers left him to clean. The consequences were, that the fellow always got as drunk as possible, and I was thus deprived of his services for the greater part of the day, indeed I seldom could get even a glimpse of him, and as to his ever being sober, that would have been a wonder. But I soon broke him of his tricks, for every time I found him tipsey (and that was, as I before said, every day), I had him sent to the hospitaltent, where he was made to disgorge all he had taken, by means of a strong emetic, which was administered to him by the apothecary. Oh! the discomforts of a march with bad servants. Good ones are invaluable, but they are difficult to be had, raræ aves in campis, and most certainly very nigroque simillima cygno;" but these even are sure to fall off, and follow the evil examples of others. The best servants are ruined on a line of march; mine could not be, for the villains were all bad enough before.

The characters of servants very soon become developed, and their employer made aware that those he confidently looked upon as honest, sober menials, are in fact the veriest thieves and drunkards to be met with in the habitable globe. I speak from dire experience, and I think I have had a good quantum of that since I first landed on the north beach of Madras.

I found my lascar had an odd way of pitching my tent. He invariably fixed it in such a manner that the pole was never at right angles with the ground, which caused the whole fabrique to be quite awry; this obliquity was doubtless caused by some material defect in his visual organs, the consequences of deep potations during the previous

night, and as sure as my tent was pitched, so sure was I obliged to have it pulled down and pitched again: it very often happened that I was not comfortably under cover until one or two o'clock in the afternoon; if ever earlier, I used to consider myself in a perfect state of beatitude, which beggars description.

I remember on one occasion my servant came to me with a rueful countenance, saying that my cot-coolies had put down their load and had taken themselves off.

"Master, cot done, put em down, the coolies, sar, and run vay!" exclaimed the fellow, as he came up to me; "no one got to make bring cot

up to master tent."

"Why did you allow them to run away, sir?" inquired I, quite angry with the man at thoughts of the probable fate of my bed, &c. &c. "Why did you let them go, sir? And where are they gone?"

"What, I know, sar?" said the exasperated matey; "'spose coolies run vay, how can I stop em? I var foor man, sar. No rice this marnin,

no nothing for me eat. What I do, sar?"

"No nothing, say you, sir? What do you mean by that, you knave? You have been taking something as it is, and that's why the coolies ran away."

"No, sar. I no take nothing. I foor man, sar; large fam'ly got. I hanusht man. Neber

drinkee nothing 'cept water. I Hindoo mans. Neber touch de 'rack, brandy, nothing, so help me Bob," shouted the matey.

"Hold your tongue, you rogue!" said I, "and

don't make matters worse by telling lies."

"I no tell lies, sar. Master, please, cut'em off my roan tongue, 'spose I speakee lies. I neber do that nor. Master like can make inquire of the sepoys. I shtay with the thingis all time, and coolies get tired and put'em down the cot; go drinkee vater, and then run vay, how I can help, sar? I neber drink, neber tell lies."

"Of course," said I, "you took the coolies also, and they drank arrack with you, and then gave you the slip; you are as drunk now as you can be. Go this instant, and bring up my cot, and if it is not in this tent in an hour, I shall hand you over to the choudry,\* and have you flogged at the bazaar flag-staff, you rascal. Be off, this moment, and mind, sir, you bring those coolies with you also!"

"I no can go, sar," cried the inebriated matey, with drunken-resolution. "Master, please give me my discharge. I no can sarve master no more. I not drinkee, neber tell lies, neber got flog, and now master get angry with foor man; no rice this morning; and now I must go and bring the cot. I no go, sar;" thus said the matey.

<sup>\*</sup> A police functionary, attached to the regiment.

The colonel, who was walking by, heard the noise outside of my tent, and came up to where I was standing. He asked me what the matter was, and I explained to him the dilemma in which I was fixed, and the state of affairs betwixt master and man. The colonel gave the unfortunate domestic one look. It was sufficient. He was off like lightning, and in less than an hour my cot reached the camp in safety, carried by the very coolies who had been supposed to have absconded. My domestic was sent, as usual, to the hospital-tent, and there underwent the usual discipline, which soon set him to rights; 'tis a capital plan, and one which natives dread exceedingly.

My Bucephalus was another grievance to me. Day after day there was sure to be something wrong, either real or imaginary. One day he would break loose and gallop all over the encampment, kicking and plunging in every direction, much to the annoyance of officers and men, old women and children, who, doubtless, wished my old brute far enough! Another day the grass-cutter rogue could not procure a sufficient supply of grass, although the rest had abundance. The third day the beast would have a sore back, and a fourth day my man would discover and report that he had a loose shoe, and a fifth he would say that the animal refused his feed; every trivial thing was thus mag-

nified into enormous disasters and misfortunes, so that I was in one constant state of ferment, and I had no peace night nor day.

When a regiment is ordered to march, one of the first things the officers do is to secure the services of a "naal-bund" (or farrier), to accompany the corps as far as its new station; he receiving a certain charge of so much per shoe, over and above the general price, and a premium on his reaching the end of the journey. This is a great advantage, and a comfort to us, as without such a useful attaché we could never be able to get on.

The "naal-bunds" are generally Mussulmans, who learn their business from European farriers of cavalry corps, and are some of them expert in their work, besides having a slight acquaintance in the veterinary art; though, I must say, that they are generally very clumsy at the one, and not particularly bright in the other. It often happens, however, that one of the officers of a corps is somewhat conversant with the mysteries of horseshoeing and doctoring, and "White's Farriery," or some such work, is always to be found among us. The consequence is, that Mister the Naalbund's work is supervised, and irregularities checked; but I have frequently heard of horses being lamed, or ruined for ever, by the carelessness of these men, who are fellows much addicted to

drinking or smoking intoxicating drugs, and therefore not over careful in what they are doing.

On the occasion of our march, we had no such individual with us, though our quarter-master serjeant was somewhat expert in driving a nail, and any horse casting a shoe was obliged to remain without one until we should reach a place where one of the trade was to be had. I was therefore ever on the watch against loose shoes, and whenever we halted on the wayside I would invariably examine my horse's feet to ascertain that all was right. I think shoeing horses at all a bad plan, and I have found that without shoes a horse is much more sure footed than with them.

Mentioning horses, I may as well hint to all, as a general rule to be observed while marching, that it would be advisable for a man to look to his horses as much as possible himself, for the tricks that are played upon their owners are innumerable, and the loss of an animal, whatever its value, while travelling, particularly if possessed but of one, is a greater inconvenience than may be conceived. For instance, the horsekeeper, for want of better food, steals that intended for his beast, and feeds himself and family thereon. This requires personal surveillance, and must be checked.

The grain, (a vetch peculiar to the whole of Southern India, and with which horses are fed,) boiled, makes capital eating; and the water in which it is so boiled, mixed with a little curry-stuff or pepper, becomes very palatable broth for the poor wretches. The grain thus abstracted and appropriated is so much out of the horse's feed, which consequently goes without; and the water squeezed out of the pot, takes so much out of the moisture and nourishment of the food, and the horse has to eat a dry parched up substance, which acts like so much lead on the stomach, causing indigestion and gripes, which are both most dangerous visitations, particularly on the route.

In addition to these evils, the rascal horsekeeper is, during the cold nights, very fond of taking off his animal's clothing, and covering his own body therewith, to the detriment, of course, of his charge, which either gets an attack of rheumatism or a stroke of the land wind, which renders him weak in the loins, and consequently fit only to be shot. I have frequently detected horsekeepers playing this trick. It therefore behoves the master to be ever on the watch against such malpractices, for, if he is not so, he is certain of being imposed upon in more ways than one, and perhaps lose his horse. I must mention another trick, which is that of giving horses bad water to drink; this they do to save themselves the trouble of going to a place where good water is to be had for the drawing; instead of which they scrape up the dirty muddy stuff out of the first puddle they come to, and give it to their poor

brutes. Indeed, these horsekeepers are the veriest rogues under the sun!

The man who cuts grass is also a source of much annoyance, particularly on a line of march. I must observe, that in India our horses are generally, in fact always, fed upon green grass, for the procuring of which a man or woman, as the case may be, is employed upon a fixed salary of three rupees and a half per month, and this individual is obliged to fetch a fresh bundle of grass, -a bundle of a certain size, too,—every day for the horse; and really when we come to consider the daily labour and the distance (sometimes from ten to twenty miles) they have to go, before they can procure a sufficient supply, it would appear almost incredible that men or women can be got to do so much for so small a pittance; but so it is: and with this paltry sum the poor individual earning it is often times supporting a large family; and the same labour every day without cessation; there is no holiday, "no reviving Sabbath," for the miserable grass-cutter; the least defalcation is sure to be punished, or the horses must go without food.

These grass-cutters, however, are also the greatest cheats possible, and a person to be up to their tricks must have his wits about him, otherwise he is sure to be outwitted, and his horses starved. To make the bundle of grass look large and bulky, they stuff leaves and twigs in the middle of it,

thereby inducing the master to fancy that it is all right, while it is nothing but deception; and then they bring such trash that, unless the greatest care is taken in the examination, the chances are that the horse eating it is poisoned, or has an attack of gripes, which causes inflammation of the bowels, from which it is with difficulty recovered.

There is also a great necessity, while marching, of being very careful, not only of diet and keep, but in attending to the mode in which the saddle is put on the horse's back; to see that it does not chafe or otherwise annoy the animal; for a sore back, while moving, is (it may be well acknowledged) a sad drawback. I have invariably used a pad made of blanket, or felt, called by the natives a "numdah;" this, placed under the saddle next the skin, not only keeps the back from being chafed, but is a great comfort to the animal. A "numdah" is a capital thing, and I strongly recommend every Indian, travelling on horseback, to use one.

But let us get on with our march. Our route lay through a very woody country: the roads were execrable, and our movements consequently slow, not reaching the end of our stage sometimes till eleven o'clock! In course of time we came to the "Bessely Ghaut," a pass well known to such of my readers as have been in that part of the country. This pass is very steep and rugged,

covered on each side with enormous large trees and thick jungles.

The ascent from one side is very difficult and tedious, so much so, that the baggage was a long time getting up; but the descent on the other was not only very steep and broken, but really dangerous. I believe, however, that that road is now in a tolerable state, and much improved in every respect. We were obliged to dismount and go down on foot, leading our horses, which, with shoes on their feet, was no easy matter. Many a fall did we see, and many a bullock, with its load, rolled down the declivity; any attempts to stop either, when once set going, were of no avail.

As a matter of course, my beasts of burthen were among the first to exhibit their clumsiness. Those carrying my trunks both came down by the run, and away went my unfortunate boxes, chasing each other down the steep in fine style, bounding and jumping over each other as if impatient to reach the bottom; one of the heaviest nearly killed an old woman, and another smashed an unfortunate dog to death, belonging to one of our men. 'Twas, indeed, a pretty sight to see those trunks "ricochet-ing" it down the pass; and gave cause of much amusement to watch the people getting out of their way: fortunately damage there was none, thanks to my outfitters, for my trunks were, as I said before, as strong as they could well

be; and, if their strength was not tested on this march, I am much mistaken.

At the foot of this "Ghaut" there is a rapid river, which is crossed by a ford, or causeway, very narrow and uneven, and made up entirely of large stones piled upon each other, so irregular that it was absolutely dangerous to ride across; the horses stumbled and sprawled about most unpleasantly, and we saw several upsets among the old men and women riding on tattoes and bullocks: the stream was rapid, the water deep on each side, and swarming with alligators, which we saw in abundance.

As we halted on the one bank to allow the men and followers to cross over, we witnessed many an amusing sight; sometimes an old woman (as I before said) riding on a bullock, would flounder in the water, the unfortunate creature shricking with fright; again some sedate subadar, riding on his tattoo, would come upon another, and the two animals would begin kicking and biting most furiously, while their riders would be abusing each other in first-rate style; suddenly, the angry yet affrighted cavaliers would jump desperately off their chargers' backs plump up to their hips in water, much to the delight and merriment of the men, who laugh away and enjoy the fun, some of them giving the warlike tattoes a sly dig with his bayonet by way of encouragement.

We amused ourselves during the interval by

having shots at the alligators, one, an enormous fellow, "laying-to" (to use a nautical phrase), ready to pounce upon any body or thing which may chance to be carried off the ford by the force of the current; but no such luck attended him; all that he caught was a "tartar," in the shape of a round bullet, which came with a sharp twang against his thick skull from one of our rifles. The huge monster gave a spring out of the water and then disappeared; we could not, however, conclude that he had been killed, though, from what we had seen, he must have got a good crack on the head.

Several more shots were fired at others, but as we did not remain at the place we were not able to ascertain whether any damage had been done. These alligators very often lay in wait on the ford, and snap up any unfortunate individual who may be crossing. When, however, several people travel together, they are afraid to venture into shallow water, but otherwise they are very bold, and attack their prey furiously.

I had myself a narrow escape, being nearly carried into the jaws of one of these monsters. After the men had almost all crossed, I re-mounted my horse, and walked him into the water. My beast presently stopped to drink, and I, like a griffin, allowed him to do so, not knowing what was to follow. To my great surprise, I shortly found the horse settling down under me; and, had it not been

for the promptitude of the horsekeeper, who was standing close by, he would certainly have taken a roll in the water, a trick which horses are very apt to play in a warm climate, not only with a view to cooling themselves but to get rid of the many flies which settle upon and sting them.

As it fortunately turned out, the timely assistance of my man prevented the ducking both of master and beast; and, had the brute taken his wished-for roll, I should certainly have been carried away by the force of the stream, and probably snapped up in a trice by one of the alligators. I was not at all aware of the habit to which my Rosinante was addicted, and was consequently but ill prepared for the soaking I got, as I was wet through up to my waist by the immersion; and, as for my saddle, that was quite saturated. I shall not, in a hurry, forget the narrow escape; my comrades, as usual, had their laugh at me, but I thought it no laughing matter, for an alligator's maw is no joke!

END OF VOL. I.



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